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A MEMOIR
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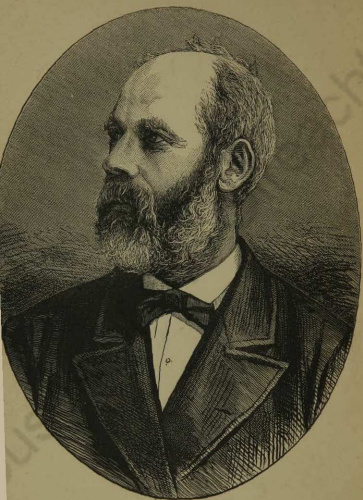


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1885.



92S.

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ALEXANDER MARTIN SULLIVAN.

A MEMOIR.



BOYHOOD'S DAYS.

SOME thirty-five years ago, in the little town of Bantry, county Cork, there was a group of as innocent, quick-witted, and light-hearted young men as could be found in any town in Ireland. Not one of them was born to live in idleness. Amongst them were clerks, sons of tradesmen and shopkeepers, and officials under the poor law. Their mutual affection was like that of brothers. The long Winter evenings they usually spent at the home of one of the party in the midst of an amiable and happy family; in the Summer time they had excursions to Glengarriffe and other picturesque spots in the neighbourhood; and they had any amount of sailing, rowing, swimming, and fishing on and in the bright waters of the glorious bay.

Of that pleasant group Alexander Sullivan, who was, with one exception, the youngest of the party, was the life and soul. His flow of spirits, his play of wit and humour, was unfailing. His powers of description were graphic; he sung, he made verses, he bantered his companions in the most amusing manner. Withal he had in him somewhat of "the instinct of domination." In the choir of his parish church he assumed the post of leader whenever the teacher chanced to be absent; in a rowboat he took the stroke oar; on board a sailboat he immediately went to the helm, and gave orders to men much older and more experienced than himself. But, then, he led well and he steered well, and his assumption of command was smilingly acquiesced in by everyone.

He was clever with pen and pencil. He made drawings of Bantry harbour and other choice bits of local scenery, and he made capital sketches of the chief celebrities or "characters" of the town for the amusement of his friends. Occasionally some verses from his pen, signed with a *nom-de-plume*, or a letter touching up some local wrong-doer, appeared in one of the Cork newspapers.

Love of country he learned from his parents. They were able to tell him of the long struggle for Catholic Emancipation; and older members of the family were then living who had not come unscathed through the scenes of '98. During his own years of boyhood came the temperance movement and the Repeal agitation. He entered heartily into both. When O'Connell held his monster meeting in the neighbouring town of Skibbereen, the Bantry people had in the midst of the procession a large pinnace which they had mounted on wheels and brought across the mountains; in the pinnace was their local band, and Alexander Sullivan was one of the musicians. Out of the Repeal agitation grew the '48 movement. Nearly all the Bantry folk took the side of the "Young Irelanders." A Confederate Club was formed in the town, the national journals were got down from Dublin and eagerly read, a considerable number of pikes were secretly made by the local blacksmiths and supplied to the members, who were as ready and willing to strike for Ireland as any party of men in the whole country. It is needless to say that young Sullivan, his heart glowing with patriotic enthusiasm, was in the midst of this business. In the month of July, 1848, a short time before the attempted rising in Tipperary, a visit was paid to the town by William Smith O'Brien. How the patriot-leader was met and welcomed is told in the following passage from the pages of "New Ireland":—

I first met William Smith O'Brien in July, 1848, three weeks before the catastrophe which consigned him to a traitor's doom. He was engaged in a tour of the Southwestern and Southern counties, evidently anxious to satisfy himself as to the real state of public feeling, and, I have no doubt, the physical resources of the national party. He was to arrive at Glengariffe on his way, *via* Bantry, to a great parade or review of the Confederate Clubs in Cork. The men of our coasts and mountains decided to give him a royal reception; and in a style characteristic of an aquatic community, not only the fishing fleet of Bantry, but the boats of every seaside hamlet and creek and inlet for miles around, were to accompany him across the bay from Glengariffe to Bantry, a little fore-and-aft schooner yacht of my father's having the envied honour of conveying the distinguished visitor. With flowing sheets we crossed the open bay, and reached the Eastward point of Whiddy Island, that shields from ocean billow and gale the haven of Bantry. The instant we rounded the island

there met our view a scene I shall never forget. A flotilla of some hundreds of boats here awaited us. Every crew had gone ashore and pulled green boughs from the trees and fastened them upright on the gunwales, so that each boat was like a floating bower. When the Independence, quickly turning the point, shot into sight, there burst from the fleet a deafening shout, the bands struck up, the oarsmen gave way with a will, we pulled our forestaysail aback so as to slow for them, and the whole procession crossed the harbour's wide expanse like Birnam Wood marching on Dunsinane.

The reader will easily guess, and guess correctly, that the author of "New Ireland" was one of the crew of the Independence, and a leading organiser of the whole demonstration.

A few weeks afterwards the insurrectionary movement had collapsed, and William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, Terence Bellew M'Manus, and others of the '48 leaders were prisoners awaiting their trial for high treason. Gloom and sorrow overspread the land, for at the same time with the ruin of the political hopes of the people came the terrible calamity of the famine. Nowhere were the dreadful effects of that visitation more severely felt than in that district of West Cork which included the towns of Bantry and Skibbereen. The workhouses soon filled to overflowing, famine-fever swept the people down by hundreds, deaths from starvation took place daily by the score. A huge pit was opened in the Bantry graveyard into which the bodies of uncounted victims of the plague were cast, coffinless and almost naked. All these sights young Sullivan beheld with horror, and the impression they made upon his mind no lapse of time could efface. Later on, when the Government scheme of relief works was put into operation, he got employment as an officer of the poor law, which position he held for a few years, at the end of which time he gave it up, resolved to seek elsewhere in the big world occupation for the energies and talents which he felt he had within him. We do not know whether at this time he had ever read Gavan Duffy's poem entitled "A Lay Sermon," but he certainly acted up to the counsel given in one of its stanzas:—

Anchor in no stagnant shallow;
Trust the wide and wondrous sea,
Where the tides are fresh for ever,
And the mighty currents free;
There, perchance, O young Columbus!
Your New World of truth may be.

Alexander Sullivan left his native village of Bantry, and, taking with him introductions from one or two friends who knew his worth, he struck out for Dublin.

An incident which had previously occurred helped to give him a special affection for the *Nation*. While acting as a poor law officer in Bantry he discovered that in the workhouse of that town a number of the female inmates, feeble, emaciated, and half-starved as they were, were daily set to turn a corn-mill after the manner of horses, tramping round in a circle, and were kept to their work by a man wielding a whip. Regarding this contrivance as a gross cruelty and a degradation to the poor creatures who were so employed, he denounced it in an indignant letter to the *Cork Examiner*. He also sent a little poem on the subject, modelled on Hood's "Song of the Shirt," to a Cork weekly paper. As a specimen of his early literary work the verses are worth quoting:—

Mid the walls of a workhouse dreary,
In a dungeon dark and bare,
With hearts all faint and weary
From poverty and from care,
Two hundred wretched victims—
Young maidens, mothers, and wives—
Like oxen driven around a mill,
Are toiling away their lives !
Round, round, round,
Till the eye grows heavy and dim ;
Round, round, round,
Till the brain begins to swim,
And there with faint and weary steps
And voices fainter still
(Would that their wail could reach the rich),
They sang the Song of the Mill :—

" Oh, bitter is a workhouse life,
And bitter the workhouse fare ;
But bitterer still the workhouse mill
That kills the paupers there,
What feeling tears are daily shed
At the fate of the negro slave,
While uncared for we sink silently
To a pauper's nameless grave !

" Some ' guardian ' to-day at the tale of woe
Will drop the feeling tear ;
But he never will feel in his heart of steel
For his own poor victims here ;
And by the cheerful hearth of home
He'll sit when the day is o'er,
But never shall we the blazing see
Of a fire on our cabin floor :
For upon the wall grows the nettle tall
And grass at the very door !

"And lonely within those prison walls
Must our little children be ;
And sorely their orphan hearts must ache
For the mothers they may not see !
And when at the hour of the evening meal
They pass by our prison wall,
We hear through the din of the iron wheel
Their voices upon us call—
Oh ! many and keen are the pangs we feel,
But this is the worst of all.

"And every day without a change
The same dull, weary sound ;
And never a sight of the bright sunlight,
For the corn it must be ground.
But the pauper's sorrows will soon be o'er,
For Death will free the slave ;
And the 'guardian's' lash we'll feel no more
In the quiet sleep of the grave.
And He who looks down on the fatherless
And hears the widow's cries
Will give us a home where no woes can come—
A home beyond the skies."

'Mid the walls of a dungeon dreary,
In a workhouse grim and drear,
With hearts all faint and weary
From poverty and from care,
Two hundred wretched victims—
Young maidens, mothers, and wives—
Like oxen driven around a mill,
Are toiling away their lives.
Round, round, round,
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Round, round, round,
Till the eye grows heavy and dim.
And there with faint and tiring steps,
And voices fainter still—
O God ! that their cry could wake the rich—
They sang the Song of the Mill.

A week or so after the publication of his letter in June, 1852, he was astonished and delighted to find it made the occasion of a leading article in the *Nation*. The article was entitled "A Board of Angel Guardians": it set out by affecting to regard the board as a very gallant set of gentlemen desirous only of affording pleasant recreation to a number of ladies who would grow too fat and plump and rosy in a condition of idleness ; then, taking a serious turn, the article proceeded in this way :—

Ah, my good fellow, it's all a cock-and-a-bull story. We trust the board will file a criminal information against the *Cork Examiner* for

libel. Let it be tried here in Dublin. Put us on the jury, and you'll see what we'll do if you swear to these statements.

We will stand up in open court, and, in the name of the common Father of us all, we will call for vengeance against the cowardly and brutal scoundrels who thus outrage the weak but blessed form of woman! "Execrate them!" Ay, curse them with every pulse of our heart. Curse them with the Imperial Scourger of the Nuns of Minsk, and Haynan, the Woman Flogger of Hungary. Curse them in the name of their own mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters; in the name of the tenderness, the holiness, the all-embracing and purifying love of woman; in the name of the honour, generosity, and courage of man.

Do you not blush, reader, at this revelation of the Bantry Board's intrigues? Think of that infernal torture room. See the whip fall; hear the shriek resound; get poetically hysterical if you like; but remember that the mill goes merrily round, and that the corn is ground the while.

Pray with us that the bread of those who have done this evil thing may turn to poison in their mouths; and that she whose sex they have impiously outraged may not be near to tend their beds of pain when the death agony wrings their hearts and the terrors of eternity affright their consciences!

To find his letter and the cause he had pleaded thus noticed by the great national journal in Dublin under the editorship of Mr. Duffy filled him with delight, and the incident certainly helped to fix the bent of his mind towards the press as his future sphere of action.

IN DUBLIN WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

It was, however, in an artistic capacity that he first found employment after his arrival in the Irish metropolis. The Irish Exhibition of 1853, known as Dargan's Exhibition, was then open; Messrs. Gunn and Cameron, of Dublin, were issuing in connection with it a weekly illustrated magazine; young Sullivan applied for a post on this publication and obtained it. While making pencil-sketches for the *Dublin Expositor* within the walls of the Exhibition building it occurred to him that he might also make some pen-and-ink sketches for the columns of his favourite *Nation*, which idea he carried out by writing for that journal two articles—one entitled "Nationality in the Exhibition," which appeared in the *Nation* of July 9th, 1853, and the other, published a few weeks later, entitled "Catholic Art in the Exhibition." In opening the first article he said:—

In corners remote and secluded, unnoticed and unseen by the wonder-seeking throng, or undistinguished amidst the mass of meretricious objects around, there are in the building on Leinster Lawn a few objects which no Irish-born man with a tear for the past or a hope for the future of his country should leave unseen or pass by unnoticed.

That there is little that is national in the general aspect of the Exhibition must be readily admitted. From the opening ceremonial by the Lord Lieutenant, attended as it was by a display of bayonet and sabre

which but ill accorded with the inauguration of a "temple of peace and industry," and which brought forcibly to our minds the "striking terror" system of recent times, to the "anthem" which daily rises within its hall, there is little to evoke our sympathies and much to remind us of the chain.

Yet it may be surveyed with satisfaction—a testimony of Irish generosity and Celtic genius. No royal head assumed the paternity of, or gave birth to the idea—no royal commission developed it into perfection—no grant from the public exchequer supplied ample funds for securing its success. An Irish head designed it, it rose into existence beneath the hands of sturdy Celts, and ample funds were supplied by the princely liberality of a "mere Irishman."

From the second of those articles we shall quote but a few sentences. Referring to the objects in the mediæval and antique department of the Exhibition, he wrote :—

Whether you enter as an Irishman or a Catholic, there is much within it that you must revere. For in the history of our country's past nationality and Catholicity are inextricable. She bled for both. When Owen died at Clough Oughter the mountain cave became the home of Catholicity in Ireland. . . . Feelings the most profound come stealing on us while gazing all around. An air of solemnity pervades the place. You imagine yourself in some grand cathedral in a Catholic land. You pause to hear the solemn voice of the priest at the rites, you strain your ear for the choral hymn of praise, but you forget that you are only an alien in the land of your birth, the child of a proscribed and persecuted faith. But, blessed be God, proscribed and persecuted though we may be, we still are a Catholic people. And though the rack, the dungeon, and the gibbet did their work of hell—though chains, penalties, exile, and death were the bitter portion of its children—still Catholicity rose triumphant, as it is to-day, even in the Irish Exhibition.

Here, in those two articles, the first ever written by him for the press, may be found the spirit that ruled the whole career of A. M. Sullivan, the principles to which he was true to the last hour of his life. Nationality and Catholicity were the two lamps of his soul; by their light he walked and worked during all the time given him in this world. And it is a remarkable coincidence that between emblems of Catholicity and nationality his mortal remains have been laid to rest. Their place is near the mortuary church of Glasnevin and the O'Connell Monument; in a right line between the two. The sound of the holy offices reaches to where his relics are laid; the shadow of the round tower falls upon his grave. No more befitting spot for the purpose to which it is dedicated could be found in all Ireland.

On the discontinuance of the *Dublin Expositor*, Mr. Sullivan entered the General Valuation Office as a draughtsman. While so engaged he applied himself to the learning of shorthand, the better

to qualify himself for the career [which of all others he preferred—that of a pressman. He still kept up his connection with the *Nation*, and became such a favourite with its staff that when one of its most gifted members, Maurice R. Leyne, was making arrangements for the establishment of a new national journal, to be published at Thurles and called the *Tipperary Leader*, it was settled that Alexander Sullivan was to be his colleague, in the capacity of sub-editor. He quitted the Valuation Office about the end of June, 1854, to take up his new and more congenial duties. This was with him a bright and happy time. The future was opening on him gloriously. Maurice Leyne was one of the most gifted, intrepid, and lovable of Irishmen. He was as gentle as he was brave, and with the sagacity of the statesman he possessed the light heart and merry humour of a boy. His prose was bright and strong, and his poetry was delightful, whether its strains were serious and stately as in his verses on "Ireland's Good Old Cause," or whether its spirit was humorous or satirical as in his "Gan of Athlone" and other poetical squibs. Of a verity, Leyne and Sullivan were likely to make the *Tipperary Leader* a power in Irish national journalism, a sword and shield for the gallant people of the premier county, a terror to the misrulers of the country. A few passages from its prospectus may not be out of place here. It said :—

The *Tipperary Leader* will advocate as the primal and indispensable charter of Ireland the restoration of national independence, and it will labour to disseminate and make wise unto liberty a faith and hope in the freedom of our country.

But while the *Tipperary Leader* devotes itself to this inspiring and glorious labour, it will not neglect the obvious duties and practical work of the time.

It will meet the enemies of the people in every domain of politics and in every department of the social state.

It will advocate the great question of tenant right, and sustain the Tenant League in its battle against the cruel and bloodstained tyranny of the land laws.

It will strenuously support the policy of Irish independent opposition in the British Parliament, and will labour to give to Ireland, as far as Tipperary can supply them in its representatives, men of character and capability who shall shun the British treasury and stand faithful to the Irish people.

It was a fine programme, every word of which came from the hearts of men who meant to fulfil it to the very letter at any risk. The first number of the paper was to have appeared on Saturday, July 1st, 1854. God help us all! The *Nation* of that date appeared with its leading pages in mourning, and had for its first article the following, many

of the terms of which seem wonderfully applicable to the loss that Ireland is grieving for to-day :—

We entreat the generous forbearance of all our friends towards whatever mistakes or shortcomings our pages may present to their eyes this week. Sad, shocking news has reached us from the South on the very eve of our publication. Our dear friend, our gallant colleague, Maurice Leyne, is no more. After ten days' wrestle with the truculent typhus, that intellect so brilliant, that frame so stately, that spirit so chivalrous, so generous, and so gay, have been suddenly sundered. On the very threshold of a new career, to which all his friends, to which all our party, looked forward with pride and hope, are laid down the tressels of his coffin, and by its side (most mournful of all conceivable contrasts) the cradle of his first-born babe. While the father's spirit was setting in the shadow of death, the light of life was just dawning upon the son's.

God knows it is hard to believe that all this is ; that we shall never hear that deep-toned voice, see that firm-knit form, clasp that cordial hand, glance over its clear, bold characters again—that the place where we sit alone, writing of the dead, shall know his familiar presence no more. It seems as but yesterday, it is but a few weeks since, full of hope and zeal, in the proud strength of his manhood, we bade him good-bye and good luck in the work he was about to begin. Good God, how inscrutable and how awful are the ways of Thy Providence ! The world shone fair before him. That independent career which he had always ambitioned—for his was a nature that ill-brooked a rein, even though it were of silk and catchouc—had at last opened on his gaze. And the grave yawns at his very first step. The same moment brought all that was wanting to make happy a home lit by the tenderest love ; and even that pledge of hope and hostage to fortune is in vain. At such a moment one would augur a new starting-point for life—it was only the herald of death.

Words are vain to speak this sorrow. The effort to speak calmly of his devoted life and noble character so soon after the first tone of death has struck on our ear is crueller than it would be to screw down his coffin lid. May God be merciful to his soul ; may Ireland not forget a life of chivalrous loyalty in her service.

Alexander Sullivan watched by the bedside of his friend, tended him in his illness, and wept over his grave. One who shared with him the labours, the perils, and the grief of that time—Mr. Thomas P. O'Connor, of Clonoulty, Tipperary—has thus written of those scenes in the columns of the *Chicago Citizen* :—

The fidelity of Mr. Sullivan to Maurice Leyne from the moment he was stricken down till death deprived Ireland of one of her noblest sons and brightest intellects, was of the most heroic character. For thirteen days and nights Mr. Sullivan kept constant vigil by the bedside of his friend. He was repeatedly warned by the physicians in attendance that he was exposing himself to the greatest risk ; but, faithful to the end, he defied death in a sublime effort to mitigate the sufferings and to save the life of the patriot, the poet, and the wit. The relatives of Leyne were forbidden access to him by the doctors in attendance. And such was the dread character of the contagion that none of his host of friends and admirers could with safety approach him while he lay dead in *Thurles*.

Upon Mr. Sullivan and another associate of Leyne devolved the task of putting him in his coffin. The heroic devotion displayed by Mr. Sullivan in that instance proclaimed him to all who were eye-witnesses of his fidelity and bravery to be a man of more than ordinary mould.

When the grave closed over Maurice Leyne, Alexander Sullivan, sad at heart, bade farewell to Ireland for a time, and went to visit some friends and seek employment in Liverpool.

The buoyant young Irishman, whose frank speech and bright, honest face were extremely prepossessing, found no difficulty in obtaining a post in connection with one of the Liverpool daily papers, the *Daily Post*, then the property of a shrewd and clever old Wexford man, Mr. Michael Whitty. But he had not yet found the sphere in which he would be satisfied to settle down to his life's work. Ere long he learned from a friend in Dublin, who had taken him by the hand on his first arrival in that city, and whose love for him never abated from that hour to the day of his death, that Mr. Gavan Duffy was contemplating a retirement from Irish politics, and a sale of his interest in the *Nation*. This good friend suggested to Mr. Sullivan that in those circumstances a permanent place might be found for him in connection with the journal which above all others he held in honour and admiration. Mr. Sullivan thereupon returned to Dublin. The rumour of Mr. Duffy's intended retirement proved to be true. That gentleman had made up his mind to leave Ireland and seek a new home in Australia, and arrangements were soon made with him whereby his property in the *Nation* passed to Alexander Sullivan and Mr. Michael Clery—a third partner in the concern being Mr. John Cashel Hoey, who had been Mr. Duffy's associate in the working of the paper for some years.

DEPARTURE OF GAVAN DUFFY.

Yes, Mr. Duffy was about to quit Ireland, beaten and broken after his long conflict with tyranny, dishonesty, and political corruption. Those elements of evil had proved too strong for him. While he had only the ancient enemy, the open foe of his race, to contend with, he never despaired; but when treachery sundered the national ranks, when champions of the people sold their trust in open market, and when their traitorism was not only condoned by eminent persons whose exalted office should make them the inflexible guardians of truth and honour, and the sternest censors of every kind of immorality, then he felt that he had better confess defeat, at all events

so far as he was personally concerned, retire from the scene of action, and let the Irish people look to their own political fortunes for the future as best they could.

Mr. Duffy's valedictory, penned as an address to the electors of New Ross, appeared in the *Nation* of August 18th, 1855. It was full of pathos and passion, at once bitter and bold, every word seeming to come from a heart overcharged with strong emotion. Some of its passages may fitly be quoted here; they will be found specially interesting inasmuch as they present a curious sort of contrast to the better condition of things existing at present. Mr. Duffy said:—

My friends, I have determined to retire from the office to which your favour raised me, and, till better times arrive, from all share and responsibility in the public affairs of Ireland. The Irish party is reduced to a handful, the popular organisation is deserted by those who created it, prelates of the Irish Church throng the ranks of our opponents, priest is arrayed against priest, and parish against parish—shameless political profligacy is openly defended and applauded, the special opportunity sent by Heaven for our deliverance is bartered away to an English faction, and the ultimate aim for which I laboured—to give back to Ireland her national existence—is forgotten or repudiated. Till all this be changed there seems to me no more hope for the Irish cause than for the corpse on the dissecting table.

I have done my best to change it. For the past twelve months I have spared no pains in public or private to rally the national party. But in vain. A preternatural apathy reigns over the country, disheartened by corruption and pampered by a false and temporary prosperity. When all external circumstances favour a national movement it is rejected at home. God knows I have done my best. One step alone remains. I promised in such a fatal contingency to throw up my seat in Parliament, in order that the truth might not be screened from the people nor the crisis pass without some emphatic warning and protest. The time for this duty has come.

Further on, after describing the mournful condition of the country when he was released from prison in 1849, Mr. Duffy proceeded to speak of the projects which he put forward in the first number of the revived *Nation* "to save the people and restore the certainty of daily bread and shelter, without which national courage or ambition was not to be hoped." They were, he said:—

1. A convention of North and South for tenant right. That is to say—an organised political power to stand between the naked people and their destroyers.

2. An Irish company to purchase land in the Incumbered Estates Court and plant it with evicted tenants, who might become peasant proprietors on easy terms. That is to say—an immediate and practical remedy for the evil which was depopulating the country.

3. An Irish party in the British Parliament who would not accept places or favours, but negotiate public measures. That is to say—a

weapon more powerful than an army in the field, to compel immediate concessions.

In Mr. Duffy's time those excellent projects had failed or were defeated all along the line. Of the Parliamentary party he said :—

Of the Irish party and my subordinate share in it I need scarcely speak. It was a wise and practical experiment, which time has abundantly justified. It established, as we foretold, a power which the English Minister was compelled to conciliate. It held the balance of parties, and was proffered concessions by both. It advanced the cause of which it had charge in two months more than it was advanced in the previous twenty years. If its members were bought by *personal bribes* instead of *public measures*, the fault lies not in any unwisdom of the plan, but in the criminal folly of those who sheltered the first offenders. . . . The Irish party commenced with fifty adherents; to-day more than forty have gone over bodily or in spirit to the enemy. Some of them sit on the Treasury benches to marshal our opponents and employ the knowledge learned in our ranks to divide and defeat us. And while we were thinned by desertions from within, what help came from without? For three years the country has not sent us a single recruit from county, city, or borough.

That is not the way in which things are going at present; but, alas! a long and dreary interval had to be passed over before the country began to gather strength and spirit after its woful disasters. In concluding his farewell address Mr. Duffy said :—

My property in the *Nation* will pass into the hands of two young Irishmen, bred up in its doctrines—Messrs. Sullivan and Clery—one of them associated with Maurice Layne in his latest projects, and both of them eager to serve or suffer in the national cause. The editorship will remain with my late partner—the comrade and colleague who, since the *Nation* was revived, has shared all my labours and possessed my entire confidence. He has been substantially editor for three years; and in his hands one of my dearest wishes, that its character may be unalterably maintained, will be accomplished. May he be the herald of a generation destined to take up anew the hereditary task of our race, and the *Nation* a tripod to preserve the sacred fire.

Here was a gloomy picture of the state of the country drawn by a master hand. It did not present a very encouraging prospect for the new proprietors of the *Nation*. But even Mr. Duffy's carbon sketch did not give all the black lines that might have been put into it; for his address said nothing of the bitter sectional and personal feuds then raging amongst the Nationalists themselves. Many who had belonged to the war party of 1843 looked with dislike and even contempt on Mr. Duffy's revived *Nation*, with its constitutional and Parliamentary policy, and its variety of industrial projects; and his unhappy controversy with Mr. Mitchel put a feeling of intense bitterness against him into many hearts.

Organs were started by the "extreme party" which gave more time and talent to attacking the *Nation* than to assailing the British Government; and while its editor had those warlike journals pouring hot shot into him on one flank, he had the "Catholic" organ of Messrs. William Keogh and John Sadleir, maintained with the plundered money of the Tipperary bank, and popularised by a sensational weekly letter from an eminent divine, raking him on the other. As might be expected, in the midst of all this trouble it was not alone the fortunes of the national cause that declined; the fortunes of the *Nation* newspaper sunk with them. The new staff had to face the double task of keeping alive both the organ and its political principles. Not only had the "sacred fire" to be preserved, but the "tripod" itself had to be saved from destruction. It was a difficult duty, involving much labour and anxiety; but the young men proved equal to the strain. In that time of trial none bore a braver part than the genial and energetic manager of the paper, Michael Clery, long since passed from hence to a better world.

THE NEW PROPRIETARY.

For a period of more than two years after Mr. Duffy's departure Mr. Cashel Hoey and Mr. A. M. Sullivan laboured in the editorial and literary department of the *Nation*. Within that period came the death of Frederick Lucas, the later portion of the Crimean War, the suicide of John Sadleir, a general election, and the Indian Mutiny. During that time, in his writings upon this and other topics, Mr. Hoey stood up stoutly for Irish national principles, and even in minor matters followed closely the old lines of the *Nation*. He carried on the fight for the political freedom of the clergy, he smote the Sadleirite gang, he wrote up the Independent Parliamentary party, and rejoiced when its strength was recruited up to twenty members; he watched with an eager eye for every omen of peril to British power that might manifest itself in any part of the world, and, when disaster came, he was very far indeed from manifesting any disposition to weep "tear for tear" with the people of the "sister island." Mr. Hoey did not at that time regard as an "immoral moral" O'Connell's excellent maxim that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity," and, in fact, he appeared to be just as much of an "irreconcilable" as any of his comrades and friends in the national ranks. "In such conjunctions of the greater

planets," wrote he, after enumerating a whole series of dangers to the peace of England, "the star of Ireland begins to shine again." In a later number he wrote of the Opportunity in these terms:—"The day in which a general war, with an American navy trying the track of Paul Jones, and a French army under the heights of Ambleterre—would give Ireland the opportunity which Grattan used in '82, and of which O'Connell used to speak in '43—is apparently not yet at hand. For His own wise purposes the hand of God still holds a dark veil over the future of Ireland." "Verily," wrote he on another occasion, "the vengeance of the Lord is falling on Babylon. Before Sebastopol the first act was played out—an awful warning; before Delhi the second begins, perhaps has concluded ere this." He repudiated the idea that by bribes to whilome Nationalists, by the giving of high office to eminent Catholics, or even by some paltry concessions of public rights, the national aspirations of the Irish people could be satisfied. Very soon after the publication of Mr. Duffy's retiring address, Mr. Hoey published a companion piece for it in the *Nation*—an article which opened with a touching tribute to the departing leader, and then, after taking a rapid survey of what was good and ill, hopeful and discouraging, in the condition of the country, went on to make a fine profession of undying fealty to the national cause. "The first word I have to say for the *Nation*," wrote Mr. Hoey, "in its new position is, that it shall continue to be devoted to the nationality and independence of Ireland." Reckoning over the various classes of Irishmen, passing in review priests, parsons, peasants, landlords, lawyers, and others, he denied that any of them were or ought to be really loyal to the British Government of Ireland. The Irish bar had been bought over wholesale, and "the upper class of Catholics that had stratified since emancipation was as corrupt as it could well be," but these things constituted no satisfaction and gave no pacification to the people. "It is a notorious fact," he said, "that the English Government here can only be carried on by an active and vigilant system of corruption that destroys all that respect for the public authority which it ought to obtain in a free State. . . . The British Government here is endured or sustained for fear of some worse evil. Even still the first article of an Irishman's faith is that Ireland is by right a na-

"tion, one and indivisible. This is the faith upon which traitors
 "trade, and which the Government is glad to buy men at any price
 "to betray. Talk of destroying it by subsidising a few Keoghs or
 "Sadliers ! Talk of the artificial propinquities of science erasing
 "the grand landmarks of Providence and the ancient antipathies of
 "race ! I know no Irishman (I mean of the Irish) who has touched
 "the soil of England without returning a rebel. He cannot see the
 "way that Irish interests are trodden and spit upon in the British
 "Parliament—he cannot listen to the domineering contumely which,
 "everywhere that English opinion is uttered, assails his tribe and
 "name—without feeling that it would be easier for him to become
 "an American or a Frenchman or a Russian than a Briton. The
 "surest way to separate Ireland from England would be to set them
 "within an hour's ferry and a sixpenny fare of each other—and to
 "circulate the *Times gratis*."

This was well said ; Mr. Hoey's literary style was at once solid and sparkling ; in the volumes of the *Nation* from its first number there is nothing superior to many of his contributions. Concluding the manifesto above referred to, he spoke thus gracefully of his new colleagues in the working of the journal :—

I will always try to conduct the *Nation* with the fearless independence and love of truth which I hope have distinguished the New Series as well as the Old. My partners in the proprietary are men who I know will win the good will of all who come to know them. One of them, Mr. Sullivan, has been earnestly, though silently, engaged in national politics and literature for two years, and needs no higher testimony to his character than the fact that he was the colleague whom Maurice Leyne chose to join him in the *Tipperary Leader*. Mr. Clery is a man of business, with the sterling virtues and habits that fit him for a position that needs vigilant attention in an Irish newspaper office. . . . I hope we may do Ireland some service—I believe we will do our duty.

So with high hearts those three men went on to fight the battle of the country. But it was weary and ill-requited work. In the latter part of the year 1857 Mr. Hoey abandoned it. Some six months later on Mr. Sullivan purchased Mr. Clery's interest in the paper, and thus became its chief editor and sole proprietor.

Not many months had passed after that date when the great trouble of his life came upon Alexander Sullivan. A well meant endeavour to save some of his young countrymen from enterprises which in his belief could eventuate in nothing but disaster to themselves

and to the country brought to him in the course of some time a vast amount of misrepresentation, obloquy, denunciation, and danger, O'Connell used to say of himself at one period of his life that he was "the best abused man in Ireland"; in that respect his place, in subsequent years, was held for some time by A. M. Sullivan. O'Connell's assailants were the British press and the Irish Tory faction; A. M. Sullivan's were a number of his countrymen who were endeavouring to organise an insurrectionary movement, and who regarded with hatred and contempt every other form of patriotic action. A. M. Sullivan was unable to agree in their views or approve of their projects. The school in which he had formed his political opinions was that of the Young Ireland party. The Young Irelanders proposed to work out the regeneration of the country by constitutional means; and even when by stress of circumstances they were driven into an insurrectionary movement they declined to resolve themselves into a secret sworn confederacy, and determined to fight out their battle "in the open" as best they could. It was not merely the *Nation* party that took this line; it was not only Gavan Duffy and Smith O'Brien who favoured it; the most impetuous and daring spirit of them all—John Mitchel—declared against the system of secrecy, which he held to have caused the ruin of the '98 movement. In the first number of his *United Irishman*, and the first of those marvellous letters of his to Lord Clarendon (then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland) which electrified the whole country, he thus expressed his views on this point:—

An exact half century has passed away since the last Holy War waged in this island to sweep it clear of the English name and nation. And we differ from the illustrious conspirators of Ninety-Eight, not in principle—not not an iota—but, as I shall presently show you, materially as to the mode of action. Theirs was a secret conspiracy—ours is a public one. They had not learned the charm of open, honest, outspoken resistance to oppression: and through their secret organisation you wrought their ruin. We defy you, and all the informers and detectives that British corruption ever bred. No espionage can tell you more than we will proclaim once a week on the housetops. If you desire to have a Castle detective employed about the *United Irishman* office in Trinity-street I shall make no objection, provided the man be sober and honest. If Sir George Grey or Sir William Somerville would like to read our correspondence, we make him welcome for the present—only let the letters be forwarded without losing a post. So that you see we get rid of the whole crew of informers at once.

To A. M. Sullivan and to many another young Irishman of his time those words were as political gospel. And in that respect, as in others, to the day of his death he "kept the faith."

THE PHOENIX SOCIETY.

With such political training, and with opinions so decisively cast in favour of the open system of political action, it is little wonder that A. M. Sullivan felt very much concerned when in the Summer of 1858 a whisper began to go about in national circles that a new political conspiracy had been started in and about the towns of Skibbereen, Bantry, and Kenmare. After a little time the matter came to be talked about pretty freely, and many Nationalists of the constitutional school, including members of the '48 party, took counsel amongst themselves as to what had best be done to induce the young conspirators to abandon what those more experienced persons regarded as a foolish and perilous enterprise. The result of these consultations usually was an agreement that everyone who could exercise any influence with the members of the new society should use it privately to dissuade them from going upon the lines of action which they had adopted. The endeavour was made, in a quiet way, but without any result. The young disciples of the physical force doctrine were well able to argue their own side of the question; they had many a stirring memory to urge them on, and many a brilliant piece of writing in prose and verse ready at hand to vindicate their opinions and cheer their hearts; they felt, moreover, the wondrous charm, the sort of fascination that in the early stages of such movements comes upon men who are secretly engaged in maturing designs against the oppressors of their country. As to the secrecy, indeed, it was far from being perfect; the leading members of the "Phoenix Society," as it was called, scarcely endeavoured to hide the fact that they were preparing to take part in an armed movement. They held meetings for drill in various secluded places, and though they endeavoured to guard themselves from discovery while practising their military evolutions, yet the fact that they were accustomed to go out on such business was well known to all the townsfolk, and of course to the police. Little parties of them habitually marched "in step" along the pathways of Skibbereen, and sometimes a member would fearlessly go by in sight of the police with a rifle on his shoulder. For a time the work went on pleasantly, and "the boys" enjoyed it. Their hearts were full of patriotic hope and pride. Money and arms, they were told, were to come to them from America, and in their enthusiasm they did not doubt that despite of the army, the navy, and the exchequer of England they would soon be able by force of arms to put an end to English rule in Ireland.

But the difficulties and dangers inseparable from secret political movements soon began to confront the Phoenix boys. One of their members, a process server named Daniel Sullivan, from the neighbourhood of Kenmare, having no great fancy for drilling or fighting, and being a mean and worthless fellow in every way, made up his mind to inform upon his comrades and sell their lives and liberties to the Government. He put himself into communication with the police, but still kept up the appearance of membership with the Phoenix boys, and waited until the time should come for appearing against them in open court. About the same time light was let in upon them from another quarter. The Catholic clergy of West Cork had learned what was going on; they disapproved of it most strongly; they endeavoured to put a stop to it by private advice and remonstrances; and, finding these measures of little or no avail, they took to denouncing the movement publicly and warning their flocks against it. One of the most vigorous of its opponents was Father John O'Sullivan, parish priest of Kenmare. On Sunday, the 3rd day of October, 1858, he inveighed against the society from the altar, pointing out that inasmuch as it was a secret and oathbound association none of its members could approach the sacraments until they had severed their connection with it, and pouring forth a flood of ridicule not only on the plan and projects of the society, but also on the class of men or boys who were working it up in his parish. In the evening of that day the rev. gentleman was waited on by a young man who wished to act on the advice given by his reverence at the morning Mass; from this person Father John got a good deal of information concerning the society and copies of two oaths which were required to be sworn by the members. Father John conceived it to be his duty to send the substance of the information he had received and copies of the documents which had been left with him to the Chief Secretary, Lord Naas, at Dublin Castle, and this he did on the 5th day of October, 1858. A day or two afterwards Mr. Stuart Trench, agent over the Kerry estates of the Marquis of Lansdowne, sent up similar information to the same quarter. A few days later, on the 9th of October, an editorial paragraph on the subject appeared in the columns of the *Irishman*, apparently in reply to a correspondent signing himself "Kenmare," who had written a complaint of the conduct of Father John. The editor said:—

We do not quite understand the letter of "Kenmare." If there be

any absurd Secret Society existing in his parish, the Priest is quite right in warning his people to shun it. Those societies are most frequently organised by Castle spies and by informers of the Jemmy O'Brien class, who make a trade in the blood of honest, simple, credulous men. We earnestly join our advice to that of the Priest, and implore the peasantry to shun those treacherous midnight associations. Believe us, that is not the way in which Irish independence is to be worked out.

So wrote Mr. Denis Holland in the columns of the *Irishman* on the 9th of October, 1858. The next newspaper reference to this subject, so far as we are aware, was contained in a letter signed "A Subscriber," which appeared in the *Evening Mail* of October 27th. This subscriber wrote as follows from the town of Bantry :—

I am sorry to inform you that seditious societies have been discovered in this neighbourhood as well as in other places in the West of the county of Cork. They are also creeping inland, and have made some progress in the neighbouring county of Kerry. A strange peculiarity pervades this movement. The members of the society bind themselves not to divulge their plans to the priests, and when spoken against from the altar they denounce the priests as despots as bad as the rest of their tyrants. They are supposed to derive inspiration from America, and money also. They declare their intention to rise in arms whenever there may be any difference with France or America. The Government is, I believe, aware of these facts.

The above facts and dates are important in connection with the subject of this memoir. Their accuracy is indisputable. The newspapers are extant and can be referred to. Copies of Father O'Sullivan's letters to Lord Naas have been published by himself. He never denied or wished to conceal the fact that he was the first to send information of the Phoenix conspiracy to the Castle; on the contrary, he claimed the credit of it, and boasted of it to his dying day. His view of the matter was that he had done his duty and saved his parishioners from a good deal of trouble that might otherwise have come upon them.

But up to this time not a word of reference to this Phoenix Society had appeared in the *Nation*. A. M. Sullivan knew a good deal of what was going on; he had read the paragraphs concerning it that had appeared in the *Irishman* and the *Evening Mail*; he felt greatly troubled about the danger in which his young countrymen in the South were involved; but he printed not a line or syllable on the subject. What was he to do? Could he or should he maintain this policy of silence in reference to matters connected with the national cause, the particulars of which were rapidly becoming notorious? Had he no word of warning or advice to give to his young compa-

triot and fellow-townsmen such as had been given to them by the *Irishman*? His position was rendered still more difficult by his knowledge of the fact that his own name was being used by some of the propagandists of the society as a means of attracting recruits to their ranks. They passed the word that he was "in it," as well as Smith O'Brien and other eminent members of the '48 party. This was hard on him. Private contradictions of those reports would avail nothing, for they could reach but a few persons. Still he held his peace, unwilling to touch the subject publicly so long as silence on his part would not involve dishonour.

But one day in the last week of October, 1858, an incident occurred which compelled him to break that silence. The Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, called on him at the *Nation* Office and informed him that, having been up at the Castle on some other business, Lord Naas had opened a conversation with him in relation to the Phoenix Society, from which he, the bishop, had learned that the Government were fully informed of all the facts, had copies of the oaths and lists of the members, and were only awaiting their own time to swoop down upon the organisation. Under these circumstances the bishop charged upon Mr. Sullivan that his silence with regard to the organisation was apparently an indication of sympathy with it, and he asked him to consider whether it was not his duty as a patriotic journalist to put himself right before the public, to express his disapproval of the movement going on in the South, and to prevent additional hundreds of young men from getting mixed up in the mischief. Mr. Sullivan did not undertake at that interview to act on the bishop's suggestion; but on further consideration he decided to say something on the subject in the next number of the *Nation*. Accordingly in the number of that journal for October 30th, 1858, he published an article, in very general terms, condemnatory of secret societies. Beyond a few sentences relating to the notorious fact that an organisation somewhat of that pattern existed in a Southern district there was not a word in the article referring to the Phoenix organisation. Here is the main portion of that particular passage:—

In one district in the South of Ireland the most public topic, next to the comet, is the "secret" society. It seems to be joined for the mere fun of the thing; not to be "in" is such an error as not to have seen Barney Williams. Possibly, like Freemasonry, the "secret" is that there is nothing as yet to conceal. It is no joke, however, that oaths are tendered and taken; and this fact alone, no matter how harmless all beyond it, is just so empty of fun and common sense that the men

who think they are thus qualifying themselves for an enterprise, are disqualifying themselves by enabling their opponents to pick them up quietly some morning as a gambler would pick up and pocket the pence he had won.

The article then proceeded to quote a letter which Mr. Sullivan had received from William Smith O'Brien, authorising him to say that he was not a member of any secret society, and never would be; and it then went on in these terms:—

There remains for us but to point out to Irishmen that there are other duties for Irish Nationalists just now far more wise, and far more effectual to serve the cause of Irish freedom, than furnishing the enemy with flimsy pretexts for "striking terror" with "Crime and Outrage Acts"—useless for Government purposes, but mischievous to the welfare of a district. Whether wilfully or only erringly, the man who helps in the Government work of making a "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" scare-crow of national efforts—of connecting them with midnight plots for midday anarchy—is an enemy to his country and a deadly foe to her freedom. That cause is not the cause of anarchy but of order: not of alarm but of security. Within its organisation no crimes against individuals or against property shall be able to hide or hatch. It will raise its banner and strike, if it does strike, fairly, openly, manfully, as befits the just and holy struggle which it represents.

Now anyone may argue, if he so pleases, that the views thus expressed as to the demerits of secret societies are utterly wrong; and anyone may, if he likes, believe that the editor of the *Nation* would have acted more wisely if he had not published that article. On those points honest difference of opinion may exist. But no one can with truth contend that the above mentioned article was the first published reference to the Phoenix Society, or that it gave to the Government one tittle of information with regard to that confederacy. Yet such allegations have been made, and made by men who should have been well aware of their falsehood; and in those infamous untruths lay the root and origin of the merciless persecution to which Alexander Sullivan was subjected for many a long year of his life.

FACTS AND DATES.

As we shall have occasion more than once in the course of this memoir to refer to the facts and dates set forth in the foregoing paragraphs, it may be well that we should in this place quote a few passages from documents that put them beyond all question. Father John O'Sullivan's testimonies as to his own part in these transactions are abundant. O'Donovan Rossa himself prints some of them in his

account of his prison life. Here is one of the rev. gentleman's letters, addressed to Lord Naas, then Chief Secretary, at Dublin Castle :—

Kenmare, October 5, 1858.

MY LORD—Having discovered in the latter end of the week that an extensive conspiracy was being organised in this parish, and was imported from Bantry and Skibbereen, I deemed it my duty at both Masses on Sunday to denounce in the strongest language the wickedness and immorality of such a system and its evil consequences to society. Before evening I had the satisfaction of coming at a good deal of the workings of the system, and even got copies of the oaths, which I send at the other side for the information of the Government. I was led to believe that 700 or 800 persons had been enrolled here, and some 3,000 in Skibbereen: the former I know to be a gross exaggeration, and I suppose the latter equally so. Before I came out on those deluded young men—the names of some of whom I have—I advised the magistrates of the facts, and they too have probably advised with your lordship.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

JOHN O'SULLIVAN.

Right Hon. Lord Naas, M.P.

In a subsequent letter of the rev. gentleman to Lord Naas, dated December 11th, 1858, is the following passage :—

I beg to assure you lordship that since the 3rd of October—the Sunday on which I first denounced this society—not one single person has joined it; and had the thing taken root or progressed I would have been as ready to advise you of its progress as I was of its existence. . . . Under such circumstances I make bold to ask your lordship to interfere with his Excellency for the liberation of those foolish boys—for boys they are. They have got a proper fright, and I make no doubt that an act of well timed clemency will have more effect in rendering them dutiful subjects hereafter than would be the measure of justice they certainly deserve.

Writing on the 16th of December to Mr. Patrick Jeffers, who was partner of Sir Matthew Barrington, the Crown Prosecutor, Father O'Sullivan said :—

It never occurred to me that the prosecution of those young men here would come before you so soon; so I was waiting the approach of the assizes to put before you the part I took in it. The moment I got hold of the existence of such a foolish conspiracy here I advised the magistrates of it, who could scarcely believe me. I denounced it at both Masses on the 3rd of October, and such surprise was it on the congregation that they almost unanimously voted me either mad or seeking to work upon the fears of Trench, who is still going to all and most unworthy lengths in opposing the convent. . . . Immediately after denouncing, a party came and gave me copies of the two oaths I enclose to you. I dreaded him, and to save myself I mentioned the facts to the magistrates. . . . The two Simpsons dined with me the same evening, and Richard advised me to send a copy to Lord Naas by next post. I did that, and see Lord Naas's reply. . . . The Government may be quite satisfied that since the 3rd of October there has been a complete stop to it here; and if any of the unfortunate boys have moved in it since, I am

not to be understood as having the slightest pity or feeling for them. Say, if you please, what we ought to do; and do what you can for these poor deluded boys. Would you advise me to write to Sir Charles Trevelyan or to the Lord Lieutenant, or would you advise a public meeting and a memorial here?

Father John exerted himself to the utmost to get the young men let off lightly by the Government. In addition to the letters from which the foregoing extracts are taken, he wrote to the Crown Prosecutor, Sir Matthew Barrington, and again to Lord Naas, begging for mercy for them, and in each of those letters he is careful to mention the date of his public denunciation of their movement. In his letter to Sir Matthew he said :—

About the 1st of October I had the first intimation of the movement of these blockheads. I denounced it at both Masses on the 3rd, and before the evening of that day I had the satisfaction of getting copies of the oaths, which I at once forwarded to Lord Naas, and for which I have his thanks. . . . Great sympathy for the young chaps exists here by reason of their youth; and if you go to any extremities with them it will not only give great dissatisfaction to the people, but it will confirm the young fellows in their hostility to the Government, whether they be guilty or not. I beg of you, therefore, as you value the peace and welfare of the country, to let them out, either upon their own recognisances or upon very moderate bail, and you will find it to be the most effectual stop to this very silly movement.

Writing to Lord Naas after the preliminary legal investigation into the case, Father John stated that a portion of the evidence given by the informer, Daniel Sullivan, was to his knowledge false, and again he asked for pardon for his young parishioners, saying :—

Looking at the unsupported evidence of this fellow, at the youth of the lads led astray by him, and, above all, at the fact of the society having been completely extinguished since I first denounced it on the 3rd of October, I venture again to ask your lordship to interfere with his Excellency for a free pardon for these foolish parishioners of mine. It will be the most perfect extinguisher he can possibly put on it.

It is unnecessary to quote more on this point. Those letters, even if they stood alone, would suffice to establish the fact that in the early days of October, 1858, the Government had got information of the existence of the Phoenix Society in the South and copies of the oaths taken by its members. But there is abundant proof of it besides. Father John was not the only clergyman who publicly denounced the society and advised against it. The parish priest of Bantry did the same, and the same thing was done in Skibbereen. We have already referred to the statements regarding it which had appeared in the columns of the *Irishman* and the *Evening Mail*. In

short, there was scarcely a day of that month of November, 1858, in which either from newspapers, or policemen, or their informers, or from the local magistrates, or by means of the action of the local clergy, the Government was not acquiring and heaping up information against the members of the Phoenix Society, who nevertheless appeared to think that the authorities either knew nothing of them or would be unable to do them any harm. A. M. Sullivan's article of caution and advice to the young men was published, as we have already stated, in the *Nation* of October 30th, after he had learned for certain that their project had been blown upon and that the Government was watching their every movement as one might watch the working of bees in a glass hive.

THE ARRESTS. THE FAIR TRIAL FUND.

On the 5th of December, 1858, the Government made its swoop on the members of the Phoenix Society in Bantry, Kenmare, and Skibbereen. About twenty persons in all were arrested, amongst them being the master-spirit of the party, a man whose name has been much heard of since that time, Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa. No more determined or consistent enemy to British rule ever breathed the air of Ireland. The first record we have of his political opinions is in perfect accord with the latest. With him every means that could be employed for the destruction or injury of English power in Ireland was just and honourable. Although as one might say a born rebel, he, like others, had his hatred of English rule intensified by the awful sights he had witnessed during the period of the famine. One of his earliest conflicts with "authority" was caused by his giving a good deal more than the regulation ration of Indian meal to a starving family when he was a relieving officer of the Skibbereen union. But what seems to have made the most indelible impression on his mind in those terrible times was the burial of the coffinless body of a poor woman of his neighbourhood who went by the name of Jillen Andy. Her son, who was a poor simpleton, asked him to assist in digging the grave. Rossa, in his published autobiography, says :—

I dug, and he shovelled up the earth till the grave was about two feet deep. Then he talked about it's being deep enough, that there would be too great a load on her (if it were deeper), and that he could stay up and "watch" her for some time. By-and-by we saw four or five men coming in the churchyard gate with a door on their shoulders bearing the coffinless Jillen. She was laid in the grave. Her head did not rest

firmly on the stone on which it was pillowed, and as it would turn aside and rest on the cheek when I took my hands away from it, one of the men asked me to hand him the stone. I did so, and, covering it with a red spotted handkerchief which he took out of his pocket, he gave it to me again, and I settled Jillen's head steadily on it. Then I was told to loose the strings, to take out a pin that appeared, to lay her apron over her face, and come up. To this day I can see how softly the man handled the shovel, how quietly he laid the earth down at her feet, how the heap kept rolling and creeping up until it covered her head, and how the big men pulled their hats over their eyes.

It would be hard to find a more touching picture. It bites and burns itself into the memory of even the most casual reader; how must the scene have been felt by the hot-hearted young man who dug that shallow grave, and pillowed that poor head upon the stone, and saw the earth gently shovelled in upon that emaciated and coffinless body!

No sooner did the news of the arrests in the South reach Dublin than Alexander Sullivan set himself to work to raise a "Fair Trial Fund" and procure competent legal defence for the prisoners. This "Fair Trial Fund" he wrote up with his accustomed energy. His first article on the subject, in the *Nation* of January 29th, 1859, thus commences:—

Fast bound in jails in the South of Ireland lie a number of young men, seized without ruth and held without law; the object of all the power of an unscrupulous Executive, and all the machination of serpent spies, their lives and liberties at the mercy of any mercenary wretch whom gold may win to perjury. They may be guilty, or they may be innocent, but guilty or innocent it is incumbent upon all who love justice, manliness, and honour, to see that they fall not victims to foul play, which to-morrow may menace our own lives. . . . Are we to stand by inactive while the lives of these young men are being weighed and bartered and huxtered for by Government gold and heartless perjury? The Irish people must answer this question for themselves, but we much mistake them if we cannot predicate what their response will be. An appeal for Fair Play is never made to them in vain. . . . We beg, therefore, to suggest that in each town or parish desiring to advance the Fair Trial Fund, without waiting for any formal and elaborate organisation, at least a few friends should promptly agree each man to collect to the utmost of his ability, and within a week report to Dublin the entire sum in their hands. . . . To-day, then, we call upon all who abhor foul play, and who fear perjury, to pronounce whether it would be safe for the common weal, or honourable to us as men, to stand by unmoved while law, justice, and humanity are flagrantly trampled under foot in the efforts now being made to convict the political prisoners in the South of Ireland.

These words did not in the slightest degree exaggerate the infamy of the proceedings which were being resorted to by the Government

to obtain evidence against the prisoners. All the villanjes of which we have been hearing in connection with recent cases were as well understood and as deftly practised by "the Crown" in those days as in the era of James Ellis French and George Bolton. A retired police-officer named O'Connor was got to go into the cell of one of the prisoners, whose father had also been arrested, and to tell the young man that he, by making a confession of guilt, could save his aged parent from ruin and probably induce the Government to deal leniently with the entire party. By such false representations some sort of self-incriminating statement was obtained from the unsuspecting youth, who would rather undergo penal servitude himself than have his father condemned to prison and his family evicted from their home and lands. Truly the ways of the British Government in Ireland do not change. In '98 the legal adviser of the State prisoners was secretly in the pay of the Castle, bribed to betray the secrets of his clients; in 1859 a sham legal adviser was got to play the trick; how the game is worked in 1884 everyone knows.

The call of the *Nation* for a Fair Trial Fund was speedily and generously answered. Among the subscriptions sent to the *Nation* Office were £20 from the Most Rev. John M'Hale, Archbishop of Tuam, and £100 from Mr. Vere Foster. Mr. M'Carthy Downing, solicitor, afterwards M.P. for Cork county, was put in charge of the cases, and Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, Q.C., now ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was retained for the defence. A. M. Sullivan, who was working night and day in the interest of the prisoners, went down to Tralee, where the trials commenced, to give any assistance that might be in his power, and to write special reports of the proceedings for the *Nation*.

THE TRIALS.

On March 8th, 1859, the trials of the Kerry prisoners were commenced. The first man put forward was a schoolmaster named Daniel O'Sullivan. In that part of the country the Sullivans and O'Sullivans are a numerous tribe (the names are the same; the prefix "O" is retained by some families and dropped by others; but it belongs of right to them all). It is a curious fact that of the twenty or thirty young men whose names were the first to appear as members of the Phoenix conspiracy no fewer than eight were Sullivans. Wherever in Ireland there are many families of one surname thickly clustered together, it is customary to distinguish them

from each other by some additional appellation. The prisoner put forward in this case was known as Daniel Sullivan (Agreem). No sooner was he placed in the dock than the informer, a namesake of his, known as Daniel Sullivan (Goula), was put on the witness-table, and his depositions were produced. We have before us at this moment one of the printed copies of those depositions supplied by the Crown to the prisoner's solicitor, the very first paragraph of which is in the following terms :—

The depositions of Daniel O'Sullivan of Cullinacappoge, County Kerry, Process Server, who says on his oath—on Saturday, 20th of August last, I was in the town of Bantry, County of Cork, where I met an acquaintance of mine, and who had been some time before Master of the Bantry poorhouse; he asked me to his house to have a drink, that he had a secret to tell me; I went with him and after having some drink he said he could not tell me without swearing me. I then consented to be sworn, when he produced a prayer book, and handing it to me swore me on it, telling me then that the secret was, "that the Americans were coming over, and would be aided by the French to take up Ireland, and that Stephens went about organising the Irish for that purpose," and that the reason for swearing me now to the secret was, lest I would reveal it to anyone; he said I had to take the oath myself before I was told the secret, and also to take an oath when I became a member of the society; he then asked me to become a member. I at first hesitated to take the oath of being a member, but when he told me that other respectable people whom I knew—the Editor of the *Nation*, Alexander Sullivan, and such people, were members—I agreed to become a member, when he again handed me the book and swore me to the following oath."

This obliging informer made several separate depositions, going more and more into detail, and "swearing up to the mark" according to what he understood were the requirements of the Crown.

In addition to those depositions of the informer there were quite a number of others from persons who had seen more or less of the meetings and drillings of the Phoenix boys. But, in spite of all, the first jury on the case of Daniel O'Sullivan, Agreem, disagreed and were discharged. Again he was put upon his trial, and the Crown, to make sure of their man this time, proceeded to pack the jury in the most open and daring manner. O'Sullivan saw that he was doomed; he knew that a trial under such circumstances would be a farce, and he declined to be a party to it. He abandoned all defence, and let the Crown do with him as they pleased. The well and truly packed jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and on April 1st, 1859, Baron Greene sentenced the prisoner to ten years' penal servitude.

The jury-packing in this instance was of so flagrant and so offensive a character that the Catholic press and people of the whole country cried out angrily against it. A meeting to denounce it was held in Tralee. "There could not," says a report of the proceedings, "have been less than ten thousand persons present, comprising, besides the revered bishop and some of the influential clergy, a full representation of the Catholic gentry and Catholic people of Kerry, as well as some Protestants, amongst whom was William Talbot Crosbie, Esq., J.P. and D.L., who attended to express his abhorrence of the jury-packing system." James O'Connell, Esq., of Lake View, only surviving brother of the Liberator, was in the chair. The first resolution was moved by the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry. Mr. Daniel Cronin Coltsman, J.P. and D.L., Mr. William Talbot Crosbie, J.P. and D.L., Mr. Denis Shine Lalor, Captain Daniel O'Connell, M.P., Mr. John M. Bernard, D.L., Mr. John Chute Neligan, D.L., and The O'Donoghue, then M.P. for Tipperary, were amongst the speakers. The close of the speech of the last-named gentleman is thus reported :—

The verdict of the jury that convicted Daniel O'Sullivan will not be accepted by the people of Kerry or the people of Ireland as a fair verdict, because it was that of a packed jury, and the natural function of a packed jury is to convict, and not to try. Why did the Crown, why did the law officers of the Crown, set aside those ten Catholics and that small number of honest Protestants? The fact is they were determined, no matter what might happen, to obtain a conviction; and I would only say this in conclusion—I put it to the common sense of Kerry, to the common sense of Ireland, and of England too—where, I am sure, the cause of justice has many friends, but not amongst the Whigs or Tories—I put this question: What becomes of the virtue of trial by jury if no man is allowed into the jury-box who is not believed to be prejudiced against the prisoner?

A Voice—You are an ornament to us and to Kerry (cheers).

Rev. B. O'Connor—Three cheers for the noble county that elects you (loud cheers).

The O'Donoghue concluded amidst continued cheering by proposing the following resolution :—

Resolved—That with a view of restoring confidence in trial by jury in this county a petition be presented to both Houses of Parliament praying that the legislature may in its wisdom adopt such measures as will prevent a recurrence of the evil practices complained of.

Some of the English journals were honest enough to denounce in vigorous language this system of playing for the lives of men with loaded dice. The *Morning Star* said: "The mode in which these trials have been conducted is a disgrace to English law, and it will

"be felt abroad to be a bitter comment on the indignation we have all been giving vent to against the Neapolitan Government, and the lively sympathy we are now showing with its victims. . . . To call the proceeding a trial would be a mockery. . . . With the Orange faction in Ireland every Roman Catholic the moment he is accused, and indeed before he is accused, is at once and summarily branded as guilty. Once for all, if the Roman Catholics of Ireland are to be stigmatised as perjurers by profession and excluded from the constitutional right of sharing in the administration as jurors, let it be so stated, and let Catholic Ireland be governed by the Protestant executive as a conquered people." Notwithstanding some partial legislative reforms of the jury system, the foregoing words are as applicable to Irish political trials to-day as they were at the time of their publication twenty-five years ago.

The cases against the Cork prisoners had been postponed, awaiting the issue of the Kerry trial. Ten of the men had been released on bail; five, including O'Donovan Rossa, were detained in prison. It was not until after they had undergone an imprisonment of about eight months that, in the end of July, 1859, the Crown put them upon their trial before Mr. Justice Keogh. By that time the Government began to think that they had made enough of the Phoenix business. The jury-packing had been made the subject of discussion in Parliament, and the Crown lawyers feared that a good deal of trouble would probably arise if they should have recourse to it again in Cork. They resolved to try to effect some compromise with the prisoners; it was intimated to them that if they would only put in a formal plea of guilty they would be leniently dealt with, and their convicted compatriot, O'Sullivan, would very shortly be released. The prisoners accepted those terms, and on Tuesday, July 26th, 1859, O'Donovan Rossa and his fellow-prisoners were set at liberty, bound in their own recognizances of £200 each to come up for judgment on a fortnight's notice if called upon.

So ended the first brush of the Phoenix Society with the Government. Some of the Phoenix boys had got enough of it, and they left for other lands, but Rossa and some others remained to reknit the broken threads of the conspiracy and prepare for more formidable endeavours. We have already remarked that Rossa was perhaps the most determined spirit of the party; we may also add that he was one of the gayest. A certain lightness of heart, which still severer

sufferings endured in after times could not destroy, exhibited itself in many ways during this his first sojourn in one of "her Majesty's hotels." During the period of his imprisonment in Cork jail a general election was about to take place; Rossa had a vote in the town of Skibbereen, and the idea occurred to him of petitioning the Lord Lieutenant for liberty to go to that place for the purpose of exercising his constitutional privilege. This comical notion he carried out by penning a letter full of quiet fun to his Excellency the Earl of Eglinton. We give a few passages from the document:—

MY LORD—Having learned that a general election is going on in Ireland, and being qualified and entitled to exercise the franchise, it is with much confidence I address your lordship as governor of Ireland, in the hope that you will afford me an opportunity of voting at the ensuing election for the county of Cork. . . . Need I remind your lordship how unconstitutional it would be to deprive an innocent man of his voice in this important crisis, and such a deprivation of right may entail the most disastrous results. For instance, my lord, my support may be instrumental in returning an honourable and independent man to the Imperial Parliament, the support of this honourable and independent man may be instrumental in maintaining Lord Derby in office, and the retention of Lord Derby in office may be the means of preventing the shedding of oceans of blood, by affording him time and opportunity for bringing the troublous affairs of Europe to a speedy and pacific termination, whereas opposite and most disastrous results may follow from my inability to attend the poll. . . . Your lordship may not like to interfere while my application for bail to the Court of Queen's Bench is pending, but, as you have the privilege, the magnitude of the interests at stake will certainly warrant your using it and granting me permission, which would be much more convenient than postponing the election. Skibbereen is my polling place, and as the distance is sixty miles from here your lordship will please have the pass made out for not less than three days, as it is a day's journey. To prevent any unnecessary trouble on my account, I will require no guard; my parole to return in three days, or for the time specified, will, I am sure, be sufficient guarantee for my safe keeping.

This was exquisite fooling; but, as the *Spectator* remarked on the occasion, "Red Tape cannot laugh," and the reply came from the Castle in a solemn official document, enclosed in a very large envelope. It was in these terms:—

Dublin Castle, 4th May, 1859.

JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN—In reply to your memorial of the 30th ultimo, praying to be allowed to proceed to Skibbereen on the occasion of the approaching election of members of Parliament for the County of Cork, I am directed by the Lord Lieutenant to acquaint you that his Excellency has no power to comply with your application.—I am your obedient servant,

THOMAS A. LARCOM.

Jeremiah O'Donovan, the County Jail, Cork.

Rossa and his companions in durance vile doubtless laughed heartily over Thomas A. Larcom's communication.

The part taken by Alexander Sullivan throughout those Phoenix troubles was perfectly clear, open, and honourable, and was inspired by the very kindest motives towards the young men concerned, many of whom were his fellow-townsmen and personal friends. He had given warning to them when he had reason to know that the Government were upon their track, and were only waiting to gather up an abundance of testimony against them and to have a good batch of victims in their legal nets before making a haul; he had declared his own disapproval of secret sworn organizations, believing it to be his duty to do so, especially after he had learned for a fact that persons were being entrapped into such an organisation on the pretence that he was one of its leading members. But when the inevitable swoop of the Government was made upon his young countrymen he flew to their aid. He took the foremost part in organising a legal defence for them; he laboured to excite the sympathy of the country on their behalf, he vindicated their character from all unjust aspersions, knowing well that, whatever might be the degree of their political enthusiasm, they were youths of good conduct and honourable repute in their native places. His action towards them was like that of an experienced mariner who, seeing some boys get into a boat and bring her into proximity with sunken rocks, should warn them of their danger, reprehend them for their folly, and, when they got capsized, rush into the water to save them from drowning. To carry out the parallel to the end, we have only to suppose that after the youths had been brought to land and warmed and dried, some members of their party not only did not thank this friend for his pains, but proceeded to cast upon him the whole blame of their misadventure.

ILL-FEELING.

During the time of the Fair Trial Fund Alexander Sullivan was warmly thanked for his exertions by those who were most intimately connected with the prisoners; but after the trouble was over the heads of the Phoenix or Fenian Society (as it soon afterwards became), from their head quarters in New York, gave out the word that he was a man who should be put down. In order to effect that purpose a system of deliberate misrepresentation and calumny against him was set going. The morality of this proceeding was as bad as it

could be, but the meaning and intent of it were clear enough. The Fenian party were not going to accept the little fall they had got in the very babyhood of their organisation as a final overthrow. Though somewhat astonished by the occurrence, they were not disheartened, nor were they in the slightest degree converted from what some of their countrymen would call "the errors of their ways." Their faith in their own principles and plans of action remained unshaken. A secret organisation they would have, to prepare for an armed struggle for Irish freedom. Intent upon a movement of that nature, they easily persuaded themselves that all other modes of political effort were useless, fraudulent, and almost criminal. "Constitutional agitation" became hateful in their eyes; "Parliamentary action" was a thing to be ridiculed and denounced; "agitators" were to be treated as rogues and humbugs who were standing in the way of all real progress towards Irish liberty.

Such being the leading ideas of the Fenian chiefs, it is easy to understand how and why they set themselves to wage a long and bitter warfare against A. M. Sullivan. He was really the representative man of the constitutional section of the national party, and the *Nation* was its organ. He was vigorous, eloquent, and fearless; he was influential with the priests and people of Ireland; and he was, therefore, regarded by the Fenian leaders as one of the chief obstacles to the spread of their movement throughout the country. As he would not bend, they resolved that he should be broken; and the way to break him was to misrepresent and calumniate him so that he and his newspaper might become odious to all patriotic Irishmen. For this purpose, in organs of their party in America and Ireland, they poured out against him a continual stream of abuse and vilification. Their favourite device was to represent him as having been the first to make known to the Government the existence of the Phoenix conspiracy; they charged him with having set the Government on the track of the society, and hounded them on to the prosecutions; and they called him by the nickname that belonged to the Kerry informer. This was a cruel scheme, and dishonest to a frightful degree. The facts and dates were all against his accusers; they knew it; but if the facts would not fit in with their charges, "so much the worse for the facts." They stuck to their work vigorously and ruthlessly; week after week their hatred and their anger appeared to grow more intense and their allegations more and more

reckless. As might be expected, those endeavours did not entirely fail of their intended effect ; though the mass of his countrymen never doubted him, yet thousands of honest Irishmen were misled by those widely diffused falsehoods ; and enemies, some of them very resolute and bitter in their enmity, were made for A. M. Sullivan far and near.

THE MACMAHON SWORD.

It was not in the *Nation* only that A. M. Sullivan pleaded for the Phoenix prisoners, wrote up the Fair Trial Fund, fought the Whigs, appealed for help for the rackrented, evicted, and persecuted peasantry of Donegal, advocated the cause of temperance, and defended Catholic interests at home and abroad. The weekly issue of the *Nation* did not give sufficient scope for his energies, and on the 18th of January, 1859, he started an evening paper called the *Evening News*. This he soon afterwards developed into a morning paper, entitled the *Morning News*, the first number of which appeared on the 26th of April, 1859. These papers, as regards their Catholic and national tone, were much in advance of the daily journalism of that period, and they rendered inestimable service both to the national and the Catholic cause. During the early months of their existence the last stages of the sanguinary suppression of the Indian mutiny were being played out, and the opening scenes of the Franco-Sardinian war against Austria in Italy were taking place. Naturally enough, the Irish people watched the course of the strife with great interest, the query ever present to their minds being whether any chance of trouble for a Power nearer home would come out of the conflict. England, however, contented herself with giving verbal sympathy to the Italians who were seeking to liberate the Northern portions of their country from foreign rule ; she kept prudently out of the fray ; and so to the great disappointment of many an eager spirit in Ireland, there was yet no sign of the long looked-for "opportunity." Indeed with regard to the war there was amongst the Irish people no very cordial feeling. Distrust of Louis Napoleon and distrust of Victor Emmanuel pervaded many minds. But when a soldier of Irish name and race, a descendant of one of the old exiles and warriors of the Brigade, renewed on the fields of Italy the glory he had won on the heights of the Crimea, the heart of Ireland thrilled with pride, and the name and fame of Marshal Patrick MacMahon rang throughout the land. A. M. Sullivan wrote articles on

the subject in both his papers in his usual fervid style, and the bards of the *Nation* touched their harps joyously in honour of the Franco-Irish hero. The Paris correspondent of the *Nation* having related how Marshal MacMahon sent home to his wife a flag he had taken from the enemy, and how the Duchess draped with it the cradle of her little son, who was named after his father, Patrick, the following verses on the incident forthwith made their appearance over the initials "T. D. S." :—

TO PATRICK MACMAHON, JUNIOR, PARIS.

Young Patrick MacMahon, I greet you,
From Erin's green isle o'er the sea !
Good fortune surround and be with you,
My countrymen wish you with me—
For *his* sake who gave to you proudly
His own old Hibernian name,
And who now makes all France shout it loudly
And Europe re-echo the same.

But, young Pat, I've got an idea
That old Pat—whose brilliant renown
Shot up in the dreadful Crimea
As Russia's black eagle went down—
Whose brows are by Fame, in her bounty,
With Italy's laurels new dight—
Somewhat nearer to Monaghan county
Might gather a garland as bright.

A flag that had waved o'er the rattle
And thunder of bayonet and gun,
He won from his foes in the battle
And sent to his wife and his son.
And she, says the newspaper story,
Received the bright treasure with joy,
And draped with that curtain of glory
The cradle where slumbered her boy.

I know where a banner is hanging
And flouting about in the air—
I wish, Pat, your father came hanging
Right up to— right well he knows where.
Toll soon would he kindly present a
New square of bright bunting, to do
As a shawl for the Duchess Magenta
Or a pretty bag-trousers for you.

Be sure, Pat, you've dear little cousins
In Erin's green fields by the score ;
You've stout strapping uncles by dozens,
And friends like the sands on the shore,

Who'd rush to the Marshal to meet him,
 To welcome and bless his advance,
 And be only well pleased to see with him
 His whole gallant legion from France.

About the same time a suggestion came to the *Nation*, from Mr. J. P. Leonard, formerly of Cork, but for many years a resident of Paris, and a true lover of both France and Ireland, that the Irish people should present to the hero of Magenta a sword of honour as a token of their pride in the triumphs of their kinsman. A. M. Sullivan acted on the suggestion without delay; he called for subscriptions, and at once they came flowing in; he formed a committee, on which were the names of prominent Irishmen from all parts of Ireland as well as from the chief towns of England and Scotland. A sum of about £800 was soon collected. An Irish artist named Fitzpatrick, of London, supplied a very handsome design for the sword, the manufacture of which was entrusted to Mr. Patrick Donegan, goldsmith and jeweller, of Dame-street. The blade was of the Celtic, or leaf-shaped pattern; it was handsomely ornamented with Irish tracery copied from some of the old Irish manuscripts, and bore the following inscription in French on one side and Irish on the other: "Oppressed Ireland, to the brave soldier, Patrick Maurice MacMahon, descendant of her ancient kings." A deputation went from Ireland to present the sword to the Marshal at the camp at Chalons. At Paris they were joined by John Mitchel and an Irish priest. On Sunday, the 9th of September, 1860, the presentation took place at the Marshal's headquarters in the midst of his brilliant staff, amongst whom were three other generals of Irish descent. In reply to the address which was read to the illustrious soldier he delivered a brief speech of which the following is a translation:—

Gentlemen—I am exceedingly touched by the sentiments which you have addressed to me, and I request you to say to the Irishmen whom you represent how grateful I feel for the testimony of esteem and sympathy which you offer me in their name; this testimony, by its spontaneous character, has proved to me that Green Erin has preserved those chivalrous ideas, that vivacity and warmth of heart, which have at all times distinguished her. I shall one day leave to my eldest son Patrick this magnificent sword. It shall be for him as it is for me, a new pledge of the close ties which ought to unite him for ever to the noble country of his ancestors.

These proceedings attracted a good deal of notice in the Continental press, and they were very useful, inasmuch as they served to publish and emphasize the fact that English opinion on European affairs was

not Irish opinion, and that Ireland would speak for herself if any complications in which she was concerned should arise.

THE NATIONAL PETITION.

But a more remarkable demonstration of Irish feeling was soon to be made. The war against Austria in Italy came to a close in October, 1859, and had for its result the liberation of Venetia and other Italian provinces from the Austrian yoke. But the designs of the Italian revolutionary party were not yet completed, and the war was soon followed by a movement for the overthrow of the native rulers of Central and Southern Italy, and the consolidation of the country into one kingdom under the rule of Victor Emmanuel. His Prime Minister, Cavour, plotted and diplomatized, and had money and arms smuggled to the revolutionists; and Garibaldi took the field. One after another the petty princes of Italy went down before the revolutionary wave, and soon it began to flow in upon the Papal States and beat against the walls of Rome. The Catholics of Ireland took alarm. Whatever might be said of Parma and Modena and Tuscany and Naples, they held that the right of the Pope to his dominions was indefensible, and that the attempt to wrest them from him was an act of robbery and sacrilege which in the interests of good faith, and European order, and public morality, should be peremptorily forbidden. It was impossible for the Catholic people of Ireland to remain silent witnesses of the outrageous movement against the Head of the Church. Immense meetings were held all through the country to protest against the invasion of the Papal territory, and to claim that the influence of the British Government should be employed against the movement. But their appeals were fruitless and their indignation was spent in vain. The English Government were charmed with the rogueries of Cavour; the English people were delighted with the successful raids of Garibaldi. Almost without a dissentient voice the British press wrote up the sacred right of revolution and rebellion. "As free Englishmen," wrote one of the London journals, "we assert the right of the Romans, and of all nations, to have governors of their own choice." The *Times* said: "It is quite time that all the struggling nationalities should clearly understand that freemen can have no sympathy with men who do nothing but howl and shriek in their fetters." And again: "Liberty is a serious game, to be played out, as the Greek told the Persian, with knives and hatchets, and not

with drawled epigrams and soft petitions." Said the *Daily News*: "Europe has over and over affirmed that one principle on which the Italian question depends, and to which the inhabitants of Central Italy appeal—the right of a people to choose its own rulers." "The destiny of a nation," said the *Times*, "ought to be determined, not by the opinions of other nations, but by the opinion of the nation itself." Day after day the English journals poured forth such incitements to armed rebellion and such justifications of revolt. Eminent statesmen appeared to be in thorough sympathy with them. The Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, and his Foreign Secretary, Lord John Russell, made use of language less violent but identical in substance. Lord Ellenborough wrote to Lord Brougham proposing that a fund should be raised for the purchase of a million of muskets for the use of the revolutionary party in Italy. Incitements and arguments of this kind, coming from such quarters, fell strangely on the Irish ear. The *Nation* picked up many of them, transferred them to its columns, and sought to turn them to account for the Irish cause. It proposed that a monster National Petition, addressed to the Queen, should be signed throughout the whole country, asking her Majesty to give the Irish people the benefit of those theories with regard to popular rights which had found such favour with her Government. The document itself was drawn up by the editors of the *Nation*, and published in the number of that journal for May 5th, 1860. After a pretty long historical preamble, setting forth the dissatisfaction of the Irish people with the system of government imposed upon them by England, the petition closed with the following prayer:—

Your petitioners therefore pray that your Majesty may be graciously pleased to direct and authorise a public vote by ballot and universal suffrage in Ireland, to make known the wishes of the people whether for a native Government and legislative independence, or for the existing system of government by the Imperial Parliament. Petitioners trust that their request will be considered stronger, not weaker, in your Majesty's estimation, for being made respectfully, peacefully, and without violence, instead of being marked by such proceedings as have occurred during the recent political changes in Italy, which have been so largely approved by your Majesty's Ministers.

Of course no one supposed that her Majesty was likely to accede to the prayer of the petition; but every one saw that the signing of the document by great masses of Irishmen would be a useful political demonstration, and accordingly it was taken up with great spirit by the clergy and the people in all parts of the country. A magnificent

public meeting in furtherance of the movement was held on the 4th of December, 1860, in the Round Room of the Rotundo. Amongst the speakers were :—The O'Donoghue, who occupied the chair, W. J. O'Neill Daunt, John Martin, Thomas Neilson Underwood, and Father Lavelle. The speech delivered on the occasion by The O'Donoghue, M.P., was a somewhat memorable one ; certain of its passages have often been quoted since, and one of them was very aptly cited in the last session of Parliament by Mr. Healy in his reply to an attack on the Irish party made by Mr. O'Connor Power. It was in these terms :—

It is melancholy to observe how the patriot falls. There are few to remind him of his duty, and the power of the seducer is great. It is easy to perceive that there is an interior struggle going on, for he has the look of a man who is trying to make himself think he is doing right, but cannot succeed, and who is ashamed of himself. How the whips first act upon him—whether they begin by sending him in the morning neatly printed invitations to come down in the evening and support the Government, which look confidential, or whether they begin by staring at him, I cannot tell. The first dangerous symptom is an evident anxiety on the part of the patriot to be alone in a corner with one of the Government whips. If you happen to pass, he tries to assume an air of easy indifference, utters a monosyllable in a loud voice, and generally coughs. In an evening or two the Ministry can scarcely scrape together a majority ; the patriot votes with them, and remarks to his friend the whip that it was a close thing. From bad he goes to worse. Taking courage from the idea that no one knows him in the great wilderness of London, he gets up early, slips down a back way to the Treasury, thinking few are about, and all is over.

It was an admirable sketch, the truthfulness of which The O'Donoghue in after times qualified himself to maintain against anyone who might venture to gainsay it. On the same occasion he uttered some other remarkable sayings regarding the House of Commons. " Experience," said he, " has shown that neither the social, political, nor commercial destiny of this country are safe in the keeping of the English House of Commons." True words now as then. " Fellow-countrymen," he continued, " three years in Parliament have proved to me that the representation of the Irish people in the English House of Commons is a complete delusion and a barefaced imposition. You, who have not been behind the scenes as I have, can form no idea of the helpless condition of your members or of the miserable shifts to which they are driven." That certainly was pretty much the state of the case. Again said the eloquent speaker :—" Do not believe those who tell you that an Irishman can exercise any influence in the House of Commons. . . . Three years of Parlia-

mentary experience have convinced me that an Irishman has no business in the English House of Commons." Many persons who were present understood the hon. member to say, "The English House of Commons is no place for an Irish gentleman," but the sentence was given as above in the report of the *Freeman* next morning. The meeting was certainly one of the finest ever held in the Rotundo, and it contributed in no small degree to the instruction and sustinment of Irish national opinion. The petition was presented to her Majesty in June, 1861. It was an enormous bale of paper, bearing the *bona fide* signatures of about a half a million of adult Irishmen. Its receipt was acknowledged in the following brief letter addressed to The O'Donoghue, M.P. :—

Whitehall, 4th June, 1861.

SIR—I am directed by the Secretary, Sir George Lewis, to inform you that he has had the honour to lay before the Queen the petition (which was placed in his hands for that purpose) of a large number of natives of Ireland, on the subject of the restoration of their Native Parliament and their Legislative Independence.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

H. WADDINGTON.

That was all that was ever heard, from official quarters, of the National Petition. The movement certainly had the effect of moderating the tone of the English press with regard to the "right of every people to choose their own rulers," and it caused the Government to be somewhat more careful about giving their sanction publicly to doctrines which they found might be made to wound themselves.

THE PAPAL BRIGADE.

But the movement for the robbery of the Pope's dominions was going on ; and it soon became clear that if his spiritual children wished to give him any practical help they should do more than hold meetings, pass resolutions, and write historical pamphlets and articles. The logic of these things might be perfect, but it did not avail against the guns and bayonets of the Garibaldians. The Catholic chivalry of Europe, and of France especially, began to rally to the side of the Holy Father. A small army for the defence of his territory was hastily formed, and the brave General Lamoriciere, who had volunteered his services, was placed in command. To Irish hearts the question immediately suggested itself, should not Ireland send a contingent to swell its ranks ? Thousands of able-bodied young Irishmen were emigrating week after week to America and elsewhere.

Might not some of them as well emigrate to Italy, and offer their services there for the maintenance of a rightful and holy cause? Suggestions to that effect began to appear in the *Nation* in the Spring of 1860. The proposition could not be written up very plainly or openly; but the idea got abroad and it was taken up with enthusiasm. A. M. Sullivan became the chief organiser of the movement; the *Nation* Office became its headquarters. Intending "emigrants" sent him by every post scores of applications to be placed on the lists and sent to the scene of action, and considerable numbers of them dropped into the office of the *Nation* day after day. In an editorial note published in the number of that journal for May 19th, 1860, A. M. Sullivan says:—

Numerous correspondents who will, no doubt, look anxiously to this column to-day for answers to queries addressed to us during the past week with reference to "Emigration to Italy" must allow us to observe once more that we cannot write week after week the same information once published in the *Nation* for their guidance and assistance. . . . If there be no friends of the emigration movement in the locality to guide or aid our correspondents they must only be content, for our efforts have been quite inadequate to deal with the demands of the metropolis alone. We have toiled unremittingly during the past week, yet have been unable to meet the requirements of the crowds who thronged our office. . . . As it is, out of this city alone several hundreds have gone—intelligent, respectable, educated, moral, and industrious persons. They have gone openly, freely, legally, and regularly, not as fugitives or law-breakers.

The anti-Catholic party in Dublin, however, did not like what was going on, and they invoked the interference of the Government on the ground that the proceedings were a violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act. The Government quickly responded to their call with the following proclamation:—

CAUTION—FOREIGN ENLISTMENT.

All persons concerned are hereby required to take notice that by the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act, 59, Geo. 3, c. 69, it is a misdemeanour punishable by fine and imprisonment for any subject of her Majesty, without her licence for that purpose obtained, to engage or agree to go to any foreign place with intent to enlist, or to enter himself to serve under any foreign prince or potentate in any military capacity, although no money, pay, or reward may have been actually paid to or received by such person or for his use or benefit.

And, further, that if any person whatever shall hire, retain, or engage, or procure, or shall attempt or endeavour to hire, retain, engage, or procure, any person whatever to enlist, or to engage, to enlist or serve or be employed as an officer, soldier, sailor, or marine for or under or in aid of any foreign prince or potentate, or to go, or to agree to go, or embark from any part of her Majesty's dominions for the purpose or with intent

to be so enlisted, entered, engaged, or employed, whether any enlisting money, pay, or reward shall have been, or shall be actually given or received or not, such person or persons are to be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour, punishable by fine or imprisonment.

And, further, all masters of ships or vessels knowingly and wilfully taking on board such persons as aforesaid are liable to a penalty of £50 for every person so taken.

JOHN L. O'FERRALL,
Commissioner of Police.

Dublin Castle, 16th May, 1860.

Notwithstanding the proclamation the "emigration" went on, and in the course of a few weeks from the above date there were a fine body of Irishmen in the military service of the Pope, marching, drilling, mounting guard, and preparing for the onset of the enemy.

"When fighting is promised," wrote the *Times* of May 12th, 1860, "and Popery is provoked, it is no more than natural that Ireland should desire to have a finger in the pie. We are actually assured that 1,000 or 1,500 Irishmen have taken service with the Pope, and that an Irish Brigade will once more figure in the military establishment of a Continental sovereign." The Irish contingent did not come up to the figures here given; it numbered at the utmost about 800 men; but tens of thousands would have gone from Ireland to the scene of action if there had been the time and means to send them out. Want of funds was one of the obstacles, and of course the action taken by the British Government placed further difficulties in the way. About the middle of June, 1860, a notification intended to check the "emigration" was published in the *Nation* and *Morning News*. The reason was that intimations were coming from friends in Italy that there would probably be no use in a further despatch of volunteers. The Garibaldian movement was carrying all before it. The resistance which was being offered to its progress was almost nominal. A Neapolitan army of twenty-six thousand men, after what was little better than a sham fight, had surrendered to the Garibaldians in Sicily. This astonishing and disgraceful collapse had a very simple explanation. The army of the King of Naples was easily defeated because treachery was at work amongst its commanders and sympathy with the revolutionary movement was widespread in its ranks. But after this event all could see that unless some of the European Powers should intervene the revolution was about to triumph from one end of Italy to the other. Still General Lamoriciere was busy organising the little army of the Pope, and making what arrange-

ments he could for the defence of the Papal States. No men could possibly be braver or more devoted than this little band, comprising men from almost every European nationality ; but, the emergency having suddenly arisen, the men were few, and they wanted almost everything that is required by an army in the field. If left to depend upon themselves there was no chance of success for them ; their overthrow by the revolutionary hosts, aided by the men and money of the Piedmontese Government, might be regarded as a certainty the realisation of which could not long be deferred. The one thing the Papal troops could do was to make a brave fight, thereby to protest against the flagrant robbery that was about to be committed ; and that they did. The Irishmen were distributed amongst several stations, the main body of them, under the command of Major O'Reilly, being told off for the defence of Spoleto. Here it is but right to remark that, as far as possible, the Irish were placed under officers of their own nationality, volunteers like themselves ; and that most of those Irish officers had gone out at their own expense. Dr. N. C. Whyte accompanied the emigrants as volunteer medical officer ; while Major O'Reilly, and Messrs. Lynch, Crean, Coppinger, D'Arcy, Blakeney, and others, not only paid their own way, but on occasions gave help to others when help was needed. A correspondent, writing from Rome on the 3rd of July, 1860, speaks of the Irishmen who were quartered there in these terms :—

The more the men constituting the Irish Brigade are seen here the more universally are they declared to be a fine, soldierly, respectable body of men, animated with the best spirit ; and, if you except some few who will be soon dismissed and sent home, admirably well conducted, orderly, sober, and religious. Major O'Reilly leaves here to-day for Spoleto—all his brigade will follow him immediately—sailing up the Tiber as far as Civita Castellana. Spoleto, which is considered one of the most important military positions in the Pope's States, will be left altogether in the hands of the Irish ; it is the key of the Appennines. If the Garibaldians from Tuscany or from Naples move on the Pope's territory, the garrison of Spoleto will be near to meet them, and I can vouch for it that under the banner of St. Patrick and the Blessed Virgin they will do honour to their country and keep up the ancient fame of the Celtic race.

In the month of September, 1860, the Garibaldian forces came to blows with the defenders of the Papal territory. Perugia was attacked by General Fanti's *corps d'armes* of 20,000 men ; the place was defended by a force consisting of about 2,000 Bavarian volunteers, with a company of Irish, but it was taken after a prolonged and

desperate resistance. An English paper, the *Globe*, describing this fight, said :—"The Papal troops fought gallantly in the streets ; they were driven to the citadel, but last night they surrendered. The hot fighting is to be accounted for by the fact that a large part of the garrison of Perugia were Irishmen." On September 18th General Lamoriciere, with about 11,000 men and four pieces of artillery, gave battle to General Cialdini's *corps d'armes* at Castelfidardo, and was defeated by greatly superior numbers after a sanguinary engagement. There, as also at Ancona, small parties of the Irish Brigade were amongst the Papal forces, and signalised themselves by their gallantry and daring. The attack on the citadel of Spoleto was delivered on the 17th of September. A few passages from the official report of Major O'Reilly on the defence will even now have interest for Irish readers. We quote as follows :—

In the night of the 16th we heard the enemy coming and taking up his positions all around, but, having no artillery, we could not interfere with his movements. . . . I had detailed two companies of Irish (300 in number) for the defence of the gate and walls near it, as being the part which would be most warmly attacked. The Swiss and Austrian recruits of the regiment 2nd Estero, to the number of 160, under command of Lieutenants Crufer and Boyon, were to line the banquettes of the wall opposite the mountain, supported by one section of the Irish at the larger open breach, which had a temporary rampart of woolpacks ; and a detachment of twelve carabineers and bersaglieri (riflemen), under Sergeant Schoefler, at the lesser breach. The Franco-Belges, 23 in number, were posted in a gallery which commanded the approach to the gate. The gendarmes, under the command of Major Callandrelli and Captain Volta, and detachments of other Italian regiments—in all about 150 men—I kept in reserve.

At 6 a.m. a captain of General Brignone's staff brought me a summons to surrender, stating that the general commanded a *corps d'armes*. To this summons I sent the enclosed refusal, and, the general having, like a gallant soldier, proposed that all women should leave the fortress under a safe conduct, Captain Borchan's wife, together with mine, left ; and a little after 8 a.m. the enemy opened fire with shot and shell from four batteries, and the bersaglieri, who covered the hill above the citadel and every neighbouring point, kept up an incessant fire. Our sharpshooters replied with considerable effect, especially on the artillery, situated at about 500 to 600 yards' distance.

At 11 a.m. his Grace the Archbishop came with a flag of truce to request us to surrender ; but as my orders were to defend the rock as long as it was tenable I was obliged to decline, and the fire recommenced.

At 3 p.m. the enemy's artillery, which had been playing on the gate all day, having considerably damaged the walls round it, and several balls having gone through the gate itself, General Brignone deemed an assault practicable, and a column composed of two companies of bersaglieri and two battalions of grenadiers, covered by a tremendous fire, advanced to the assault. Although received with two discharges of grape from our only available cannon, they pressed on gallantly to the

gate and endeavoured to break it open with axes; but it had been propped up from within, and our men replied with shots and bayonets through the holes.

Second-Lieutenant Crean here received a ball through his arm whilst gallantly doing his duty. Captain Coppinger also distinguished himself here, as he did all day, by his bravery and coolness.

The enemy did not renew the assault, but kept up a heavy fire of shot and shell from the four batteries he fore mentioned, and from a fifth which had been constructed in the course of the day; at the same time the bersaglieri, of whom he had several battalions, kept our men constantly on the alert, the more so as they had cover in every direction varying from 100 to 400 yards, which completely commanded our *enceinte*. . . . The combat continued thus until nightfall, when I had to reflect on my position. The gate was still unforced, and the height to be scaled at the breaches was considerable, and I had lost very few men; with adequate reserves I might have held out, but my few soldiers were exhausted with the fatigues of the preceding days and a struggle which had lasted under a broiling sun, without intermission, for twelve hours, and the Italian troops who should have relieved them, having been hiding all day under beds and in cellars, were manifestly not to be trusted to repel a night assault. I had no cannon, and very few rifle cartridges left, and could not therefore prevent the enemy from establishing himself close to the walls; the gate and walls round it were greatly shaken, and the central building had suffered considerably. Under these circumstances I determined to submit should the Piedmontese general offer honourable conditions; and at 8 p.m. I surrendered on the terms of the capitulation I enclose.

In the terms of the capitulation were the following:—"The officers retain their arms and luggage. The soldiers march out retaining their knapsacks and kits. . . . All the troops shall be accompanied (if foreigners) to the confines of the State, and there set free to return home. . . . The officers and soldiers shall be treated in all respects with that urbanity and respect which befits honourable and brave troops, as they have proved themselves to be in to-day's fight." In a few days more all was over with the military defence of the Papal States. The big battalions had prevailed. The fate of the Irish Brigade is thus briefly told:—"No. 1 company capitulated with General Schmidt; Nos. 2 and 3 capitulated at Spoleto; No. 4 capitulated at Loreto, with Franco-Belges, &c.; Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8 in Ancona with Lamoriciere."

HOME AGAIN.

This was a poor ending for the high hopes with which the Irish Brigade went out to Italy. But Ireland had nothing to be ashamed of in the whole affair. All that was proved by the result was that unless miracles be worked a small army hurriedly organised and ill-equipped with munitions of war will not be able to defeat a very

much larger army which is better provided. But now A. M. Sullivan and those who had co-operated with him in raising the Brigade had to face the question, what was to be done with them? For some time they did not know whither the men had been sent by their captors. Dr. Whyte sought to get some tidings of them in several places, but failed, until one day, by the merest accident, he came upon them at Genoa, where, in pursuance of an arrangement which had been entered into between the Italian and English Governments, they were about to be shipped off to Malta. Dr. Whyte immediately exerted himself to stay this proceeding, well knowing that if those men should be put ashore at Malta they would have no alternative but to enter the British army—which was perhaps what was intended by the high contracting parties. He telegraphed to A. M. Sullivan to know what was to be done, and quickly received a reply that he was to detain the men, and that money would at once be sent to bring them home. A generous Irish Catholic advanced the necessary funds; a French steamer specially chartered for the purpose brought the men from Genoa to Marseilles; from that port they were sent to Havre, and thence on to Cork, where they were met by A. M. Sullivan and other friends, and most hospitably treated by the citizens. As regards the wounded of the Brigade, acting on instructions received from Mr. Sullivan, Dr. Whyte went back from France to Italy, searched them out in various hospitals, got them together, and brought them on to Paris, where they were kindly cared for, supplied with clothing, &c., by some of the French religious societies; from Paris they were forwarded to Dublin and sent on to their homes. For the dead of the Brigade Requiem Masses were celebrated in many parts of Ireland, and to their memory the poet John F. O'Donnell wrote the following fine lines:—

Pray for the Dead! Not fruitlessly they perished,
Our butchered brothers, in the fiery breath
Of battle, waged for deep convictions cherished
In the gray lap of immemorial faith.

Pray for the Dead! When, conscienceless, the nations
Rebellious rose to smite the thorned head
Of Christendom, their proudest aspirations
Ambitioned but a place amongst the dead,

Whose corpses ramparted, in bloody labour,
Christ's citadel, submerged in foul eclipse,
Clutched in each stiff right hand the blunted sabre
And frozen prayers upon their lifeless lips.

Pray for the Dead ! The seeming fabled story
Of early chivalry, in them renewed,
Shines out to-day with an ascendant glory
Above that field of parricidal feud ;

Children of a persecuted mother,
When nations heard the drum of battle beat
Through coward Europe, brother leagued with brother
Rallied and perished at her sacred feet.

O Ireland ! ever waiting the To-morrow,
Lift up thy widowed, venerable head
Exultingly through thy maternal sorrow,
Not comfortless, like Rachel, for thy dead.

For where the crimson shock of battle thundered
From hosts precipitated on a few,
Above thy sons, outnumbered, crushed, and sundered,
Thy green flag through the smoke and glitter flew.

Lift up thine head ! The hurricane that dashes
Its giant billows on the Rock of Time
Divests thee, Mother, of thy weeds and ashes,
Rendering at least thy mighty grief sublime :

For nations, banded into conclaves solemn,
Thy name and spirit in the grave had cast,
And carved thy name upon the crumbling column
Which stands amid the unremembered Past.

Pray for the dead ! Cold, cold, amid the splendour
Of the Italian South our brothers sleep !
The blue air broods above them warm and tender,
The mists glide o'er them from the barren deep.

Pray for the Dead ! High-souled and lion-hearted,
Heroic martyrs to a glorious trust,
By them our scorned name is reasserted,
By them our banner rescued from the dust.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

So lived and laboured A. M. Sullivan in those times, working hard at the production of the *Nation* and *Morning News*, watching eagerly for every event and opportunity in home or foreign affairs that could in any way be turned to good account for Ireland, making vigorous reply to the taunts and insults of the British press—which never sped forth more plentifully than during the period of the Brigade—battling with rotten politicians in Dublin, and pleading earnestly with his friends for the formation of a great popular organisation to take charge of the national cause. For although he had faith in the

depth and strength of the Irish national sentiment, he always believed that stagnation in Irish politics would tend to enfeeble it and render it worthless for practical purposes. The "sacred fire" of Irish patriotism, like other fires, needs to be fed and tended if it is to be kept alive. There is always operating in the country a strong social pressure in favour of the ruling power and against anti-governmental action. It is felt everywhere; it touches in some way every man, the rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant. De-nationalising influences abound; English literature penetrates everywhere throughout the country; it is to be had at all prices and in every shape and form; some of it foul with undisguised immorality; some of it bright and elegant but not a whit more pure; more of it learned and thoughtful, but tainted with infidelity; and all of it—the cheap and the dear, the trashy and the clever, whether on coarse paper, or fine, in paper wrappers or in gorgeous bindings—hostile to Ireland. A. M. Sullivan did not believe in allowing those various agencies of English opinion to operate without let or hindrance on the Irish mind, and trusting to the innate powers of Irish national ideas to outlive them all. He knew that even the truths of religion need to be expounded, defended, and impressed upon the people; that the Church which is to endure to the end of time needs the aid of its preachers and its teachers, its ritual, its ceremonies, and its sacraments; and he felt that if the aid of "the voice and the fearlessness" was needed within that sacred domain, still more would it be required for the sustainment of a cause which, though good and true, has to rely only on human efforts. He was therefore, as we have said, very desirous at this time for the establishment of a great political organisation, of the constitutional type, placed under leadership which should be at once prudent and courageous. Another reason for this feeling on his part was his firm conviction that large numbers of the young men of Ireland would not be satisfied to live in a condition of political idleness, and if they saw no public organisation in the country, would be very apt to betake themselves to secret ones—a mode of action which he always regarded as far more likely to injure than to serve the Irish cause. To his mind the part which such societies had taken in bringing about the overthrow of the native rulers of Italy and the invasion and robbery of the Papal States constituted no argument in their favour. Even apart from the religious aspect of the question, he regarded them

with disfavour, believing that in the peculiar circumstances of Ireland they would be powerless against the English Government. The secret societies of Italy had overspread the whole Continent; they had only petty powers to contend with; the soldiers of those petty powers were Italians, who could be induced to sympathise with their own countrymen and to desert the flags of their employers in the day of battle; besides, they had the Piedmontese Kingdom for a convenient base of operations, and the support and shelter of its Government to help them in every emergency. For these circumstances no parallel existed in the state of Ireland. With A. M. Sullivan the considerations we have indicated had great weight, but for some of his countrymen they had no weight at all. They did not view the case with his eyes or judge it from his standpoint. To them the events that had taken place in Italy and the incitements addressed to the revolutionists by the British press were most cheering and encouraging, and they became more than ever enamoured of their own programme of secret preparation and an ultimate appeal to arms. Holding such views, they had no wish to see an open political organisation established in the country—unless it should be one which would form a sort of cover for their own movement and be under the control of men in whom they could confide.

These facts are necessary to be borne in mind, as they throw a clear light on much that might otherwise be somewhat puzzling in the complexities and cross-currents of Irish national politics for some time afterwards.

THE NATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF ST. PATRICK.

About this time Mr. George Henry Moore had some notion of founding a national organisation which, if one might guess from the few hints which he gave of its intended form, would be of a somewhat advanced and militant type; but the project was not persevered in and it died out. The *Nation*, however, continued to write up the idea of a national organisation, and to impress upon all classes of Irish patriots the desirability of acting towards that end in a spirit of conciliation and union. The National Festival for 1861 was coming on; the idea of celebrating it by a public banquet in the Rotundo was started, and it met with general acceptance. A. M. Sullivan approved of it in the *Nation* and *Morning News*, but he had little to do with the arrangements; they had been taken up by other hands. He was not consulted about the programme, and, though ulti-

imately he was appointed to speak to one of the toasts, the plain truth of the matter was that the organisers of the demonstration were no friends of his or of the policy of the *Nation*, and meant to do a stroke of work that night which they knew would not be pleasing to him. One of the decorations of the room, placed close by the seat of the chairman, gave a clue to the whole design; there upon a pedestal was a large figure of the fabled bird, the Phoenix, with extended wings, rising proudly from its ashes. It was not only a handsome ornament, but a well selected emblem. It was the spirit of the Phoenix Society that was at work in the arrangements and shaped the programme. The temper of some amongst the assembly was shown more than once by their hissing the name of William Smith O'Brien, and some other such incidents. In the course of the proceedings the chairman, Mr. Neilson Underwood, read out the constitution of a new political organisation, to be founded there and then, and called the St. Patrick's Brotherhood. The proposal was a surprise to most persons in the room, but it was formally adopted by a show of hands, no one being prepared to examine, challenge, or discuss the project at such a time. The scheme was adroitly managed; it anticipated and disrupted, for a time, the plans of the constitutional party—cut the ground, so to say, from under their feet—and left many of the most capable and trusted of Ireland's public men disappointed as to the present and apprehensive as to the future of Irish national politics.

THE M'MANUS FUNERAL.

A few weeks after the establishment of the National Brotherhood of St. Patrick in Dublin the long pending trouble between the Northern and Southern States of America came to a head. Resolutions of secession from the Union were passed by the Southern legislatures, and war became inevitable. All Ireland thrilled with the excitement of the time, for everyone knew that Irish blood would flow freely in the impending conflict, and there was a general belief that a war between America and England would grow out of the struggle. To the Fenian party in Ireland and America this prospect was simply delightful. Fortune seemed to favour the spread of their organisation and to smile on their designs. In America they poured into the ranks of the Federal army to get the military training they needed for officers and men, and to do all in their power to bring

affairs to a crisis between the Federal Government and their ancient enemy. An Irish Brigade for service with the Northern army was quickly formed, and in the month of November, 1861, away they went with high hopes to the scene of action. On both sides of the Atlantic the Fenians at this time worked their own plans with great energy, with much skill, and certainly in a very liberal spirit as regards the representations which they put forward concerning their strength, their resources, and their prospects. They grew more scornful than ever of constitutional action, more bitter than ever against the men who in Ireland continued to favour that line of policy. Foremost amongst those men was A. M. Sullivan, wielding the powers of his popular journals, the *Nation* and the *Morning News*, with their new ally the *Weekly News*, the first number of which appeared on the 4th of August, 1860. In America and Ireland the organs of the party continued to attack him in the most unscrupulous manner, pertinaciously hurling against him all the old calumnies with reference to the Phoenix arrests, which they must have known to be untrue, and which he had abundantly refuted. Notwithstanding those attacks his position with the masses of his countrymen was apparently unshaken, and he continued to be a leading figure in Irish Catholic and national affairs.

Just at this exciting and hopeful time the Fenian leaders in America bethought them of a project which might serve to give an impetus to their movement in Ireland. This was to exhume the remains of the patriot, Terence Bellew M'Manus, a brave leader in the '48 movement, who had died in San Francisco on the 15th of January, 1861, and have them conveyed in charge of a deputation of the Fenian Brotherhood to Ireland, there to receive a great public funeral, which was to traverse the whole country from Cork to Dublin. The remains were disinterred on the 19th of August, 1861; duly encased in new and handsome coverings, they were borne in grand procession through the streets of San Francisco, and deposited in the cathedral, where religious services were performed, and taken from thence to the steamer which was to convey them first to New York and from that port to Ireland. At the close of those proceedings a public meeting of the Fenian military companies which had taken part in them was held in their hall in Sacramento-street, under the presidency of Mr. Jeremiah Kavanagh, who had been deputed to accom-

pany the remains to Dublin. Mr. Kavanagh addressed the meeting in a stirring speech, from which we copy the following passages :—

Fellow-members of the Fenian Brotherhood—It is a high and noble duty I have been called on to perform—to accompany as a representative of the Fenian Brotherhood and the Irishmen generally of California the remains of our late beloved patriot to their final resting-place in the land of his birth. No man in civil or military life has ever been entrusted with a greater, a *higher*, or a *holier* trust than this. That holy trust I gladly accept and will faithfully accomplish, to the best of my ability, to your satisfaction and to the honour of the Irishmen of California. To do this I pledge my sacred word and honour. I will leave nothing undone, so far as I have the ability, to represent you and your sentiments to the great but prostrate nation to which you send me; and when I return to you again I hope and believe that I shall be the bearer if not of that nation's independence, at least of her declaration of independence. In that case I know how you will receive the news and how you will respond to the call upon you which will surely be made. Yes, my brother Irishmen, I know that you will respond, not with slow hesitancy, but quickly, bravely, gloriously. The Fenian Brotherhood, MacMahon Guard, Montgomery Guard, and hundreds of other Irishmen in this city and State will, when the trumpet proclamation of Erin's freedom shall ring in their ears, leap to their arms and rush to her deliverance.

That was plain language. It put the purpose of the M'Mannus funeral clearly before all who could feel the slightest interest in the subject from any imaginable point of view. But there was some further speaking on the occasion. We read in the newspaper report of the proceedings :—

At this juncture Captain Hanna of the Phoenix Guard, bearing in his hand a splendid green silk standard, with the glorious sunburst of Brian upon it, advanced to the centre of the hollow square formed by the Fenian Brotherhood, who cheered lustily the while, and on behalf of that patriotic association presented the colours to Mr. Kavanagh in the following address :—Brother Irishmen and comrades of the Fenian Brotherhood, as you have chosen me to present this flag to our representative countrymen to bear it with our wishes and prayers and the corpse of M'Mannus to the land of our birth and to those of her children who have the manhood to strike for their country, their altars, and their firesides, far be it from me to decline that duty. Mr. Kavanagh, you are about to leave us in the performance of a more solemn and portentous duty than any Irishman now in California can ever expect to fall to his lot until the welcome summons from Ireland to her absent sons shall reach across the broad oceans and continent that now divide us from that oppressed land, calling upon us to aid in the great battle for her freedom. And when you leave the shores of the Pacific, the brotherhood by whom you are now surrounded desire that you shall bear with your own hands to their compatriots in Ireland this standard of their rights. You will carry it, sir, as you march with the body of our dead MacManus through that isle, the memory of whose grief and afflictions and bondage is ever green in our hearts and ever calling for vengeance on the oppressor.

On the evening of October 30th, 1861, the steamer *City of Washington*, having on board the body of M'Manus, reached Queenstown. The remains having been brought on shore, in charge of Mr. Kavanagh, Captain Smith of California, and Colonel Doheny of New York, an address to those gentlemen from the Cork committee was read, after which the coffin was borne to the Cathedral, Queenstown. From thence, accompanied by a large procession, it was taken, on Sunday, the 3rd of November, through the streets of Cork to the terminus of the Great Southern Railway, and forwarded by the night train to Dublin, where it arrived at about half-past four o'clock on Monday morning. It was received at the Kingsbridge terminus by a party of the St. Patrick's Brotherhood, who marched with it to the hall of the Mechanics' Institute, Lower Abbey-street, which had been prepared for its reception. This midnight transmission by rail from Cork to Dublin was not the sort of progress through Ireland that had been hoped for when the remains were being sent from San Francisco. The deputation were somewhat disappointed and chagrined by the obstacles that prevented the realisation of some of their plans. But in Dublin they soon found themselves in a sea of troubles. The organisers of the demonstration desired that a grand religious ceremonial should be performed over the remains of Mac-Manus in the Cathedral, Marlborough-street, and that the body should be allowed to remain there for some time, to be visited by the thousands of the people of Dublin who would throng to see the casket containing the body of the dead patriot. But to this project his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, opposed a decided negative. He declined to fall in with the plans of the Fenian deputation and the St. Patrick's Brotherhood. He knew the whole movement was one of a political nature, that its leaders contemplated a resort to arms, and that the Fenian organisation which was promoting it was a secret, oath-bound society, and as such, in his view, outside the pale of the Church. He refused to place the Cathedral at their service. The honours asked for, he said, might fitly be paid to the remains of some great ecclesiastic or benefactor of the Church, but on what ground they could be demanded for Terence Bellew M'Manus he did not know. The recital of the sacred offices, he said, was unnecessary, as it was a case of reinterment and the burial services had doubtless been performed before. The Fenian party grew furious. At meetings of the St. Patrick's Brotherhood the conduct of the arch-

bishop was denounced in violent terms. It was treated as if it were a refusal of rites of Christian burial to the body of a deceased Catholic. Amongst the Catholic community of Dublin this unfortunate quarrel created the most painful feelings. A. M. Sullivan exerted himself to compose matters as far as possible; he had been writing in his journals most sympathetically of M'Manus, and he was very desirous the funeral demonstration should be in every way worthy of a people who were at once Catholic and national. He interviewed the archbishop's secretary and succeeded in arranging a sort of compromise with him; it would have procured a religious service for the soul of M'Manus, but there would have been no display in the church, and it could hardly be made to form a part of the funeral demonstration. This, however, would not suit the committee who were in charge of the remains; they would have none of it, and the conciliatory endeavour had to be abandoned. All went on as before; a continual stream of people passing through the hall of the Mechanics' Institute, reverently uncovering as they passed by the bier of the dead; another stream, or rather a torrent, of fierce denunciation of the archbishop foaming amongst the angry Brotherhood and working woeful disedification amongst thousands of earnest young Irishmen who had been Catholics as well as patriots. Sunday the 10th of November, the day fixed for the funeral and the reinterment of the body at last arrived. The procession was well organised, and presented a remarkably fine array, one body of young men especially attracting attention by the military style of their marching. At about five o'clock p.m., in the gloom of the dull Winter evening, the body was committed to its last resting place in Glasnevin Cemetery, the Rev. Father Lavelle, of Partry, reciting the *De Profundis*, and the responses coming from the crowd of people who clustered about the grave. A funeral oration was then delivered by Father Lavelle and another by Captain Smith, of California, after which the multitude who had witnessed the strange scene and listened to words not usually heard amidst such surroundings, returned thoughtfully to their homes, many of them, perhaps, wondering how all this was to end.

ATTEMPTS TO FOUND A CONSTITUTIONAL ORGANISATION.

A few days afterwards, while the American deputation were still in the country, came the startling intelligence that the mail steamer Trent, flying the British flag, had been boarded by an armed party

from an American man-of-war, who forcibly arrested and took away with them to their own ship two gentlemen who were proceeding to England as commissioners from the Southern States. Here was plainly an outrage against the British flag which might furnish a cause of war between the two countries. The excitement in England became intense; the Irish people were even more deeply moved. That Ireland would be made a theatre of operations in case of a war between America and England was on all hands regarded as certain. Was Ireland in this crisis of her fortunes to have no authorised voice to speak for her; were her wisest, most experienced, and most trusted men to remain apart without association or organisation and allow the course of Irish events to be shaped by men on whose judgment no reliance could be placed? True to his principles, inspired by the motives which had always directed his political action, Alexander Sullivan deemed this was a time to renew his endeavour for the formation of a large and powerful national organisation. This wish, we may add, was by no means a special craze or hobby of his; it was entertained quite as strongly by many of the best known public men of the country, including such representatives of the '48 party as William Smith O'Brien, John B. Dillon, and John Martin. But the idea was absolutely detested by the leaders of the new movement. For any of the '48 men who did not chime in with their own views they did not care "two rows of pins"; they looked on these gentlemen as "old fogeys," who might be much respected if they would only keep in their armchairs and not attempt to interfere with the politics of the younger generation. The '48 men, they said, had got their chance and made nothing of it; they should now let other men try what they could do in their own way. Thus it came to pass that while A. M. Sullivan was publicly advocating the formation of a national association, founded on large and liberal lines, including such men as O'Brien, Martin, Dillon, O'Donoghue (then a popular favourite), P. J. Smyth (ditto), Dr. J. C. Waters, president of the Funeral Committee, Mr. T. N. Underwood, vice-president of the St. Patrick's Brotherhood, Mr. Denis Holland, editor of the *Irishman*, and several others, the Fenian leaders were privately concerting measures to defeat the project. A. M. Sullivan and a preliminary committee which he had formed resolved to call a great public meeting in the Rotundo for the purpose, firstly, of proclaiming that if war should be declared between England and America the people of Ireland

would take no part against their kinsmen across the Atlantic, and, secondly, for the purpose of taking action towards the establishment of an Irish national organisation. The opposition plan agreed upon amongst the Fenian leaders was that when the resolution proposing the formation of the intended organisation would be proposed, one of their men should rise and propose as an amendment that a committee—whose names he would read out for acceptance by the meeting—should be appointed to take into consideration the question whether any organisation at all (that is to say, any constitutional organisation) was wanted in the country. It is needless to say that the men who laid this plan concerted the necessary measures for carrying it through successfully at the intended meeting. On the evening of Thursday, the 5th of December, 1861, the meeting was held. The Round Room was densely crowded by an eager and excited mass of people. The chair was taken, amid great applause, by The O'Donoghue, M.P. Mr. P. J. Smyth proposed the first resolution, which was in these terms:—

That the population of the great Republic, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, being largely composed of men of Irish birth or Irish blood, it would be unnatural to suppose that Ireland could remain an indifferent spectator of a struggle between England and America.

In the course of his speech Mr. Smyth gave his estimate of the claims of the two countries, America and England, on the regards of Irishmen. He said:—

Irishmen throughout the world will recognise in one of the combatants a nation that has ever been a friend of their race, that has afforded to all a hospitable refuge, and endowed them with the rights and privileges of the most ennobling citizenship in the world on their subscribing to an oath to renounce all allegiance to foreign kings and potentates, more especially the sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland. In the other they will recognise a nation that for seven centuries has ruled them with a rod of iron, that has levelled their homes and scattered the Irish people as outcasts through the world—a nation that even at the present hour insults the manhood of every man in Ireland by refusing to Irishmen the right to bear arms, while at the same time it arms, drills, and organises the populations of England and Scotland. . . . As for Ireland, she will take to heart the oft-repeated lessons of Daniel O'Connell; no little differences shall divide her sons, but assuming her natural attitude—

" Her back turned to Britain,
Her face to the West"—

she will await the bursting of the storm.

Lieutenant Crean of the Papal Brigade proposed the next resolution :—

That the events of the hour imperatively dictate to all Irishmen a forgetfulness of past differences and a united rally for the old cause of their country.

Quite in the spirit of this resolution was the speech of its proposer, as was also that of its seconder, Mr. T. D. Sullivan. Union amongst Nationalists, a sinking of petty differences, a sacrifice of personal jealousies and prejudices, harmonious action for the sake of the public cause against the common enemy—these things they strongly advocated, and their words were loudly cheered. But then, just as the proceedings were about to conclude, came the turn of the Fenian gentlemen, who had lain by all this time. Mr. Jeremiah Kavanagh, of California, came forward to propose his resolution—he did not present it as an amendment—the terms of which were as follows :—

That a chairman, two secretaries, and a committee of twenty-one members—each having been duly and separately proposed and seconded—be chosen by a majority of voices at this mass meeting, to take into consideration the advisability of an organisation in the present state of affairs at home and abroad.

What Mr. Kavanagh thought of the advisability of a public organisation he clearly showed in the course of his speech. He inveighed roundly against “spouters” and “agitators.” The Irish people, he argued, needed no instruction from them. He said :—

If they would ever do any good for themselves they should throw spouters aside and remove disgrace from their ranks. They should rely upon themselves—upon their energy, upon their wisdom, and upon their discretion. He acknowledged that orators and writers would be necessary if they were so degraded as not to know the cause of their oppression and humiliation at home and abroad, but he had not found one man since his visit to Ireland so far gone in ignorance as not to be able to tell him from bitter experience the cause of their degradation, and to be convinced of that they needed no orators, no writers, no meetings. In America public meetings were done away with when they had anything else to do, and he recommended Irishmen to do away with public meetings if they had anything else to do.

This was a “no organisation” speech, proposing the appointment of what was to be a “no organisation” committee. The resolution having been seconded was put to the meeting and was of course adopted, the Fenians scattered through the room applauding it loudly, and the non-Fenians following their example, not knowing that there were any cross purposes involved in what was taking place on the platform. The names of the committee were then read

out to the meeting, and were "passed" in the same way. Written instructions how to deal with this part of the business had been circulated among the Fenian party. If the names of any of the constitutionalists had been proposed save the three or four which had been placed for appearance's sake on Mr. Kavanagh's list, expressions of dissent were to arise, and if the name of A. M. Sullivan were suggested, the instructions were that "an instantaneous 'No' should resound through the room like the crack of doom." The non-Fenians whose names were put on by Mr. Kavanagh's party were: The O'Donoghue, P. J. Smyth, and James Plunkett, T.C., at the top of the list; at the bottom of it, George Henry Moore and Dr. J. C. Waters. Between the upper and the lower line lay the men "of the right sort." The exterior covering, like the rind of an orange, was intended to be peeled off and thrown away; but the gentlemen in question did not wait for the peeling process; by the next post they wrote to the secretaries withdrawing their names from the committee. It may easily be surmised that the committee never met; at all events they never "reported" on the organisation question. No one wanted or expected any report from them. The whole scheme was merely a contrivance to baffle the efforts of the men who were seeking to place an open constitutional association in charge of Irish political affairs; and so far it proved successful. Whether Ireland benefitted thereby is another question.

PROSECUTION OF THE "MORNING NEWS."

At this same time A. M. Sullivan was engaged in fighting for Catholic and national rights in another quarter. He was being prosecuted by Mr. William Hardy, sub-sheriff of Armagh, for a libel alleged to be contained in the following letter which had appeared in the *Morning News*:—

JUGGLING OF THE JURY PANEL.

To the Editor of the *Morning News*.

DEAR SIR—Officials in Dublin seem to be quite independent of public opinion, and even to take a pleasure in outraging every principle of justice. The Catholics of Armagh have been for the last twenty years virtually excluded from the jury-box, and a great effort has lately been made by the inhabitants for the purpose of obtaining that measure of justice which, it appears, the sheriff has it in his power to deny them. They brought the case into the Queen's Bench, and although their honest claims were disregarded, yet the judge who decided most severely against

them has twice since, in different parts of Ireland, cautioned barony constables against their very partial summoning of incompetent persons to serve on juries. Undeterred by these circumstances, our sub-sheriff, Mr. Hardy, has summoned but fifteen Catholics out of a panel of about two hundred, although the census shows us to number half the population in the county, and the great majority in the city of Armagh. That the sub-sheriffs who have acted in this way have the law on their side there can be no doubt; but it may be useful for Irish Catholics to know that their lives and liberties are at the mercy of such men as Hardy.

A CATHOLIC.

This was not a violent letter. Considering the unquestionable grievance which the Catholics of Armagh had to complain of, and the notorious fact that the practice of jury-packing was in full swing there as everywhere else throughout Ireland, it might be regarded as putting the case mildly. But Sub-Sheriff Hardy considered himself aggrieved. Any sheriff or sub-sheriff in Ireland would consider himself aggrieved by any suggestion or insinuation that he could so much as dream of doing anything in the nature of jury-packing. The Catholics, in Ulster especially, are somehow kept out of the jury boxes, but "nobody does it"; every one of the officials of the Crown is "as innocent as the child unborn." Sub-Sheriff Hardy laid his action and went for heavy damages. A defence fund was quickly started to bear the *Morning News* harmless through the trial. Most of the bishops of Ireland subscribed to the fund, and many of them wrote letters highly commending the action of the fearless editor who had undertaken to grapple with and expose the gross injustice to which his co-religionists of the North were systematically subjected. The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, said in a letter to the committee:—

The editor of the *Morning News* has already rendered, as you observe, able and valuable services to the Catholic cause, and I trust that nothing will occur to prevent him from continuing his labours in the same sphere. . . . To say nothing of other excellent Liberal papers, we cannot afford to dispense with the services rendered to us by the *Morning News*. I congratulate you on the determination you have come to to support it, and I am sure your call will meet with a generous response from every liberal man in Ireland.

The Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, in sending his subscription, wrote a very interesting letter to the committee, enforcing the view that an able and honest popular journal ought to be generously sustained by the country. He said:—

If you wish to have an honest press it ought to be honestly and generously supported. And if you wish that it should not die, or emit its

flickering light in the midst of corruption, you must surround it with a breath of wholesome popular atmosphere in which it can at once live and enlighten. . . . The old adage that virtue is praised and suffered to pine away in not very encouraging for an honest editor to contemplate. Such will not, I trust, be the fate of the honest and fearless champion who has endeavoured to let the genial light of truth and justice penetrate the dark dungeons of the North, from which they have been so long excluded.

The trial commenced on the 11th of December, 1861, in the Court of Queen's Bench, Chief Justice Lefroy (the "Purple Brunswicker" of John Mitchel's *Jail Journal*) presiding. The counsel for Mr. Hardy were Sergeant Armstrong, Mr. Whiteside, Mr. Macdonogh, and Mr. W. B. Kaye; Mr. Sullivan was defended by Sergeant Sullivan (now Lord Chancellor of Ireland), Mr. John O'Hagan (now Mr. Justice O'Hagan of the Land Court), and Mr. Arthur Hamill. For the defence a mass of evidence was adduced to show that the exclusion of Catholics from the jury-box in the North, especially in cases of a party nature, was a system of long standing, and was felt to be a great grievance. One of its results was that in any serious case against an Orangeman it was absolutely impossible to obtain a conviction in accordance with the evidence. Either verdicts of acquittal were returned, or convictions were given on minor charges far below the actual merits of the case. It appeared to be a settled thing that no Orangeman should under any circumstances be convicted on the capital charge, no matter how deliberate, barbarous, or cruel a murder he might have committed, and even though he should have been taken red-handed in the act. A verdict of manslaughter was the most that could be hoped for in such circumstances; a case of manslaughter would be reduced either to justifiable homicide or common assault; a case of assault would dwindle down to nothing, and go well nigh to procuring a vote of thanks from the jury. In a recent Parliamentary debate, when the Orange "counter-demonstrations" of the Winter of 1863 were under discussion, Mr. Plunket, M.P. for Trinity College, said that notwithstanding all the allegations of riot and outrage and murder that had been put forward against the Orange Society, he believed he was correct in stating that none of its members had ever been hanged; whereupon one of the Irish members promptly replied that the explanation was very simple; it was not because they did not deserve it, but because the "brother" in the dock had "brothers" on the bench and in the jury-box who took right good care that he should not get the

penalty he had earned. It was such a failure of justice that called forth the letter for the publication of which the *Morning News* was prosecuted; whether matters have very much improved since then may be judged from the recent case of Philip Maguire, brutally murdered by an Orange party at Kilcreeney, County Cavan, in December, 1883, for which offence the merest farce of a trial was gone through, with the usual result. The whole case of the *Morning News* was pithily stated by Mr. O'Hagan in one sentence of his speech in which he said that in the County Armagh the Catholics in proportion to the Protestants were "one to one in the population; one to six on the jury lists; one to twelve on the panel; and zero in the box." The result of the trial was that on the 14th of December, 1861, a verdict was given against the *Morning News* for £50 damages. This, with the legal costs of the plaintiff and the heavy expense incurred in working up the case, amounted to a very large total, which we believe was not fully covered by the fund subscribed for the defence.

LETTER TO COLONEL DOHENY.

In the Spring of 1862 the Fenian deputation who had come to Ireland with the remains of M'Manus were back in America. They did not bring with them, as they had hoped, the news either of Ireland's independence, or of her declaration of independence. A "rising" in Ireland they had found to be impracticable at that time; the people would not "rise," because they felt conscious of their inability to make a decent stand against the power of England. All that could be done, therefore, was to carry on the work of preparation and hope for a more favourable contingency. But even at this time the glow as of the rising sun that had shone upon the prospects of the Fenian party had begun to pale. The chance of a war with England had shifted into the distance, for the American Government, in the latter days of December, 1861, had yielded up the two Southern commissioners, Slidell and Mason, whose release England had peremptorily demanded. Worst of all, the Irish regiments in the Federal service were being eaten up by the rifles and cannon of the Confederate armies. Fenian officers and Fenian men, who, it was fondly hoped, would have lived to turn their experience to account in another field of action, were perishing by the hundred; for in every battle they were sent to the points where dash and determination were most needed, and where the contest was most likely to be most des-

perate and prolonged. American writers, however, humoured the Fenian leaders with the idea that when the war with the South would be ended, then would come the time of the Federal Government to settle scores with John Bull. This idea commended itself very readily to the Fenian mind, and the work of organising the party was pushed on vigorously in both countries. Unhappily for A. M. Sullivan, these men seemed to think that a war against his name and fame was an indispensable part of their programme. Whether things went well or ill with them, they somehow regarded him as being in their way, and to belabour him in their speeches and their papers was a pleasant exercise with which they varied the ordinary round of their occupations. Hardly had the deputation got back to America from the M'Manus funeral when they opened fire on him. Colonel Doheny, in a speech delivered at Philadelphia on the 6th of February, 1862, spoke of him and of William Smith O'Brien in the following terms, *apropos* of some new condemnation of the Fenian movement which Mr. O'Brien had published :—

But while Mr. O'Brien warns the people against this danger, does he not, at the same time, warn the Government that its time has come? He ought to remember what was the consequence of his former warning. At that time he was entrapped. A very artless, ingenious, and frank gentleman, editor of the *Dublin Nation*, wrote to him, asking, in the simplicity of his heart, whether he belonged to a secret society. Now, you know that London law has made secret societies a crime punishable with severe penalties, and you will at once see how modest it was to ask him if he belonged to one. Besides, if Mr. O'Brien did belong to a secret society, the secrets of which he was pledged to keep, was it not very complimentary to his honour and good faith to ask him to divulge such secrets in a letter through the British post-office? Mr. O'Brien answered his correspondent in the negative, and denounced secret societies, of the existence of which he warned the people. That warning was also a warning to the Government; and immediately "the wolf was on the walk." You know what followed. That time I thought, and I yet think, he was betrayed. But that his betrayal and the consequences which followed have not stayed his pen this time is utterly inexplicable. I can regard his present course with no feelings but those of amazement. But the most amusing and amazing part of the former affair was that the very man who first hounded on the Government made the prosecutions that could not but follow the disclosures which he had so artlessly drawn from Mr. O'Brien a pretext for loud patriotic demonstration. The "fair trial fund," a most appropriate basis for agitation, was established. Mr. O'Brien freely contributed to the fund which was to save the prisoners from the ruin he was made the unwary instrument of calling down upon them. The result of the fund was affording Mr. Thomas O'Hagan a chance of becoming Attorney-General to the Queen. That end was attained, and that end only.

The whole of the Fenian charges against A. M. Sullivan is re the

Phoenix Society are contained in the foregoing passage; but there is scarcely one true statement in it from the first line to the last. None of William Smith O'Brien's letters "warning the people against this danger" were at the same time "a warning to the Government that its time had come"; the Government knew its own time; it had more and earlier information concerning the Phoenix movement than ever came to the knowledge of William Smith O'Brien; the Irish Executive had the movement under its eyes almost from its inception. The editor of the *Nation* never wrote to Mr. O'Brien asking him if he belonged to a secret society—such a proceeding would be absurd and ridiculous, worthy only of a pair of fools. The editor never "hounded on the Government" against the members of the Phoenix Society. Mr. O'Brien was never made an instrument of calling down ruin upon them, and he himself was neither trapped nor betrayed in the matter. The Fair Trial Fund was not made a basis of agitation; it had nothing to do with the promotion of Thomas O'Hagan; it was gladly availed of and gratefully accepted for the defence of the Phoenix prisoners by the prisoners themselves and by their friends, and it contributed materially to their release from prison. It is possible that Colonel Doheny, when he made the statements above quoted from his speech, believed them to be true, but they were really an aggregation of falsehoods, and falsehoods of a most malignant character. The speech which contained them was not only reported in American newspapers, but, with the other proceedings of the Fenian meeting held on that day, was reprinted in a pamphlet and circulated by the Fenian Brotherhood. When those passages met the eyes of A. M. Sullivan he judged it was high time for him to grapple publicly and effectually with the vile imputations they put forward, and dispose of them for ever, if by completely disproving them he could obtain that end. With this view he announced in the *Nation* of the 5th and that of the 12th of April, 1862, that he would publish in that journal a refutation of the unfounded and injurious statements made regarding him by Colonel Doheny. The first part of this reply was issued as a supplement with the *Nation* of the 19th April, 1862. Its first paragraph was in these terms :—

SIR—I have received through the post a pamphlet reprint from the *Boston Pilot* of certain proceedings at a meeting of "The Fenian Brotherhood" held in Philadelphia on the 6th of February. As I did not see the report when it originally appeared, I have not had an opportunity earlier than this of perusing your speech on that occasion. In that speech

you make certain statements with reference to me, which I am willing to believe you considered to be true. But they were not true, as I shall exhibit to you; and I entertain a hope that you will accordingly act as becomes a gentleman and a man of honour betrayed into a serious error.

The confidence here expressed in Colonel Doheny's sense of honour would doubtless have been fully justified had that gentleman lived to read the incontrovertible statement of facts which Mr. Sullivan penned and published in reply to his allegations; but just as the supplement of the *Nation* of April the 19th was issuing wet from the press, the news reached Dublin that Colonel Doheny had died in New York on the night of Tuesday, the first day of that month. Into the *Nation* of the date above mentioned Mr. Sullivan immediately put the following notice of the colonel's decease:—

Since our supplement containing the first part of Mr. A. M. Sullivan's letter to Colonel Doheny was put to press intelligence has reached us of the colonel's decease. We would here breathe a prayer for his soul, and offer a tribute to his memory. The deceased gentleman was a patriot who dared and suffered much for his country. In her service he sacrificed all his prospects at home in a profession which has often brought rich rewards to men with talents less than his, but whose patriotism was also less sincere and rigid. In the country to which he fled from the grasp of British law, when the Irish cause seemed lost, he had to endure many hardships—sometimes, even as he himself has said, the pressure of actual want; but these sufferings instead of diminishing only intensified his love of Ireland. With reference to the circumstances which have called forth the letter addressed to him by Mr. Sullivan which is published in the supplement issued with this day's *Nation*, our conviction is that Mr. Doheny was not in that matter a conscious utterer of falsehood. We believed, and we still believe, that he was grossly misinformed and misled—duped, in fact, by some of the chiefs of the secret society, as others of our countrymen we know have been. That we regarded him as a man who would not speak a slander after it had been proved to be such will be evident from the letter in question, in which the writer all through assumes that on a perusal of the facts placed before him Colonel Doheny would not hesitate to confess his error and set the part that might be expected from a man of honour in such circumstances. Death has removed him from this worldly scene before this claim for justice could reach him—but the man whose character he publicly assailed has now, as far as Colonel Doheny is concerned, only one word more to say—it is that from his heart he forgives him.

Mr. Sullivan completed his defence in a second letter, published also as a supplement to the *Nation*. He overturned every one of the vile charges that had been levelled against him; he quoted the facts, dates, and documents already referred to in this memoir, which “smash and pulverise” every one of those calumnies, and, in conclusion, he wrote thus:—

And, now this vindication is finished, let me say that my purpose will

be but half achieved if it does not cause the good, the virtuous, the tried and trusted men of the national party to come forward promptly and boldly, to save and guide and counsel the people, so badly in need of guidance in their political efforts. A policy of simple negation will never do with a people like ours. To assist and further some healthy action in popular politics has been my chief aim in the latter half of my present task. My own vindication would have been completed triumphantly by a much shorter statement. It was with deep pain and intense reluctance I set about this duty—and solely because in my soul I solemnly believed it to be a duty. My honour is dearer to me than life itself. I fill a position never tarnished by those who have gone before me in it; a position which renders a charge against me, such as those repelled to day, more fatal than bullet or poignard, and more horrible to me than the dungeon or the scaffold. I owe it to all I hold dear in this life—to myself, to my position, and to my countrymen, who love and trust me—to render it perilous for any man who is morally accountable for his words and acts to assail the fair name I hold and cherish. Few public men in Ireland of thrice my years in the public service and tenfold my ability have ever been honoured with such testimonies of respect and confidence as it has been my high pride and bright fortune to receive even within the last six months. The highest and the best, the holiest and the purest, in Ireland, with an unanimity I believe rarely paralleled in this country, have cheered me in a moment of perilous duty by such words as I shall never forget; while the friendship, respect, and confidence of the men most prominently identified with Ireland's last armed attempt at independence forbid complaint on my part if, like men far above me in every respect, I too experience some of what Thomas Francis Meagher has aptly termed "the penalties of public life."

It will be observed that here again he expressed his desire to see men of experience and high repute taking public action as leaders and guides of the Irish people. But therein he was repeating his real offence against the Fenian leaders, who wanted "no more meetings, no more speaking or writing" in Ireland. That being so, they had not the faintest notion of abating the stress of their warfare against A. M. Sullivan. He might vindicate himself a thousand times over for all they cared; he might disprove their charges every day in the week if he so pleased; he might shew facts and dates at their heads as long as he liked, but they would stick to their own story nevertheless. Nothing on earth could induce them to give it up. They continued, therefore, to ring the changes on it in their own good old style in the *Phoenix* newspaper, edited by Mr. John O'Mahony, and published in New York; and nearer home they got the work done in the columns of the *Irishman*.

SELF-DEFENCE.

In the *Irishman* of April 26th appeared a letter bearing the signature of O'Donovan Rossa, reiterating, though in a somewhat modified

form, the charges which A. M. Sullivan had undertaken to disprove in his letter to Colonel Doheny. Rossa admitted that previous to the publication of A. M. Sullivan's article a paragraph on the subject of the secret society had appeared in the *Irishman*, but that paragraph, he said, "asserted nothing in reference to the alleged society"; he admitted that "the priests, believing such a society to exist, spoke from the altars against it, and that one of them went so far as to write to the Castle of its existence"; but, said Rossa, "many weeks prior to either you made a tour through the South for the express purpose of obtaining information relative to the society, and while in Bantry you gave the matter such publicity as enabled the correspondent of the *Mail* to write the letter which appeared in that journal." This was quite a new version of the story, and a highly imaginative one. Mr. Sullivan's tour in the South had no such purpose, and the alleged giving of publicity never occurred. As to A. M. Sullivan's letter to Smith O'Brien, the distinction between asking Mr. O'Brien whether he belonged to a secret society, and telling him that the Phoenix men were reporting that he was a member of their organisation, Rossa characterized as a "wretched quibble." In point of fact the difference between the two things was enormous, and all the denunciations, the sneers, and the sarcasms that the Fenians had launched against the first alleged act would not be at all applicable to the other. But human patience has its limits, and A. M. Sullivan's patience under this continual outflow of calumny was at last exhausted. He considered that after the publication of his letters to Colonel Doheny no man who had any opportunity of reading them was entitled to repeat the odious accusations which he had then and there disproved. In the second of those letters he had given warning that any man continuing the game of moral assassination against him would do so at his peril, and he now resolved to cite Mr. Denis Holland, the editor of the *Irishman*, into court and let him make good, if he could, the libellous allegations which he was continually publishing in his paper. This course had for A. M. Sullivan the additional attraction that it would give to his refutation of those calumnies a degree of publicity otherwise unattainable. He had nothing to fear from the fierce light of a public sworn investigation into his conduct, and to that ordeal he now challenged his traducers. On the 19th of June, 1862, the case was tried in Dublin before a special and thoroughly West-British jury. No attempt was made to prove the truth

of the libels ; the line taken by the defence was to represent the case as a squabble between rival newspapers, and to characterise A. M. Sullivan as a writer of disloyalty and sedition who was entitled to no sympathy in a British court of justice. This view suited the taste of the jury to perfection ; they were constrained by the facts of the case to bring in a verdict for the plaintiff, but they assessed the damages at sixpence, together with the costs of the action. With this verdict A. M. Sullivan was satisfied ; pecuniary compensation was not what he wanted, but a vindication of his character from the unjust aspersions sought to be cast upon it ; and that vindication, in the eyes of all fair-minded men, he had fully achieved. But as regards the *Irishman* and the *Phoenix* newspapers, and the Fenian Brotherhood generally, their animosity against him was not abated by those proceedings, but, on the contrary, was rendered more fierce and implacable.

IN THE DUBLIN CORPORATION.

In the end of November, 1862, A. M. Sullivan was invited by a numerously signed requisition of the burgesses of the Royal Exchange Ward, Dublin, to allow himself to be put in nomination for the office of Town Councillor, which had been rendered vacant by the election of Hugh Tarpey, Esq., to the Aldermanship. At that time the Dublin Corporation was almost entirely composed of Whigs, or "Liberals," as they were called, and Tories ; nationality had scarcely any representation in the council ; and it was felt on all hands that the election of A. M. Sullivan thereto would be the beginning of a new state of things—and so in truth it proved to be. Mr. Sullivan was opposed by Mr. John Chambers, who was put forward as a "Liberal-Conservative." The election took place on the 1st of December, and, although Mr. Chambers had the full support of the Conservative party, with a sprinkling of Liberals and even some help from the Fenian party, Mr. Sullivan was elected after a close contest, polling 211 votes to 207 given for Mr. Chambers. In the *Nation* of the following Saturday, December 6th, appeared an article on the subject, which laid down the lines on which the national party have been acting in such matters throughout the whole country from that day to this. The following portions of it are well worth quoting :—

Our own creed on these matters has frequently been stated. We hold that wherever a voice can be raised or a vote given for Ireland, there—if

the speakers or the voters proceed by election from the people—the national party should seek to be represented. In Parliament, in the corporation, in the poor law board, the national cause should have its friends. They could be useful everywhere—their presence would, at least, be a testimony to the political faith of the people and a protest against the foreign rule imposed on the country. Much may be said for the policy of sending representatives of the national feeling into the British Parliament, but reasons no less powerful may, with perfect fairness, be urged in favour of rendering those little home parliaments of ours racy of the soil and true to the interests and wishes of the Irish people. . . . In other lands municipal institutions have been the surest safeguards and the last stay of freedom; a right use of them here would be an indication that the spirit of freedom has not departed from amongst us, that the native race have not resigned themselves to the domination of the factions who do England's work, and that the desire and the capacity for Home Rule have not ceased to exist in Ireland.

The Wood-quay Ward was the next in Dublin to act up to the spirit of those good counsels. On the 14th of February, 1863, John B. Dillon, the associate of Duffy, Davis, O'Brien, and Meagher in the stirring times of '48, was returned for that patriotic ward without a contest. Nationality was looking up in the Dublin Corporation. Thenceforward Mr. Dillon and Mr. Sullivan did many a good work together in that body. At a meeting of the council held on the 21st of April, 1863, Mr. Dillon moved, "That a special committee be appointed to inquire and report to the council as to the state of the public accounts between Great Britain and Ireland"; and he proposed that the following members do form the committee:—The Lord Mayor, Alderman J. Reynolds, Alderman Martin, Councillors Knox, Gray, Martin, Draper, M'Swiney, Byrne, Sullivan, and Dillon. The result of the labours of the committee was the presentation to the council in the Summer of 1863 of a very valuable report on the taxation of Ireland. The following was its final paragraph:—

In entering upon some of the discussions contained in this report your committee have felt they might be open to the observation that those questions no longer possessed any present interest; that they belong to a past generation, and, having been closed by lapse of time, cannot now be reopened. Your committee, however, venture to hope that a more accurate knowledge of the financial transactions of the past generation may have the effect of preventing future financial injustice, and of silencing an assertion by which every application for aid in effecting public improvements emanating from Ireland is met in the House of Commons and by the English press—the assertion that Ireland always has been, and still is, an expense and a burden to Great Britain. If it were more generally understood that Ireland has in times past contributed more than a due share of the public burdens, that she is still paying more than

a fair proportion, and, finally, that of the large revenue which is raised in Ireland not one-half is expended at home, we should less frequently be accused of endeavouring to relieve Irish distress and subsidise Irish enterprise by "English money." Ireland owes no debt to Britain, and she has the right which every country has to have her own money mainly spent within her own borders.

THE GRATTAN AND ALBERT MONUMENTS.

On Monday, the 8th day of February, 1864, an application was made by the Prince Albert Memorial Committee to the Corporation to grant them a site in the middle of College-green for the Albert monument, which was then nearly ready to be erected. The prince, we may observe, had died at Windsor Castle on the 14th of December, 1861, of typhoid fever, in the 43rd year of his age. He had not been very popular in England during his lifetime; he was looked upon as a poor sprig of German royalty who in marrying Queen Victoria had fallen in for a very snug place and got his hand well into the capacious purse of John Bull. It was said he was of a very economical and saving turn of mind, taking all he could get and spending nothing, as if he were making provision for a rainy day. His nature was cold and unsympathetic; for Ireland he never spoke a good word in his life; that he looked on the Irish people with disdain was shown, *inter alia*, by his letter to his countryman, Von Humboldt, in which he said: "I know that you have great sympathy for the sufferings of the Poles, which is a great pity, for the Poles deserve your sympathy as little as the Irish"—meaning thereby that neither the Poles nor the Irish deserved sympathy from anyone. But if the prince was cold-hearted and phlegmatic he was also a quiet, cultured, and well conducted person. Not for many a long year had there been so much decency and propriety in Court circles as there was during his time, and this fact won for him a good deal of regard throughout the country. His death at so early an age produced a great outburst of regret in England, and of course the West-
British party in Ireland followed suit. An Albert Memorial was proposed to be set up in London; it goes without saying that Dublin should have another. Subscriptions were called for and got in, the famous Irish sculptor, Foley, was commissioned to execute the monument, and when his work had approached nearly to completion he was invited over to Dublin by the committee and bade to choose out of the whole city the finest site he could find on which to place it. With the eye of a true artist he immediately selected College-green.

The committee, at the head of which was the Right Hon. Maziere Brady, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, thought that in order to get this site it, was only necessary to ask for it. And so it might have been but for the fact that Alexander Sullivan was a member of the Corporation.

The letter of the Lord Chancellor applying for the site having been read, a member of the council proposed that the grant should be made there and then, but Mr. Sullivan, aided by Mr. Dillon, Alderman James Plunkett, Mr. Richard Devitt, and one or two others, wishing to gain time for an appeal to public opinion, succeeded in getting the application referred for report, in the usual course, to one of the committees of the Corporation. On Saturday, the 13th of February, the committee by the casting vote of its Chairman decided to recommend that the site should be granted, and their report was to come before the council for adoption on the following Monday. But in the interval A. M. Sullivan had not been idle. He had hurriedly got together a number of patriotic citizens, formed them into a Grattan Monument Committee, of which he was made chairman, and he got them to draw up a memorial to the Corporation asking to have the site in College-green reserved for a statue to Henry Grattan. When the council met on Monday, February 16th, he presented this memorial and supported its claim in a brilliant and forcible speech, in the course of which he said :—

Let no one rise here and say that by this vote you would cast aspersions on the memory of a dead man. I will not speak of the merits of Prince Albert. I am willing to entirely separate from this debate the question of Prince Albert's merits or demerits, for obvious reasons. The question before the house to-day is whether you will assign away for ever that spot to which the feelings and the aspirations of the nation have ever looked fondly forward—whether you will grant away beyond recall, for the statue of any prince or any potentate, this site, of all in Dublin, while there is before you a formal application in the name of Henry Grattan. Some I see here, the sons of the men who stood by Grattan in that house in College-green when he fought for Ireland's independence. Ah, Protestant Irishmen, there was a day when even the Orange lodges of Dublin sent forth their petitions to support Henry Grattan's anti-Union struggles. There was a day when an Irish soldiery, Protestant to a man, assembled in College-green, and gave forth amidst the cannons' echo that memorable sentiment which symbolizes the political creed which I profess—"That no power on earth should make laws to bind this country save the Sovereign, Lords, and Commons of Ireland." Yet, oh! how the times are changed! Where is your nationality, Irish Protestants, now? Has the great soul that moved your fathers left you? Claim Grattan proudly as your co-religionist; can you not be emulators

of his patriotism? Two propositions are before you—two applicants for a place in College-green. One is Prince Albert; the other is Henry Grattan. For the prince there are many sites; for the patriot none so fitting as this. His marble statue is in our hall below, but the resolve to erect in College-green his statue in bronze never died in the hearts of the people of Ireland. . . . Yes, we look into the future as well as the past; and for the future as well as for the past we adjure you to consider well what you do to-day. College-green is not now what it was; it will not always be only what it now is. That is my faith, my hope, my prayer. Those who robbed us of our liberties, our legislature, and our laws—and who now seek to wrest from us this sacred spot—believe it is all over with the ancient hope of Ireland. They boast that in a few years more those German figures will be quite at home in College-green. I do not believe it. No, there is a brighter destiny than that before us; and that old Senate-house whose threshold you are asked to desecrate to-day will once more gather within its walls not the money-changers but the law-makers of Ireland.

The scene that ensued was a stormy one. Feeling ran high, and some lively exchanges of personalities took place between the corporators. A. M. Sullivan's motion was stigmatised by some of them as disloyal. One worthy alderman of the high-and-dry Tory school declared that, "considering Prince Albert as the husband of a sovereign who lived in the hearts and affections of her subjects, his statue was entitled to the best position the city afforded. The name of Henry Grattan, however great, should not be put in the balance with the husband of their sovereign." Laughter, hisses, cheers, came from the occupants of the crowded galleries, who were in such a state of excitement that the Lord Mayor had several times to threaten that if order was not preserved he would have the galleries cleared. On the vote being taken it was found that the Albert party had won by a majority of 32 votes to 14. It was then moved that a formal communication should be sent by the Town Clerk to the Lord Chancellor notifying to him that the site had been granted. This motion afforded A. M. Sullivan an opportunity of speaking again and giving a bit of his mind to some of the gentlemen who had cast their votes against Henry Grattan. He said:—

There is not a man of you who professed to revere popular opinions whose names will not be branded to posterity when young Irishmen pass through College-green and see what you have done this day. To their memories will rise the figure of the man who laboured to strike the shackles from your feet—from *your* feet (pointing to some of the Catholic members), you degenerate and ungrateful race! Ay, degenerate and ungrateful! Good work it was for Henry Grattan to strive as he strove for men like you, who weigh your debt of gratitude to him so lightly. You are unworthy of such a man. You cannot bring yourselves to feel your obligation to him, for you are incompetent to appreciate the bless-

ings he sought to gain for you. O'Connell once publicly said he almost regretted that he emancipated you. He was doubtless right; he knew you well. I heard one of the oldest citizens in Dublin declare that there were some Catholics alive who if an order were given out from Dublin Castle to have their noses and ears bored through, and rings put in them, would break their necks rushing up Cork-hill in their eager race for the badges of slavery. I did not believe that picture then, but I now begin to feel some sorrowful suspicions of its truth.

At this point the cheering in the galleries for the Grattanites, and the hissing and groaning for the Albertites, became so vigorous that the Lord Mayor gave peremptory orders to have them cleared. The national members began to leave; the people swarmed out on the steps of the City Hall, where another crowd were assembled waiting to hear the news. When A. M. Sullivan got amongst them he was rapturously received: they seized him, lifted him on to their shoulders, and bore him down the steps, raising meanwhile such cheers as were heard within the precincts of Dublin Castle and down the whole length of Parliament-street.

FENIAN OPPOSITION.

To the denizens of the Castle this demonstration was anything but pleasant, but at No. 12 Parliament-street were a number of gentlemen to whom it was still more distasteful. For that was the office of the *Irish People*, the official Fenian organ, and there may be said to have been the headquarters of the Irish branch of the Fenian Brotherhood. After all their denunciations of writing and speaking, and all their declarations that the Irish people needed no political instruction, the Fenian party had set up a newspaper for themselves. It had been a common saying with them at one time that the liberation of Ireland would be greatly hastened if all the printing presses and all the type in the country could be thrown into the sea; but now they went in for presses and type on their own account. They were opposed to "spouting," but a leading article is just as much a spout as any oration delivered from a platform; it is a brief speech which by being printed and published is made to reach a scattered but it may be a very numerous audience. They were supposed to desire privacy for their leading men and their movements, and the way they considered for it in this case was to select for their newspaper office a house within pistol-shot of Dublin Castle, in full view of the Castle gate, nearly opposite the offices of two Tory newspapers, within a few yards of the head office of the detective force.

in a neighbourhood swarming with military and police. The writing of the paper was quite in keeping with the wisdom shown in the selection of its local habitation. There was just a faint affectation of mystery about it, some small degree of reticence in stating what was wanted and intended, but the disguise was very slight. The writers barely stopped short of calling a spade a spade; they did not speak of secret conspiracy—they advocated only "silent action"; they did not declare that every patriotic Irishman should join the Fenian Brotherhood—they only blazed away at anyone, priest or layman, who should dare to say a word against it. The meaning and intent of their articles were apparently expected to be understood by patriotic young persons in the provinces, but to be entirely beyond the comprehension of the simpletons in Dublin Castle. They could have no suspicion of what was going on; they could not see through the thin gauze; they could pick up no hint of Fenianism unless they found it in a letter of Smith O'Brien, or a speech of John Martin, or an article of the *Nation*. Of all the extraordinary delusions that ever clouded the minds of men engaged in politics, this was surely the strangest. The Fenian leaders appeared to think that the M'Manus funeral was no warning to the Government; that the speeches and the publications of the Fenian leaders in America were no instruction to them; that the denunciations of open agitation and the endeavours made to prevent it had no lesson for them; that the establishment of the *Irish People* did not attract their attention; that its remarkable letters and articles were either unnoticed by them or not understood; and that it was only when "constitutional agitators" dared to say anything in defence of their own principles, or in reply to attacks made upon their conduct and character, that the authorities in Dublin Castle could get the faintest inkling of what was going on under their noses. Thus at a meeting of the Fenian Brotherhood in Philadelphia, which we have already referred to, frequent references were made to "our brothers in Ireland," and to the work in which the organisation at both sides of the Atlantic was engaged. But at that same meeting William Smith O'Brien was denounced as one who by recognising the existence of the Fenian movement and expressing disapproval of it in public letters, had aroused the attention of the Government and "put the wolf on the walk." The inconsistency, one might also say the childishness, of such complaints emanating from the Fenian leaders must have been plain

to everyone. The same may be said with regard to the *Irish People*. That journal was nothing less than a standing advertisement of the Fenian organisation. It was avowedly the organ, propagandist, and champion of the Fenian movement. Yet those who worked it were ever ready to charge with the offence of "giving information to the Government" any of the constitutional Nationalists who might make the slightest reference to Fenianism—unless, indeed, the reference should be of a sympathetic and complimentary nature. The Fenian leaders were to be free to denounce "agitation" and "agitators" to their hearts' content; the agitators should not dare to reply, on peril of being held up to opprobrium as aiders, abettors, and informers of the British Government. It is not too much to say that this line of conduct was not very fair; neither was it very wise. Of such unfairness and inconsistency the *Irish People* supplied many examples throughout its whole career. In its third number it had an article condemning the conduct of persons who "denounce and 'warn' the people when they presume to think and act for themselves, and at the same time profess the utmost love for and devotion to the national cause." "As to the warnings and denouncings," said the Fenian organ, "the People can warn and denounce too. *This is their first note of warning to all whom it may concern.*" In the same page of the paper, and immediately following this injunction of silence, so significantly italicised, was an article headed "Soon or Never," from which the following are a few passages:—

That they should regain their lost independence is at length visibly a business of life and death with the Irish people. . . . The true and only way to save the nation becomes each moment clearer and clearer to most. Few but admit to-day that Ireland's connexion with England must be promptly severed, or else that the Irish people must cease to dwell in the land of their forefathers. . . . Shall our ineradicable love of independence, our irreconcilable hate to foreign thralldom, be in vain? It shall not be so, for the people are now warned of their danger. They are awake at last to the truth that soon or never Ireland must become independent, and that she has no longer a choice between extirpation and victory. . . . Are not Irishmen also beginning to conclude that to try the chance of fighting fields at home would be far preferable to exposing themselves to all the dangers and horrors of emigration to a distant land with some probability of perishing there by war or pestilence? . . . In conclusion, other reasons besides the main one we have referred to indicate that this decided effort of ours must be made soon or never. For instance, Ireland to-day has one chance and strength which no subject nation save herself ever possessed. She has not only a new nation, as it were, of her sons outside her own soil, but countless thousands of those sons have been trained to arms in the fierce combats of the present American war. These Irish soldiers (both officers

and privates), having already revived the military prestige of Ireland in Transatlantic fights, are impatient to signalise their valour still more in nobler battles at home.

The Government should be composed of very dull folk, indeed, if they were not warned and informed by such writing as the foregoing, especially when taken in connection with the Fenian resolutions and addresses which were being issued in America and regularly copied into the columns of the *Irish People*. Not less outspoken was that journal on the necessity of preventing the uprising of any form of constitutional agitation in the country. In its second number it burst out into raptures over the conduct of the men who had prevented the starting of any project of that kind at the meeting in reference to the Trent affair which had been held in the Rotundo in December, 1861. Said the *People*, after having described some of the scenes of the M'Manus funeral :—

But even still greater national energy was evinced by the people on the night of the 5th of December, 1861, when they crushed for ever all hope or chance of reviving the mischievous agitation system which for so many weary and wasted years had cheated the people of all noble results. Well and promptly that night the people foiled the cunning effort which was made, under cover of a meeting for expression of sympathy with America, to restore the loathsome reign of political humbug with all its hideous brood. No one present that night will ever forget the reception given to Jeremiah Cavanagh, the MacManus delegate from California, when he came forward to move the resolution against the renewal of agitation. A divine phrenzy seemed to seize the meeting. One form of humbug died in nameless agony that night. And the man should be either the most audacious or the silliest of human kind who, with the lesson of the 5th of December to warn him, would ever again try to get up an organisation on the plan of Conciliation Hall, or even the Confederation.

To the gentlemen who were writing in this strain, the proceedings which had taken place in the City Hall anent the Grattan statue were far from being pleasant. Alexander Sullivan was the hero of the occasion ; he had made an eloquent speech ; he had opposed an obnoxious project ; he had proposed a patriotic one ; he had been cheered to the echo ; popular feeling would be certain to run high in favour of the action he had taken. This was dreadful. The thing should be stopped at all hazards. Who could tell but an "agitation" might grow out of it? Moved by such considerations, alarmed by such a frightful prospect, the staff of the *Irish People* resolved that this Grattan business should be looked to at once and so handled that it should result not to the advantage of A. M. Sullivan but to his discomfiture and confusion.

Mr. Sullivan did not accept the defeat of his motion in the Council as decisive of its fate. Without the loss of a single day he set himself to procure a reversal of the vote. The first step to be taken, he considered, was to get a pronouncement of public opinion on the subject at a great meeting of the citizens of Dublin; after which he would have a series of ward meetings held throughout the city to condemn the action of the anti-Grattanite corporators and demand a reconsideration of the question by the Corporation. The public meeting he resolved should be held in the Rotundo, on Monday, the 22nd of February, exactly a week after the hostile vote of the city council. The meeting was summoned by placard and advertisement in the following terms:—

THE VOTE ON COLLEGE-GREEN.

GRATTAN EXPELLED FOR EVER.

PUBLIC MEETING IN THE ROTUNDO.

A public meeting will be held in the Round Room of the Rotundo on Monday evening, the 22nd of February, to consider the recent vote of the Corporation of Dublin, by which College-green has been assigned away to King William III. and Prince Albert, and the statue of Henry Grattan excluded therefrom for ever.

THE O'DONOGHUE, M.P.,

and several other distinguished Irishmen will attend and speak on the occasion. The chair will be taken at eight o'clock. Cards of admission—to the ladies' gallery, to admit a gentleman, 1s; a lady and gentleman, 1s 6d; platform, 2s.

BODY OF THE HALL FREE.

To the gentlemen of the *Irish People* this was a delightful announcement. Here was a new and a splendid opportunity for repeating on a grander scale the tactics they had brought into play at the "Trent" meeting. James Stephens, "Central Organiser" of the Fenian brotherhood and founder of the *Irish People*, himself took charge of the preparations for the break up of the meeting and the hunting of A. M. Sullivan and his friends from the room. The *Irish People* of Saturday, February 20th, issued a call to the Brotherhood to muster in the Rotundo in all their strength for a great night's work. It said:—

If the individuals who are engaged in getting up this meeting intend to confine themselves simply to the statue affair, we have nothing to say about the matter. They can use their pleasure and have their meeting. But if they mean to take advantage of this sensation clap-trap, and surreptitiously foist a new Parliamentary humbug on us, we think the people shouldn't stand a dodge of so brassy a complexion.

We shall only add that all earnest Nationalists, all practical workers, should muster on Monday evening next, and observe with vigilant eyes the proceedings. They can then act according to circumstances. But, at all events, tricksters and shams must be prevented from making capital out of a matter that, all things considered, very slightly concerns the people at large.

Here again broke out the morbid fear of "agitation" entertained by the Fenian leaders. They never seemed to consider for a moment that if any section or party of Irishmen wished to "agitate" for national reforms they had a perfect right to do so, and that to endeavour to prevent them by physical force was nothing less than sheer tyranny. They never seemed to reflect that those tactics of violence directed against the freedom of their own countrymen were likely to alarm and disgust whole crowds of patriotic Irishmen, and to cause a good many persons to think that the hard rule of the British Government might be less oppressive after all than the sort of treatment likely to be given to the country by a Fenian directorate. The promoters of the meeting had no idea of starting what the Fenians were pleased to call "a new Parliamentary humbug"; their intention was to confine the proceedings "simply to the statue affair"; but the Fenian crowds who were brought to the meeting to make a row were resolved to have one under any circumstances. And they carried out their purpose.

THE ROTUNDO RIOT.

The evening of the 22nd of February (1864) came on. An immense crowd of people awaited at the foot of Sackville-street the opening of the doors of the Rotundo. They were a mixed crowd; most of them had come there in perfect sympathy with the objects of the meeting, others had come to carry out the hostile plans of Mr. James Stephens. For a description of the scene that ensued we shall draw upon a brief history of the rise and fall of Fenianism which appeared in December, 1874, in the *Irishman*, from the pen of one who had special opportunities of knowing the inner workings of the inner circle of the Fenian society. The writer signed himself *Pyunne*, and gave to his work the title of "Fenianism Photographed." The applicability of the title may be, and was, questioned; for the peculiarity of a photograph is that it tells the whole truth, whereas *Pyunne* was judiciously reticent with regard to a good many details concerning the men and the measures which he undertook to picture for the public. Yet there was much more frankness in his sketches than

was agreeable to some of the gentlemen who figured in them, and one of the consequences was that Pynne soon found himself denounced and called unpleasant names by a swarm of angry correspondents. This gentleman thus describes the scene at the Rotundo :—

When the doors of the Rotundo were opened on Monday night, February 22nd, 1864, the rush to enter was perilous to any but a stalwart man. I was in the midst of the crowd trying to make my way in when I was firmly jammed against the corner of the entrance. The hazard of my life was never so hopeless as it was during the few minutes that I was crushed by the pressing throng. To breathe was impossible; I grew faint, and would have expired in one more minute if a providential press had not driven me into the stream, almost lifeless. In ten minutes the room was packed, almost solid; the platform groaned under its burthen, and the galleries were crowded. It soon became evident to the men who had paid for the Rotundo that an awful explosion was at hand. But they proceeded, and soon The O'Donoghue was speaking. Noise and interruptions had broken out occasionally—rumbling forerunners of the coming event. It was when the "chieftain" referred to "my esteemed friend, Mr Sullivan," that the volcano burst its restraints. The moment for action had not been fixed for this point, but the excited, awaying multitude could contain itself no longer. The storming of the platform was a scene of uproarious strife, an exhibition of human rage and fury never before witnessed in the Rotundo buildings. It was fortunate that the sweltering mass had been so closely packed, for it was impossible to use sticks, or even move an arm. The noise was deafening, but the cracking and smashing of seats, chairs, and tables were heard above the awful din. While it lasted it was a genuine reign of terror. But its duration was made very brief by the precipitate flight of everyone who had taken part in getting up the meeting. It was with difficulty they escaped, and had they not been so quick, that tumultuous evening might have been marked by occurrences which we would be anxious to forget. The Fenians were now in complete possession of the house, and the scene became suddenly changed. Countenances hitherto red with rage, now were radiant with the joys of victory. All the ludicrous incidents of the battle wrought a happy effect upon the crowd, and fun took the place of desperate earnestness. The reporters had taken flight in time, and the green baize which covered the table which they sat at was placed upon a long stick and hoisted by someone in the crowd. In the middle of the Round Room a ring was made for a lively wag, who danced the "break down" amidst the plaudits of the multitude. . . . Stephens was highly elated by the issue of that evening's engagement. When all was over several of us repaired to his lodgings to talk over the defeat and humiliation which he had inflicted upon the editor of the *NATION*, for whom the "captain" nursed a deep antipathy. Mr. Luby was demonstrative in his admiration. Shaking Stephens warmly by the hand, he said, "You are great; I'll never doubt you again."

"You are great; I'll never doubt you again!" Amongst the followers of Mr. Stephens there had been doubts of his earnestness, and of his capacity to lead an armed struggle against the forces of the British Crown, but to the minds of those gentlemen his fitness for that great

undertaking was satisfactorily established by his having got a party of men to break up a public meeting in the Rotundo! The thing seems almost incredible, but "pity 'tis, 'tis true." His leading men crowded about him at his lodgings when the night's work was over, to congratulate him and offer him the homage extorted from them by such an astonishing display of military genius. After this, who could doubt that Ireland would soon be freed? Had there not been a great smashing of chairs and tables in the Rotundo? Had not the green flag, consisting of the baize from a reporters' table, been hoisted and waved triumphantly? Did not countenances that had been red with the rage of the "engagement" become radiant with the joys of "victory"? And was not the "victory" appropriately celebrated by the dancing of a "break-down" in the middle of the Round Room?

The *Irish People* of the following Saturday was jubilant. "On Monday night," it said, "in the Rotundo the people of Dublin gained a glorious moral triumph. They consummated a noble act of public justice. . . . The enthusiasm they showed when, after clearing the platform of the incarnate humbugs who supported Mr. Sullivan, they cheered the green baize held aloft as a green flag was exhilarating. The *clan* they showed while storming the platform, and subsequently the gallery, was splendid." Correspondents of the *People* in the provinces felt the thrill of this "glorious victory," and wrote up to the editor in gushing terms, lamenting that they were not on the scene to share in the honours that had been won. One enthusiastic gentleman wrote thus:—

Dear Friends—Words are poor to paint the joy your conduct has given us, or the high hopes it has awakened. You have covered yourselves with glory—you have earned a great name—you have made Ireland your debtor in a sum never to be repaid. We were with you in your triumph—we were beside you in your charge upon the platform—we joined heart and soul in the glad shout that spoke the death of cant and humbug. We cannot grasp your hands, but even the warmest greeting would be weak to tell how we pride in and bless you. . . . Dear brothers, you have nobly done the good work; you stand to-day in the front ranks of patriot Irishmen. . . . You have overstepped our expectations. Good, faithful, and strong, we know you. . . . The thanks and blessings of your countrymen—gifts richer than the treasures of kings—are yours.

And so on. But we scarcely need to say that the proceedings which so delighted the editors and correspondents of the *Irish People* were viewed in a very different light by men who had at least as good a right as they to be regarded as Irish patriots. William Smith O'Brien,

for instance, gave his opinion of the "divine phrenzy" and the "glorious victory" in a public letter of which the following is a portion :—

The uproar and strife which took place at the meeting that was recently held in the Rotundo have brought disgrace upon the Nationalists of Ireland. For my own part I utterly despair of any advancement of the cause of our country when I find that, even in the metropolis, men who call themselves patriots demean themselves like a mob of ruffians and exult in the disorder which they create. As long as this system shall prevail it will be impossible to form any useful combination of a popular kind in vindication of the national rights of Ireland. Believing that there are to be found amongst the Fenians many enthusiastic young men who are animated by noble impulses, and who are sincerely desirous to serve Ireland, I earnestly exhort such men, even as I exhorted them in 1858, and at successive intervals, to abandon an organisation which has, during the last five years, obstructed all other national movements, and which has brought disgrace upon those who would otherwise have been proud to call themselves Nationalists.

And all those doughty deeds, be it remembered, were done and all those Fenian poems of rejoicing were published under the eyes of the Government, who saw, read, heard, and understood the whole game, but who, as is their custom in these matters, were watching the ripening of the "secret" movement as one might watch and wait the ripening of fruit upon a tree. The "loyal" journals had some comments of their own on the Rotundo scene. Said the *Daily Express* :—

See, then, how pleasantly these enemies of England devour one another. The Nation party eats up the Whig party, because they go to the Castle. The Fenians crush this party in its turn, because its fighting consists only of "great swelling words of vanity." Who can tell how soon another party will rise from the bottomless pit of revolution and crush even the Fenians for their moderation? But there is in this melancholy exhibition, so degrading to the national character, such a blot upon our civilisation, a serious warning to our own Government. It is now placed beyond a doubt that there are hundreds, if not thousands, of drilled men in this city, many of them soldiers returned from America, bound together for the purpose of warring against the Queen when the opportunity comes, and exerting a power like that of the national Government of Poland. We do not know who the leaders are, nor what orders they may receive, nor how soon society in this country may have to defend itself from their attacks. Of course they would be easily crushed, but much evil may be done in the meantime. Are the police aware of the movements of this body? It would, we think, be prudent in the Government to look to this matter without loss of time.

As if apprehensive that the Dublin Castle folk might miss this warning in the *Express*, the *Irish People* copied it into its own columns and gave it the benefit of its circulation.

ANOTHER MEETING.

A. M. Sullivan's reply to the outrageous and shameful proceed-

ings of the night of February the 22nd was to call another meeting to be held in the same place on that day week. He believed it to be his sacred and solemn duty to show the organisers of that riot that the right of public meeting in Ireland should not go down before them. Besides, he was intent upon getting the expression of a public meeting on the Grattan question. But this time he resolved that the meeting-room should not be open for his enemies to pack, and he arranged that admission should be by ticket. The "audacity" of his conduct quite astonished the gentlemen of the *Irish People*. After the "signal defeat" of the "agitator," after the "glorious moral triumph" that had been gained, after the waving of the green baize and the dancing of the "break-down," here he was to the front again just as if nothing had happened! The *Irish People* was indignant; it rated and ridiculed The O'Donoghue, John Martin, and A. M. Sullivan for not recognising that "the people"—it always called its party "the people"—had declared against them, and it warned them to beware how they would tempt the temper of "the people" again. It said:—

They talk of calling another meeting. . . . These gentlemen would seem to be in the condition of the man in Carleton's story who was "blue-moulded for want of a batin'." Otherwise one would say the pronouncement of the people on Monday night was more than enough to give them a surfeit of public meetings for the rest of their days. But they would fain ride their hobby at all hazards. They want to get up an agitation humbug. Hopes were entertained that this could be done under cover of the Grattan claptrap until it was intimated that the people wouldn't stand it. Still it seems they dream of one more trial. They want to be smashed again. Seriously, if they be not utterly insane, utterly regardless of consequences in short, they will let public meetings alone in future. Too much forbearance was shown them and their fellow-workers of mischief on the 5th of December, 1861; too much forbearance was shown them even on last Monday night. Let them not tempt fate a third time. They might outwear the patience of the people.

No one could possibly read these words without knowing full well what they meant. They were plain incitements to murderous violence. They were addressed from "headquarters" to men whose minds were aflame with political passion, who had been trained and educated into a furious hatred of A. M. Sullivan and his political friends, and who had been secretly supplied with arms by the men who were urging them on to the attack. In case of any serious resistance being offered to them, there was no knowing at what point these gentlemen might choose to stay their hands. As a matter of

fact, information was conveyed to Mr. Sullivan's family that if he should attend the projected meeting he would probably be shot. That information came from Fenians who would not wish that a hair of his head should be injured; and of such men there were thousands in the organisation. When at a later period his assassination was discussed and decided on by a small majority at a meeting of Fenians in Dublin, he was almost immediately made aware of the fact by one who had been present at the council, and who—though very willing to take up arms against the British Government—had no notion of being made a participant in acts of this kind. Mr. Sullivan thanked him for his friendly warning, but said that notwithstanding the resolution that had been arrived at, he believed no countryman of his would ever do the deed. We may here add that Mr. James Stephens claims the credit of having forbade the assassination of A. M. Sullivan. "By my order reiterated," said he, in reply to a question put to him in the Cooper Institute, New York—"by my order reiterated that man's life was saved." That may have been so; but it would be pleasanter to think that the men who had passed the resolution shrunk from the wickedness of carrying it out when they had got a little time for reflection. Some amongst them certainly did so, for during Mr. Sullivan's lecturing tour in America in 1882 a man who gave him a cordial greeting confessed to him that he was one of the circle who had "tried" him on that memorable occasion, and he thanked God that their wild and criminal decision had never been carried out. It is worthy of remark that during the whole course of A. M. Sullivan's political life, stormy and combant, as it often was, a single act of personal violence was never committed against him. In the very height of the Fenian trouble he walked the streets and roads of Dublin, at all hours of the day and night, from his office to his residence, nearly three miles outside the city, unaccompanied, unprotected, and unmolested. The truth of the matter is that the great body of the Fenians did not credit the denunciations that were launched against him, respected him as an able and a courageous Irishman who was trying to serve the country on lines different from their own, and though they did not approve of his mode of action believed that he did not merit any hurt or harm at their hands.

But there is no saying what individuals and small parties of men may not be induced to do under the influence of strong political ex-

citement, and therefore the passages above quoted from the columns of the *Irish People* were of a most dangerous character. In the same number of the paper appeared a short article setting forth the "conditions" on which its managers would allow the second projected meeting of the Grattan party to be held. Loftily as if they were the rulers of the country, they set them forth thus :—

First, if care be taken that the Messrs. Sullivan, who are so universally detested, shall be excluded from the meeting, and that no one there shall speak in laudatory terms of them; and, secondly, if the committee publish a statement to the effect that under cover of the meeting no agitation movement will be attempted—if these conditions be conceded we are convinced that the earnest men of Dublin will offer no obstruction to the meeting. Let all true men, however, be there.

To submit to threats and dictation of this kind was simply impossible for any self-respecting set of men. The effect those menaces had upon the promoters of the meeting was to convince them that it was their duty to Ireland to hold their proposed demonstration even if it should cost them their lives. Several of them prepared themselves, as well as they could for such an eventuality, and then went forward cheerfully to the scene of action. But no conflict ensued, or only very little. The meeting was held in the daytime, so as to avoid the opportunities for mischief that would be afforded in a crowded assembly dependent for their light upon a supply of gas which might be turned off at any moment. Admission to the room was by tickets, which were distributed only to known friends; and although the Fenian leaders had got sets of similar tickets forged, and distributed among their party, that move was easily frustrated by some precautions which had been taken by Mr. Sullivan. Before the commencement of the proceedings a considerable number of persons, most of them attracted by curiosity, assembled in the neighbourhood of the building, and while the meeting was going on, a party supposed to consist of the "earnest men," accompanied by a well known leader, arrived upon the scene. A few attempts were made to force a way past the ticket-takers at the doors, but they were resisted and easily defeated by the stout and fearless volunteers who were in charge at those places. Possibly the endeavours might have been renewed with greater vigour and determination but for the fact that a number of police were sauntering about amongst the crowd, keeping a sharp eye on what was going on. Under all those circumstances the intended invasion fell flat, the party of disturbance drifted away, and the proceedings of the meeting were carried out to the

close without interruption. Concluding an article in the *Morning News* of next day Mr. Sullivan said :—

To-day we can say no more save to urge that no vauntings should now be indulged in against the misguided men whose conduct rendered a public meeting for a patriotic purpose so full of shame in one instance and uneasy anxiety in another. Our duty is to make them feel they are doing evil work, and wish them more reflection, more wisdom, more conscience, and more patriotism. As for the primary object of the meeting, we shall take care that the admirable resolutions passed yesterday shall be acted upon.

VICTORY IN THE CORPORATION.

After all the terrible trials Mr. Sullivan had gone through this was certainly a temperate style of writing of his assailants. Turning then to the practical part of the work he had undertaken, he applied himself at once to the organisation of measures for the reversal of the Corporation vote on College Green. The national press of the provinces ably supported his action, and the patriotic citizens of Dublin showed that it had their thorough sympathy. The burgesses of Merchant's-quay, Usher's-quay, and Trinity wards held meetings to denounce the conduct of their representatives, who had voted against the Grattan motion, and to prepare memorials to the Corporation expressive of their own feelings on the subject. In view of this action Mr. Sullivan was able to write as follows in the *Nation* of March 5th:—

Our readers will be glad to learn that the duty of reconsidering the vote in the municipal council is not being neglected. Steps are being taken to carry out the wishes of the burgesses ; in a few days the necessary formalities will be complied with, and a date fixed for bringing forward a motion to rescind the resolution of the 15th ult. . . . Let there be no misconception on the point ; this subject shall not be allowed to pass away. If the effort of next week fail through the deliberate and determined perfidy of the people's representatives, it will be renewed again and again ; and November next at farthest will see it tried in another arena, when those unfaithful servants come to render an account of their stewardship.

At the meeting of the Corporation on the 4th of April the site question was again brought up. A memorial emanating from the meeting which had been held in the Rotundo, asking for a reconsideration of the former vote of the council, having been read by the Town Clerk, Alderman Dillon in a very conciliatory and temperate speech moved that it be referred to the committee which had previously recommended the granting of the site for the Albert statue.

His motion was carried by a majority of five, and the Grattan party hailed the vote as if they had recovered for the patriot the coveted spot of ground. But they soon found their rejoicings were premature; the combined forces of Orangeism and Whiggery were too strong for them amongst the committee, who almost kicked the memorial out of their room. Surely here was enough to try the patience and perseverance of any human being. Yet amidst all these rebuffs and disappointments A. M. Sullivan did not despair; he simply applied himself to his patriotic task with greater energy and determination. In the *Morning News* of April 11th he wrote:—

We had hoped for better than this from at least some members of the Conservative party, but they will find in time whether their outrageous intolerance has been more wise than honourable or generous. Let us face the fact, since it must be so—as a member exclaimed in the committee on Saturday last, when all hope vanished, “The sword is drawn against us, and war it must be; we have begged peace in vain.” We tell the men who used their accidental strength so intolerantly, so ungenerously, so bigotedly on Saturday last, that the days are gone when they could wreak their despotic will amongst us. We shall see whether they can do so now. They must try it out once more in the daylight, face to face with the people in the public chamber, and there, let who will be true or false, Ireland shall see and know them.

Probably there was not another man in Ireland who would have fought out this question with the pertinacity, the courage, and the resource displayed by A. M. Sullivan throughout all the stages of the contest. It was his work from first to last. The patriotic citizens of Dublin rallied to his call, and stood by him throughout the fight; but it was his energy and his spirit that inspired them all. And he triumphed in the end. On Monday, the 2nd of May, 1864, the report of the committee declining to withdraw their former recommendation came before the council for adoption or rejection, and then and there the Grattanites grappled with it and fought out the issue. The adoption of the report having been moved, Alderman Dillon proposed as an amendment that the request contained in the memorial from the Rotundo meeting should be complied with, and that a committee of the Corporation should be appointed to confer with the Albert Memorial Committee with a view to an amicable settlement of the question. In support of this amendment Mr. Sullivan delivered a brilliant speech, the concluding passages of which are not without interest at this time, when we are so much nearer to the realisation of the hopes and prospects which he always cherished for his native land. The following were his closing words:—

I disavow all that a good citizen ought to disavow in connection with

this matter ; but I do avow that my vote will be given on wide public grounds of principle and patriotism. Not that I mean to offer disrespect or insult to the memory of a man who, whatever his virtues or his faults, is now no more. I should be unworthy of the name of Irishman—a stranger to the generous and manly feelings characteristic of our race—if I were not ready to bury with the dead the resentments which, in life, they may have called forth. With me the grave closes all, and ends all bitter memories ; and I should be unworthy indeed if I were to wound by any unmanly or ungenerous act the grief that surrounds the tomb of the late Prince Consort. What I do say is this—that I decline the alternative raised, invented, and forced upon us by the movers in this matter. What I do say is this—that wherever this Albert statue should stand it is not there ; and let no one doubt the reason why. It is because that deep as are our misfortunes, and dark our present adversity, we cherish still the memories of days that were bright and glorious, and cherish too the hope that such days will come again. It is because that for the majority of my fellow-countrymen the very name of College-green has a meaning that touches the heart and stirs the soul, and symbolises aspirations that will yet be realised.

The question having been put and a division called for, the amendment was carried by 19 votes against 11. And so the coveted site in College-green, in front of the old Parliament House, was saved for a statue of the immortal man who won for Ireland her brief but glorious era of legislative independence.

THE ALLEGED MAYORALTY COMPACT.

This was a specially busy period with A. M. Sullivan. He was giving much time and attention to the business of the Dublin Corporation, he was attending meetings of the O'Connell Monument Committee, of the W. S. O'Brien Statue Committee, and of the Irish National League, and taking an active part in the proceedings of each and all.

On Wednesday, 1st of June, 1864, a special meeting of the Corporation was held to take into consideration a motion of which he had given notice touching the system whereby the Lord Mayor was chosen in alternate years by the Liberal and the Tory members of the council. This system was very much liked by the Tory minority of the Corporation. Their party had never practised any such reciprocity or generosity during the long period of their own dominance in the council ; and as this alternation of Liberal and Tory mayors had come to be regarded as a settled and unquestionable thing they gave no thanks and felt no gratitude for it to the Liberal majority. Besides, it could not fail to be noticed that wherever throughout Ireland a Tory majority existed in any corporation, board, or coun-

oil, they never dreamed of giving over the chairmanship, for even a single day, to their political opponents. The way in which they managed to keep this game going so long in the Dublin Corporation was by alleging that it was founded on an arrangement or compact into which Daniel O'Connell had entered during his tenure of the office in the first year of the reformed Corporation. But the Liberal and national majority in the year 1864 felt themselves humiliated by this infringement of their natural right of free election; they held that Daniel O'Connell had no power or authority to give it away from them, and they denied that he had ever done anything of the kind. A. M. Sullivan led the revolt against this system of see-saw which gave to a minority of the council, representing a minority in the country, the same degree of access to the civic chair as was enjoyed by the party who were in the majority both inside the council and outside it. He therefore moved for a special committee to inquire into and report on the subject of this alleged "compact," and also as to whether any similar arrangement had been carried out when the Tory party formed the majority of the Dublin Corporation, whether anything like it was being practised elsewhere, and whether such of the Tory corporators of Dublin as were members of other public boards ever proposed to deal in like manner with the Liberal minority of those bodies. Mr. Sullivan's motion, which he supported by an able speech, was carried on a division by 15 votes against 11. At the meeting of the council on Monday, 1st of August, 1864, the committee, of which Mr. Sullivan was chairman, brought up their report—or, rather, his report, for it was altogether his work. It was a lengthy document; but the substance of it was that, so far as could be ascertained, O'Connell never suggested, proposed, or entered into any such compact, that no such practice as that of alternate election of a chairman by the majority and the minority of any board or corporation existed elsewhere, and that wherever in Ireland any remnant of power or relic of ascendancy remained with the Tory party they kept a tight grip of it and shared it with no one. There was evidence that O'Connell had advised that the Catholic majority of the reformed Corporation should not confine their selections for the mayoralty to members of their own religious faith, but should on fitting occasions elect Liberal Protestants to the civic chair—which was quite a different thing from giving over the right of election in alternate years to a little faction of Orangemen, Tories, and Freemasons,

After considerable discussion and the defeat of an amendment which had been moved, Mr. Sullivan's report was carried by a vote of 19 against 11. Thus he succeeded in putting an end to a custom in the Corporation which was absurd and ridiculous, which fettered the free action of that body, and gave over, every second year, the most important office within their gift to the nominee of a small, unpatriotic and intolerant faction.

THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT.

We have mentioned the fact that at this time the O'Connell Monument Committee was in existence. There, too, there was plenty of trouble; it began early in the proceedings, it never quite quitted them, and it flashed out unpleasantly at their final stage. The credit of the erection of the monument is entirely due to Dr., afterwards Sir John, Gray. One day in the month of September, 1862, in the *Freeman's Journal*, he asked the people of Ireland to subscribe £300 for the completion of a monument to the Liberator which was being erected in the town of Ennis, the capital of the gallant county which had returned O'Connell to Parliament in defiance of the penal laws, and so led up to the great measure of Catholic emancipation. At this time the pillar on which the statue of the Liberator was to stand had been erected, the statue itself had been sculptured by Mr. Cahill, of Dublin, but the sum we have mentioned was necessary to pay the sculptor and defray the expense of putting the statue into its place. So far the whole project was the work of a patriotic working man, Mr. Michael Considine, of Ennis. So long as that monument stands in the capital of Clare, the name of Michael Considine cannot and will not be forgotten. Unlearned and hard-handed was he, accustomed to outdoor labour and humble fare, but, withal, one of nature's noblemen, a true-hearted Irish patriot whom all the gold of the British Treasury could not buy. The erection of this statue to O'Connell became the master-passion of his mind, the business of his life. He made collections for it throughout the county of Clare, and, finding the amount realised insufficient, he resolved to go on a collecting tour throughout the Three Kingdoms. Dressed in a suit of green and gold which he had got made for the purpose, modelled on the uniform of the Volunteers of '82, he made his appeals to his countrymen in all the great centres of industry in England; and he did not ask in vain. The pence, the sixpences, and the shillings of those brave-

hearted fellows swelled up in time to hundreds of pounds; but after he had done all he could in this way, when years had been spent on the mission and the suit of green and gold had grown faded and dingy from long service, those three hundred pounds were needed for the completion of the work. Under these circumstances he applied for help to the proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*. And he got it. Dr. Gray wrote a rattling article on the subject, and within the space of a few days the money came rolling in. The subscriptions soon overpassed what was required for the Ennis monument; it seemed as if they could not be stopped; and Sir John quickly saw that he had touched as it were an Artesian well from which supplies for a much larger purpose might be obtained. He immediately seized the golden opportunity, and when the requirements for the Ennis statue had been satisfied he called for subscriptions for a great national statue to the Liberator in the capital of Ireland. The idea was well received by the country; the subscriptions began to come in; and in October, 1862, a committee was formed to take charge of the movement and carry out the project to its completion.

Ere long this O'Connell Monument Committee found themselves in rough water. With a view, perhaps, to obtaining the widest possible circle of sympathisers and supporters for their project, they were careful to base its claims exclusively on the character of O'Connell as a friend of "civil and religious liberty"—that is to say, on his struggle for religious equality—leaving entirely out of view his career as an agitator for a Repeal of the Union. The committee knew very well that there were a good many eminent Catholics in the country who, in high places under the Government, were enjoying the advantages which the Emancipation Act had procured for them, who would be perfectly willing to aid in the erection of a memorial to the Emancipator, but who would have nothing whatever to say to a monument intended for the Repealer. Some of those gentlemen—lawyers, judges, and others—had themselves been Repealers in former days; but they had long since given up patriotism as a bad job, and settled themselves to the peaceful and pious enjoyment of whatsoever good things they could get from the Saxon rulers of Ireland. With a tender regard for such folk as these, and not without a very keen sympathy with their feelings, the committee stated their position in the following resolution, adopted on the 13th of October, 1862:—

Resolved—That the time has arrived when a national Monument to

commemorate the services of O'Connell as the advocate of civil and religious liberty, and as the emancipator of the Catholic people of these realms, may be erected in the metropolis of his native land, with the approval and co-operation of all who value the sacred principles of which he was the greatest and most successful champion.

Whatever may have been the motive of its framers, it cannot be denied that the foregoing resolution had reference to only a section of O'Connell's character and career. It drew a line through his public life; it cut out the Repeal portion of his history and cast it aside as if it were unworthy of recognition. But no sooner did this piece of political surgery meet the eye of John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, than he was out with a vigorous denunciation of it. Writing to his friend Dr. Gray, in the columns of the *Freeman*, he said:—

Why this design invidiously to exclude that distinguished portion of O'Connell's life in which he laboured most for the service of Ireland, and in which he most conspicuously displayed the impartiality of his regard for the interests of all classes, Protestant as well as Catholic, by his endeavours to restore his country to the dignity of a nation, of which it had been stripped by fraud and coercion? I want not from the partial admirers of O'Connell, who relish one portion of his life but dislike the other, to sanction any resolution by which their honest opinions would be compromised. Nor should they, on the same principle of equity, demand or expect from you or me, or the great body of the Catholic clergy and people of Ireland, who were O'Connell's strenuous supporters, our assent to a resolution that would compromise our convictions, implying, as it does, not only the past impolicy of agitating that question, but, by an obvious construction, implying, too, its total abandonment and the future acquiescence of the country in that fatal measure.

He went on to protest against the proposed bisection of the character of O'Connell. "Let not the committee," he said, "in deference to any party reduce to an arbitrary scale his ample form, or contract to the littleness of mere political factions his colossal and national dimensions." At all events, if the committee would insist upon honouring the Emancipator only and ignoring the Repealer, he cautioned them that they had better limit their applications for subscriptions to the class of people who had benefitted by Emancipation, and not seek to draw anything from the pockets of the humble folk who had derived no material advantage from that measure. He thus concluded the noble letter from which we have been quoting:—"As for any further co-operation or appeal to the poor oppressed people for their pence, who have as yet reaped but little benefit from Emancipation, and whose unparalleled sufferings are unheeded or derided even by those who exclusively monopolise the

fruits of his toil, this will entirely depend on the determination of the committee either to cut down and deface the bold figure and noble lineaments of the original, or to leave it unimpaired in all the majesty and vigour of its genuine national proportions." Even at this day those words of "the great Archbishop of the West," as his countrymen loved to call him, thrill the heart like a trumpet-blast. At that time their effect was still more inspiring. They rang out the true note, and it found an echo in every honest Irish heart. A. M. Sullivan welcomed them in the *Nation*, and sought to lend additional weight and emphasis to the lesson they conveyed. In so doing he gave no small degree of offence to the Whig section, which indeed formed much the larger portion of the monument committee. These gentlemen felt the force of the archbishop's remonstrance, but they never heartily changed their ways, and the consequence was that a certain amount of friction between them and the national party was created and continued to the close of their operations. At the present day when Irishmen look at the magnificent monument towering up in all its grandeur at the foot of Sackville-street, and admire the noble effigy of the patriot standing proudly aloft and fronting to the sun, they may perhaps think that the controversy we have just referred to was one of little consequence; they may feel disposed to say, "There is O'Connell, the whole man: who knows or cares anything about limitations that may have been made in the lithographed circular which asked for subscriptions to this work; how could any 'resolution' affect the public conception of the man whose image is here presented to the gaze of his countrymen?" But to think and argue in this manner would be to take a very erroneous view of the case. Just now it matters little how the claims of O'Connell were stated by the monument committee, or on what partial or special grounds they quested for subscriptions; but at that time it mattered a great deal. The archbishop's view was perfectly right; his promulgation of it was a public service. To allow the committee to ignore the Repeal movement as a thing "down in the dust and a shame to be seen" would be to imply assent to their designs, to make a sort of surrender of the Repeal cause, to give a certain degree of victory to the Castle. Dr. MacHale and others greatly feared that the committee would cause an inscription to be placed on the monument which would be perfectly in keeping with the spirit of their "resolution"; and it might have been done but

for the warning note which he sounded so early in the movement, and which was repeated as often as seemed necessary in the national press.

NO ALLIANCE WITH THE WHIGS.

The action of A. M. Sullivan in this matter was in keeping with the whole tenor of his political life. He was sensitively fearful of everything that might tend to lower the tone of national feeling. Knowing well that the real danger to the national cause came from the direction of Whiggery, he had in his heart a deep-seated and instinctive detestation of that insidious enemy. Toryism was militant, offensive, and aggressive; there was not the slightest chance that it could ever win over any considerable body of Irishmen from patriotism to West-Britonism. But Whiggery was insinuating, sneaking, slimy, and demoralising. Its touch, its very breath, conveyed contagion. It did not fight honestly in the light of day; it worked by lures and bribes, it burrowed underground and sought to undermine the national position. The admission must be made that some well meaning Irishmen fell victims to its seductions. Losing faith in the national cause, or at all events believing that its success was a contingency indefinitely remote, far away beyond the horizon of practical politics—impressed at the same time with the urgency of the need of some reforms which would tend to ameliorate the hard lot of the Irish people—they turned round to the leading Liberal politicians of the day and hopefully, but yet sorrowfully, accepted the grasp of their outstretched hands. Churchmen and laymen alike did this thing—and committed a grievous error in so doing. They got themselves into bad company and they were sure to be disappointed and betrayed. Alexander Sullivan was guilty of no such weakness. With Whiggery he held no parley, and would have no alliance. Any man ranging himself under its banner, no matter what his rank or station, might count on having in him a censor more or less outspoken and energetic in proportion to the degree of Whiggery displayed in his political conduct. And this instinctive aversion, this unconquerable repugnance, this fearless and impetuous antagonism of his to everything savouring of Whiggery was the great merit of his political life. To have been less rigid in this matter would have tended to his personal ease and advantage. He could thereby have spared himself some ugly wrangles, and obtained the

favour of the Castle Catholics, which to the owner and editor of a daily newspaper would have been worth something. But with him these things were undeserving of a moment's thought when principle was at stake. The fact was well illustrated by the manner in which he dealt with two contemporaneous political associations—the Irish National League, founded by John Martin in February, 1864, and the National Association, founded under the auspices of the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen in the December of the same year.

THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

For, sooth to say, notwithstanding the vigorous, passionate, and sometimes furious efforts of the "extreme party" to prevent the formation of any open political organisation in the country, one such body—the Irish National League—was founded in February, 1864, only a few days before the great riot in the Rotundo; and another—the National Association—was started in the December of that year. The League was simply a Repeal association. A. M. Sullivan was not the chief mover in it, though the extreme party regarded him as mainly responsible for its existence. The gentlemen under whose auspices it was started were The O'Donoghue and Mr. John Martin. The ardour of The O'Donoghue in the cause cooled after the lapse of some time, and he ceased to take any part in the proceedings of the League, but John Martin, brave and true man as he was, stuck to the ship, and never deserted it while a single plank remained above water. So early as May, 1863, Mr. Martin had begun, in letters to the *Nation*, to advocate a revival of the movement for a repeal of the Union. He had been much impressed by the sad picture of the condition of the country set forth in a speech then recently delivered by Mr. John Francis Maguire at Queenstown, at a banquet given to the Most Rev. Dr. Keane, Bishop of Cloyne; and he felt that some action should be taken to save the people from the doom that appeared to be settling down upon them. He put his views in these words:—

The great mass of the people of Ireland desire self-government. The majority of all those of our middle classes that raise their minds to Irish politics at all desire it. There is not an anti-repealer in Ireland except through ignorance, prejudice, selfish greed, sectarian hatred, cowardice, corruption, or some other mean or wicked motive. There is no support for the English rule in Ireland, powerful as it is, except what is hateful to the laws of God and destructive of the honour and happiness of man. There are 200,000 Irishmen trained to arms in America whose dearest

prayer it is to be allowed to fight for their native land. There are sympathies in France; there are sympathies wherever there are men who love right and hate oppression; there are sympathies even in England. Shall we make a last struggle—a prudent, a thoughtful, a holy struggle, such as historian may praise and priest may bless—for our perishing country?

In a subsequent letter he thus sketched the outline of the scheme he had in contemplation:—

The scheme that I wou'd approve as prudent and practicable is to form upon the general plan of the old Repeal Association and the Irish Confederation a National Association, having for its one object the obtaining of self-government, consisting of all Irishmen who say they desire self-government, acting abroad as a national protest against the foreign yoke and in Ireland as a home-mission of nationality, seeking by every honourable means to unite Irishmen at home, to cultivate the sympathies of foreign nations, to prepare the country for profiting by any favourable opportunity which the Divine Grace may afford for the restoration of its national rights.

After referring to the difficulties in the way of such a movement as he desired, the chief of which were to be found in the feebleness, the divisions, and the demoralisation caused by British rule amongst the Irish people, he went on to argue that still there was no occasion to despair of the Irish cause. He said:—

It is absurd to pretend that it is impossible for Ireland to obtain self-government. God alone disposes and foreknows events. It is our duty at least not to consent to wrong. To turn the public mind towards the grand object of national independence is the only means by which the moral tone of the country can be raised from its present baseness. Whatever of poetry, oratory, philosophy, literature—of moral elevation and intellectual vigour—has appeared in Ireland within this last quarter of a century, is due to the Repeal movement of 1843-1848. There are forces in existence, through the operation of which, with the blessing of God on our own efforts, our national right may be happily obtained.

Soon after the publication of the admirable series of letters in which he put his views before the country, the Irish National League was established. Its rules were framed in the most tolerant and liberal spirit, with a view to avoid even the appearance of ill-will or antagonism towards other existing political societies. We quote from them the following passages:—

The Irish National League is a public association whose sole object is the restoration of a separate and independent Parliament to Ireland.

This association has no antagonism to any other association which is now or may hereafter be established for a similar object.

All Irishmen are admissible to membership of the Irish National League who declare their concurrence with its object, and accept its constitution and rules.

No member of this association shall be held responsible for any opinion of any other member, save only the one fundamental principle of the Irish National League—viz., that Ireland ought to have self-government. Like citizens of a free State, the members of the Irish National League may differ in religion, in politics, in tastes, in everything except the one principle of loyalty to their own country.

In this spirit the National League carried on its work. It never assumed to be the sole depository of all that was right, true, and correct in Irish politics. There was not a trace of dictation, or of aggression upon other societies, in its proceedings. It uttered no denunciations of "physical force," it delivered no lectures against political conspiracies; but it claimed the right to live and work for Ireland within its own lines, keeping up the propagandism of Irish nationality, setting forth the grievances of the country, refuting the fallacies and the calumnies put before the world by the British press. And in that way it did excellent service. Even at this day a student of Irish politics might turn with advantage to the speeches delivered before the Irish National League and the letters addressed to that body by John Martin, W. J. O'Neill Daunt, A. M. Sullivan, and other gentlemen. They contain stores of facts and arguments which are as applicable to the case of Ireland at the present time as they were when first given to the public. The Fenian leaders, however, looked with hatred and scorn on this "talking shop," as they called it; and the desire to crush it at its very beginning was one of their motives for breaking up the Rotundo meeting on the night of the 22nd of February, 1864. The St. Patrick's Brotherhood, too, objected to the existence of the League, and made their dissatisfaction known to Mr. Martin. They claimed to be an open and legal association of Irish patriots, and they could not see that there was any need for the formation of another such body. Their association was, indeed, an open one; it was not to be confounded with the Fenian Brotherhood, of which it was only the first cousin and most faithful ally. But it was far from being such an organisation as was contemplated by Mr. Martin and his friends, and they consequently could have nothing whatever to do with it. The League, then, went on its own way, but the hostility of those societies pursued it from the commencement. It was sneered at and attacked by the *Irish People*; the *Irishman* also, although its editor was one of those who had strongly advised Mr. Martin to start the organisation, turned round upon it, and for no assigned reason began to write it down, and to

write up as a substitute for it some new project the nature of which no one was ever able to understand. Struggling against these and other difficulties the League did not grow to any large proportions. Timid men feared to come near it, seeing that the Government were watching it on one flank and the Fenians were harassing it on the other. The time was unfavourable for the working of such a society. Everyone knew that a Fenian rising was impending, and the general feeling was that it was better wait and see what was going to happen. The attendances at the League meetings dwindled away, and, with a view to finally break them up, the Fenian party began to send in little parties of men to interrupt and disturb the proceedings. These tactics at last culminated in a riotous scene, in which Mr. Martin was subjected to shameful treatment. His speech was interrupted by disrespectful and scoffing remarks, all of which were received by the disturbers with cheers and laughter. In vain he appealed for a little share of the ordinary freedom of a citizen, asked for fair play, and suggested that he saw no reason why men of "extreme politics" should not behave themselves like gentlemen. He was chaffed, hissed, insulted, and not allowed to utter three consecutive sentences without interruption. Failing to obtain a hearing, he sat down and declared the meeting dissolved. The final scene is thus recorded in the columns of the *Freeman's Journal* :—

Mr. Martin then left the chair and spoke to some of the persons in the middle of the room with much earnestness. The noise was so great that his words could not be heard, and the greatest confusion prevailed. The wits of the assemblage "chaffed" him in a good-humoured manner, and as he was proceeding to the door an egg was thrown at him, which broke directly over his head. Eggs were thrown at other members of the League with better success; and as the people were leaving the room the wag who had charge of these nasty missiles shouted, "Give one to the reporters, boys," and acted on his own advice at once, to the great detriment of the clothes of two of the fraternity who were watching the proceedings from an elevated position, and to the infinite amusement of those who were not touched. Thus the meeting ended.

A. M. Sullivan was not present at this scene. When he heard of it next morning he lamented that he was not by the side of his friend Mr. Martin to share any risk or trouble that might come to that kindest, bravest, and most lovable of Irishmen. John Martin was too wise and too good a patriot to take much to heart the folly and the ingratitude which had been exhibited towards him by some of his countrymen, but he found it impossible to carry on the meetings

of the League much longer ; and in the latter part of the year 1866 that society ceased to exist.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The National Association, to which we have already made reference, was founded at a great public meeting held in the Rotundo, Dublin, on the 29th of December, 1864. The chairman of the meeting was the Right Hon. Peter Paul M'Swiney, Lord Mayor of Dublin ; the first resolution was proposed by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin ; and amongst the speakers were the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel ; the Most Rev. Dr. Keane, Bishop of Cloyne ; and the Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly, Bishop of Elphin. The objects of the association, as set forth in its programme, were :—
 "1st. To secure by law to occupiers of land in Ireland compensation for all valuable improvements effected by them. 2nd. The disendowment of the Irish Protestant Church and the application of its revenues to purposes of national utility, saving all vested rights. 3rd. Freedom and equality of education for the several denominations and classes in Ireland." All very excellent objects, indeed ; but it remained to be seen what the Association was going to do for their advancement. The Fenian party had just as little welcome for this National Association in December, 1864, as they had for the National League which had been started in the preceding February. Curiously enough its first meeting was threatened with disturbance from two opposite quarters—those of Fenianism and Orangism. An Orange proclamation in the following terms was posted about the city :—

Proclamation—Great meeting of citizens—Protestants attend ! A meeting of the citizens is to be held in the Rotundo, on Thursday, December 29th, at 12 o'clock, the chief object being the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment—Convened by Peter Paul M'Swiney, Lord Mayor—From whose establishment a black flag was hung out on the arrival of her Majesty in Dublin—Protestants attend—No Surrender—God Save the Queen—By order of the Vigilance Committee, J. Browne, secretary.

The proclamation of the Fenian party was issued in the form of a handbill, and, strange to say, it opened and ended with some of the Orange watchwords. It ran thus :—

No Surrender—Nationalists—An attempt at the revival of the slavish "organisation" that leaves you bondsmen and whining slaves to-day is about being tried on in Ireland once more by a clique of un-God-

fearing, place-hunting, cowardly, political agitators, composed of rack-renting landlords, briefless barristers, anti-Irish bishops, parish priests, curates, and hireling, renegade, perjured pressmen. Will you, 18,000 Dublin Nationalists, tolerate this West-British faction to demoralise your manhood again? Never! Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Notwithstanding those ominous war-blasts the meeting passed off with scarcely a semblance of interruption or disturbance. The presence of eight Catholic bishops and about a score of priests on the platform had no doubt much to do with the preservation of the peace. Alexander Sullivan was not present at the meeting; he took no part in getting it up, and he never joined the association. From the outset he thought there was an odour of Whiggery about it, notwithstanding its having among its members such honest and unselfish Irishmen as John B. Dillon and W. J. O'Neill Daunt. This association never attracted to itself public confidence; in fact after its first meeting it can hardly be said to have lived a public life. It soon allowed the first item of its programme to sink out of view, and concerned itself mainly with the last—that is to say, with the education question. This order of things was by no means agreeable to Mr. Sullivan, who, in common with most of his countrymen, held that of all Irish social questions that of the land was the most urgent and important. For what would be the use of Catholic education if there were no Catholic people in Ireland to educate? In an article published in the *Nation* in March, 1865, he called the attention of the association strongly to this subject, and invited them to reassure the feeling of the country by a declaration which should show that they meant to labour immediately and strenuously for land reform. His suggestions were very unwelcome to the leaders of the association, who regarded them as hostile and mischievous. As time went on the feeling between him and those gentlemen became less and less friendly. He believed—not without reason—that they were going in for an alliance with the English Whigs—the thing had in fact been proposed to them in a letter by John Bright—and he believed, moreover, that some among them were seeking for nothing else than place and pay from the Ministry of Lord Palmerston. Then he could not be unmindful of the fact that at the very head of the Association were some of those eminent persons who by their approval of the Keogh and Sadlier treachery in 1852 were mainly responsible for the destruction of the Independ-

dent Opposition party of that period, and consequently for a great deal of the misery, the grief, and the despair that followed in Ireland. For his own part he stood by the ancient lines of the NATION; he kept his place under the banner of the Independent Opposition which had been re-lifted in the land; and he fought for it against all comers. One result of all this was that ere long there was just about as much love for him in the office of the National Association as there was in the office of the *Irish People*.

INDEPENDENT OPPOSITION.

His unflinching devotion to the principle of an independent Parliamentary policy was the cause of the antagonisms he created on both sides. In July, 1865, a general election came on. Immediately Mr. Sullivan came out in the NATION with a call upon the people to elect Oppositionists only, and to reject all candidates who were likely to work in the harness of any English administration, be it Whig or Tory. He went over the whole list of candidates, speaking out his mind of each and all of them in a very frank and earnest fashion, dealing with them on their political merits without fear, favour, or affection. It is now nearly twenty years since those articles were published; yet reading them to-day one might suppose they had been recently written to help the election of the Parnellite party, so clearly do they ring out the true note of the only honest and effective Parliamentary policy. A few extracts from one of those articles will probably interest the reader; we give them with the italics as in the original:—

Tenant-farmers, electors of Ireland . . . You are called upon to return members to the British Parliament. . . . That Parliament will never supply to you or to Ireland the place of our own National Legislature, which alone should, as of yore, legislate for and govern our country. . . . That Parliament—every such Parliament—will neglect your interests and perpetuate, if it does not aggravate, your oppression and ruin, *precisely until it finds that such a course on its part will render government impossible by reason of the indignant opposition of Irish members.*

Mark well our words: note well the "sticking point" in this election question—it is *opposition* that is wanted; opposition, stern, inflexible, earnest, and vengeful, to all and each and every administration—Whig or Tory, Liberal or Conservative, "advanced" or not advanced—attempting to carry on the government of this country by any but just and protective laws.

For to this it has come with us—"driven to the wall"; or rather, literally, being *driven into the sea*—that *how to render government impossible without the justice and protection we demand*, is exactly the one

sole objective point for us and for our representatives. To send into Parliament men of honest character, whose word you can trust, and whose firmness you can confide in ; men who will solemnly and explicitly pledge themselves to us, to exhaustion if necessary, their constitutional opportunities of *opposing and deposing* Administrations, Ministries, and Governments who may dream of allowing the devastation of our country continue ; *this* is the duty to be accomplished, if it can be accomplished ; and if this cannot be done, believe our warning, tenant-farmers, your exertions will have a miserable result in the House of Commons.

For the party of Independent Opposition the result of this election was a gain of five seats. The gain might have been much more if the eminent dignitaries and the lay gentlemen who inspired the policy and carried on the business of the National Association had chosen to lend their aid and influence in that direction. They preferred to believe in the policy of dawdle and palaver, and they had for their reward disappointment and failure. A reform of the education system, the overthrow of the Queen's Colleges, and the obtaining of a charter for the Catholic University, were the objects for which they made any struggle at all ; but they mismanaged their business all along. The Government fenced and played with them, offered arrangements which the bishops could not accept, gave them a "supplemental charter" which was quashed as illegal in the law courts ; and then quietly let the question sink out of sight. To this day the Catholic University is without a charter, the Irish education system is unreformed, and the Queen's Colleges are dragging on a sickly existence. And these things are so because the episcopal directors of the National Association had not the heart or the courage to grapple with the question in the proper spirit, and gave the working of the movement into the hands of a set of men most of whom were self-seeking politicians, incapable of making a stiff fight against the Government for any cause whatsoever. There is no way of obtaining a settlement of the education question except the way by which every other Irish question can be settled ; and that is by the exertions of an honest Irish party in Parliament, acting independently of all English Governments and all English parties. At that opinion the Bishops of Ireland happily arrived in the month of October, 1884, when they wisely gave the charge of the education question in Parliament to Mr. Parnell and his party. There would be no need for their so doing if the arguments and advice of A. M. Sullivan had found acceptance with that illustrious body "twenty golden years ago."

THE "IRISH PEOPLE."

All this time the Fenian movement was going on gaily. Its organ, the *Irish People*, was rattling away vigorously against both the National League and the National Association, bantering both Archbishop Cullen and John Martin, slashing at Lord Mayor M'Swiney, John Dillon, P. J. Smyth, A. M. Sullivan, and others, who, though differing among themselves on questions of policy and sometimes quarrelling very bitterly, were yet all of them mixed up in one way or another with that dreadful thing "Parliamentary agitation." There was a fine air of confidence, of superiority, and of conscious power in the style in which the *Irish People* dealt with those gentlemen and their movements. And the feeling is quite intelligible. To men who believed that they had British rule in Ireland undermined, and that within a short time the Irish people would be up in arms for liberty, engaged in an insurrection which was certain to be glorious and likely to be successful, these constitutional movements for the redress of grievances must have appeared poor and paltry things, and the speeches of Parliamentary agitators little better than "the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity." But they ought, in all conscience, to have made a good deal surer of their ground before they proceeded to assume a position of high authority in the land, and undertook to suppress such societies and to ostracise such politicians as were obnoxious to them. It was all very well to have an army and a great quantity of war material—on paper—and to have a resolution passed—in America—declaring the Irish Republic to be "virtually established"; but inasmuch as these things had yet to be converted into hard facts, a little less bumptiousness on the part of the Fenian leaders towards less "advanced" politicians would not have been unbecoming to them. They ought to have reflected that it was quite possible they were living in a fool's paradise, feeding themselves up with delusions, over-estimating their power, and underrating the terrible difficulties with which they would have to contend. If they did no more than outrage and alienate the feelings of Irish patriots their mistake would have been serious enough; but in addition they did what was very much worse for themselves—they despised their enemies. Their whole course of action seemed to have been founded on an idea that the Government were either blind and deaf, or excessively stupid. There is no other

way of accounting for the manner in which business was carried on at the office of the *Irish People*. There, openly editing and printing a Fenian newspaper, sat the brains-carriers of the conspiracy; engaged in the production of the journal in various capacities, from that of editor-in-chief down to that of stoker, were men of position and consequence in the movement; thither came organisers from the country to confer with their leaders and get instructions; there drill-books and military manuals were to be had by "centres" and other such persons for the asking; and there were delivered by every post arriving from the provinces scores of letters from confiding correspondents which, instead of being destroyed after perusal, were allowed to remain about and accumulate in desks and drawers ready to the hand of whosoever might choose to seize upon or abstract them. A tramway company or a St. Vincent de Paul Society would have been more careful about their papers. This was a happy-go-lucky way of doing business at the headquarters of a political conspiracy, and ere long it brought its inevitable consequences. The old Iniquity on Cork-hill was neither dead nor sleeping, neither deaf nor blind; nor was it one whit more chivalrous or more merciful than it had shown itself in like circumstances in other periods of Irish history. On the night of the 15th of September, 1865, it struck out. A party of police went to the door of the *Irish People* Office, pushed it in—they had not even to break it open, so insecurely had it been fastened—marched in, found no one in the house, went quietly through the building and seized everything it contained—books, papers, documents of all sorts, types, cases, chases, and other printing appurtenances, and bundled the whole lot off to Dublin Castle.

THE SEIZURES AND ARRESTS.

The mass of correspondence, lists, returns, and so forth, seized at the *Irish People* Office constituted an invaluable "find" for the Government. It supplied them with documentary evidence against a great number of persons connected with the conspiracy, from the Head Centre in Dublin to the humblest members of the brotherhood in the remotest villages of Ireland; and for legal purposes such evidence was of the first importance. But there was more of it yet to come. On the evening of the seizure of the *People* and on the following day the whole staff of that journal, with a number of other prominent Fenians, were arrested at their houses in various

parts of the city, and in nearly every case there was an additional discovery of documents. Of these the most important were found at the house of Mr. Thomas Clarke Luby, one of the editors of the *People*. Of the fatuity of the conspirators in preserving this "overwhelming body of documentary evidence" against themselves, the author of "Fenianism Photographed" writes as follows:—

The ruling passion with those conspirators was to store up every scrap of paper which bore record of secret transactions. Leaders, more than followers, were addicted to this fatal weakness; and so much the worse because they had possession of the most important correspondence and communications. With the United Irishmen were found books and letters, but no Irish conspiracy turned up so many damning documents as were discovered in Dublin within two or three months after the first arrest was made. What was then talked of as the "Fraser letter" was almost equal in weight to all the others; and when it was thrown into the scales against the prisoners an acquittal was hopeless. It was the most worthless paper written in connection with the Fenian movement, and it proved to be the most mischievous withal. Its origin was this: When Stephens was going to America in the early part of '64 he drew up a commission or a decree (let us dignify the instrument) appointing Messrs. Luby, O'Leary, and Kickham, to occupy his place in relation to the organisation. They were called the Executive Committee, and the paper subsequently received the name of the "executive document." I don't think the executive triumvirate ever had a sitting in Stephens's absence—I don't think they ever did anything by virtue of the powers conferred upon them—the deed was hardly ever spoken of, and I am sure some of the nominees were very much astonished afterwards to learn that it was in existence. But for history-making purposes it was a choice article; hence its preservation, hence the whole pile of papers which were bound up in the grim blue books of the "Crown." No one can dispute the truth of Judge Keogh's observation, that the executive document was the "back-bone of the case" against the prisoners. Mr. Stephens was arrested after the country had been thoroughly sickened by the quantity of letters seized, and yet when he was taken a fresh supply of testimony was found with him, and there were even a great deal more papers in his apartments which escaped the vigilance of the police.

A few days after the arrests, the prisoners were brought up before a police magistrate for a preliminary investigation. Amongst them were—John O'Leary, editor of the *Irish People*; Thomas Clarke Luby, associate editor; Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, manager; James O'Connor, bookkeeper; John Haltigan, printer; and Pierce Nagle, folder. The last-named individual was almost immediately taken from the dock and brought up as a witness against his companions. For a period of about eighteen months he had been in the pay of the police, acting as a spy upon the occupants and *habitués* of the *People* Office and other Fenian leaders. He was the favourite messenger of James Stephens, and one of the "earnest men" who, un-

able to tolerate any "agitation humbug," helped to break up the Grattanite meeting in the Rotundo, to disturb the meetings of the Irish National League, and to cut short a speech of John Martin with a discharge of rotten eggs. With his evidence, with the aid of their mass of documents, and the co-operation of a well selected Castle jury, the Government had no difficulty in obtaining convictions against all the prisoners. Rossa was sentenced to penal servitude for life, Messrs. Luby and O'Leary to twenty years' penal servitude each, and a number of other prisoners to minor terms of punishment. These men met their fate bravely; they were more largely endowed with the spirit of sacrifice than with a genius for conspiracy; and their heroic bearing in the dock obtained for them much sympathy even from the clergy of the country, whom their writings had outraged and greatly alarmed.

On the 11th November, 1865, nearly two months after the first swoop of the Government on the Fenian organization, the Head Centre, James Stephens, was captured at Fairfield House, Sandymount, near Dublin. Mr. Charles Kickham, one of the writers for the *Irish People*, and some other chiefs of the organization, were found with him and taken into custody. On being brought before the police magistrate they were confronted with their quondam friend Nagle, and had the mortification of seeing and hearing read against them a confidential letter of the Head Centre which Nagle had stolen from the person of one of his Fenian brothers and given up to the police. It was a letter intended "for the working B.'s only, and to be burnt when read," giving certain directions with a view to the rising, which the writer declared to be imminent. "There is no time to be lost," wrote the Fenian chief. "This year, let there be no mistake about it, must be the year of action. I speak with a knowledge and authority to which no man can pretend; and I repeat, the flag of Ireland—of the Irish Republic—must this year be raised." The prisoners, as a matter of course, were committed for trial. How James Stephens would have fared had he been brought before a jury it is very easy to imagine. But trial there was to be none for him, for, on the night of the 24th of November one of the warders of the prison, who was a sworn Fenian, quietly unlocked the door of his cell, led his chief carefully along the corridors, down the stairs, across the yard, into the governor's garden, helped him "over the garden wall," and let him drop into the arms of a party of friends who were waiting

outside to receive him. Next morning, when it was discovered that the bird had flown, there was a panic in Government circles and astonishment throughout the country. The populace were delighted, and highly enjoyed the discomfiture of the authorities. The Fenian chief remained in concealment in Dublin for some months, and afterwards made his escape to Paris.

We are here concerned with these matters only because of their having a certain relation to the subject of this brief memoir. In that connection we have to note that after the suppression of the *Irish People* its supporters turned over *en masse* to the *Irishman* as the next best thing. A little before this time Mr. P. J. Smyth had given up the proprietorship of that paper to his manager, Mr. Richard Pigott, and gone for a sojourn in the South of France. Mr. Pigott gratified his new patrons by running his paper as nearly as possible on the lines of the suppressed *Irish People*, taking special care that in whatsoever other respect it might fall short of its model it should not be one whit behind it in the work of libelling and calumniating A. M. Sullivan. So the time passed on to 1866, the Fenian party in Ireland and America meanwhile preparing for action. In June, 1866, one of the sections into which the organisation in America had split up organised a movement on Canada, which was carried out with great daring, and which was checked only by the action of the American Government in stopping the transmission of reinforcements and supplies. In the Autumn of the same year James Stephens, who had gone from Paris to America, made a final call upon the rival section of the organisation for money to start the insurrection in Ireland, which he declared, at a great open-air meeting, would commence, under his personal leadership, before the 1st of January, 1867. His call was liberally responded to; but the chief did not venture to call for Ireland as he had promised. Some of his subordinates, refusing to be deceived and delayed by him any longer, set him aside as incompetent, took the control of the movement out of his hands, and made arrangements to bring off the long promised insurrection in the Spring of 1867.

All these proceedings were public and notorious. Surely here was "giving information to the Government" with a vengeance. The most prepared and powerful nation in Europe, if meditating war against one of its neighbours, would not advertise its intentions so specifically and ostentatiously. The rulers of Ireland of course pro-

fited by this egregious folly. They had the Habeas Corpus Act suspended, so that they might arrest whomsoever they thought proper to seize in Ireland, and they made whatever military and naval arrangements they thought suitable to the occasion.

In the midst of all this excitement, in September, 1866, the Duke of Abercorn was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Dublin Corporation, as was the custom of that body on such occasions, resolved to present the incoming Viceroy with an address of welcome. Those addresses in previous times were mere laudations of British rule and British rulers; but on this occasion Mr. A. M. Sullivan took care that an element of truth and honesty should be introduced into the composition. Owing to his efforts there were embodied in this address a claim for the improvement of the land laws and for a reform of the education system, in addition to which it put forward a declaration in favour of Home Rule. We quote a couple of passages from the document:—

Sixty-six years of imperial legislation exhibit a disastrous failure. Pointing to Canada, whose loyalty has been so recently and so signally displayed—although within our memory that country, like this, was the theatre of an insurrectionary struggle and a hotbed of disaffection—we ask to have applied to Ireland the specific that has converted rebellious and disaffected Canada into a prosperous and loyal country.

The great principle of self-reliance, that chief incentive to individual exertion, is violated by the system that compels us to look to others for what we should do for ourselves, and makes us unwillingly appear as suppliants and dependents constantly importuning the Imperial Government in London in reference to matters which relate solely to the local interests of this country.

When moving the adoption of the address which contained the foregoing passages and others of a like tendency, Mr. Sullivan made a spirited reply to some members of the Corporation who had denounced the Irish-American Fenians as foreigners and freebooters. He said:—

Whom did they recognize in these foreigners? Their own kith and kin whom the hand of British law clutched as citizens, not as aliens, when within its reach. When one of these so-called foreigners set up the plea that he was a naturalised subject of a foreign state, did the law officers of the crown admit that he was a foreigner? No; they packed a jury and convicted him as a subject of the Queen. Foreigners!—who were they? The thrust out population of this kingdom. How many Spaniards, Russians, French, or Germans were there? Were there any South Sea Islanders? He ventured to say there were not ten men whom her majesty would not claim as her subjects. Neither in birth or blood or race were they foreigners. They were men who, tired of sending dollars to feed their famishing countrymen in Ireland, embarked in this desperate en-

terprise in order, as they phrased it, by the sword to put an end to this begging once for all. They might be mistaken, but theirs was the error of warm, generous, and impetuous hearts, and it was unfair to hurl calumny on their heads. They were driven to this extreme course by the absence of that protection which a good government should afford.

This was A. M. Sullivan's view of the great mass of the Fenian party all along. He was ever ready to recognise and to bear testimony to the fact that their inspiration was the spirit of patriotism, and that their politics were the natural product of the long-continued and heartless misgovernment of the country. He had a strong aversion, not merely on religious grounds, but also for political and social reasons, to oath-bound secret societies. Apart altogether from the condemnations pronounced against such societies by the Catholic Church, he regarded them as unsound political engines, not worth the risk and trouble involved in constructing and trying to keep them together. He held that in Ireland they were more likely to harm the people than to upset the British Government; and he felt quite certain that the men who were then leading large numbers of Irishmen into an organisation of that kind were conducting them to disappointment and disaster. These views he felt it his duty to put forward fully and fearlessly on fitting occasions; but enmity to the Fenian party he had none. His feelings towards them—with the exception of a few men who were most shamefully calumniating and persecuting him—were of quite a different nature, and he was ever ready to stand up in defence of their honour against the British journalists and the Castle hacks who sought to cover them with opprobrium. The sympathy, going to this extent, which he showed with them was, however, displeasing to another class of persons. If he was not Fenian enough for the *Irish People* he was far too Fenian for the *Tablet*, the organ of the English Catholics, which declared that if the Fenians would not give up their evil ways the best thing that could happen them would be "a short shrift and the death of a dog"—a view of the case which brought out an indignant condemnation from Mr. Sullivan in the *Nation*. When at the opening of the Fenian trials a statement was thoughtlessly made against the prisoners by the counsel for the Crown—speaking from the brief which had been furnished to him—that the insurrection was to have been commenced by a wholesale massacre of landlords and Catholic priests, no one more earnestly than A. M. Sullivan scouted and denounced that monstrous allegation. And thus it was

that from "extreme men" at both ends of the line he came in for no small degree of disfavour.

THE FENIAN RISING.

Towards the close of the year 1866 the imminence of a Fenian rising was recognised by everyone. An admirable letter on the subject from the pen of Mr. John Martin appeared at this time in the *Nation*. He wrote to the editor :—

It is generally supposed that an insurrection will break out in Ireland this Winter, and that a long prostrate people, very carefully disarmed and debarred from all military training, will throw themselves in frenzy against the trained hosts of one of the greatest empires in the world. The Irish journalist who, in such circumstances, has the courage to speak out the truth as to the causes of the apprehended troubles, deserves the support of those whose sentiments regarding the national question agree with his own. It is therefore that I address this note to you.

Like you, if I had influence with my fellow-countrymen, I would exert it to prevent the insurrectionary attempt which is threatened. I hold indeed that the 'Union' is constitutionally a wicked usurpation that my country is kept in subjection to England merely by foreign force, that the people of Ireland have as perfect a right as ever subject people had to restore their national independence by revolt. But in the present case I do not believe that any great number of our population could be persuaded to approve of the project of insurrection except by misrepresentation and delusion as to the military means at the disposal of the insurrectionary leaders. And although the presence in Ireland of a foreign army of 20,000 men might raise three-fourths of the population against English rule, I do not regard the present Fenian movement as a movement of the Irish people, but only of a portion of the Irish people so maddened by the miseries of their country that they blindly follow any conspirator who promises to lead them to liberty. . . . If a rebellion be attempted this Winter, England will probably suppress it without difficulty. But the consequences may nevertheless prove very serious for England herself. And certainly the stamping out of the expected rebellion will not render her rule over the Irish one whit more secure.

On the night of the 5th of March, 1867, the word was sent out by the Fenian leaders for the commencement of the intended insurrection. In response to it some hundreds of men turned out in Dublin, Cork, and two or three other places, and made their way to the appointed rendezvous in the neighbouring mountains, where, they were told, they would be furnished with supplies of arms and ammunition. Failure and miscarriage settled upon them from the very outset. The arms—when they got any—were a miscellaneous and inadequate lot; commissariat arrangements they had none, and the weather became frightfully severe. A perfect tempest of hail and

snow swept over the land. The coincidence was such as to recal dolefully to many minds the historic records of the storm that wrecked the Spanish Armada and the hurricane that swept the French fleet out of Bantry Bay. In spite of those dreadful difficulties little parties of the insurrectionists held together for two or three days, and managed to capture without any serious fighting about half-a-dozen police-barracks in as many small villages. The military then began to "scour the country," and under pressure of all their difficulties—unarmed, unprovisioned, unsheltered, unsupported—the insurrectionists parted company, slipped back to their homes, or endeavoured to quit the country. The rising so long prepared and planned, and about which for a period of four or five years so great a noise had been made, perished without the occurrence of anything that could be dignified with the name of a battle against the military forces of the Crown. This was not owing to any want of courage or determination on the part of the men who had taken the field. They had in them all the fighting qualities of their race. They were as brave men as any who fought at Fontenoy or Waterloo. They would have delighted and gloried in the chance of making a fight for Ireland, if it had been given to them. But they got no chance. They lacked every requisite of war except physical strength and courage; and it is simply absurd to suppose that under such circumstances any set of men can be got to stand up against the well equipped, thoroughly disciplined, and skilfully led troops of a modern army. There are some things that are too much to expect from human nature, and this happens to be one of them.

As before, A. M. Sullivan was quickly out in defence of the moral character of the insurrectionists. A remarkable article on the subject appeared in *NATION* of March 16th, 1867, a few days after the attempted rising. It quoted testimonies as to the satisfactory condition of the country with regard to ordinary crime which had been recently spoken by the judges at the opening of the Spring assizes, and it pointed to the fact that this "high degree of public morality and all these social virtues are compatible with a deep-seated detestation of the British Government, and a widespread determination and a fixed design to subvert that institution as soon as possible." It then went on to put forward the following observations redounding to the credit of the Fenian organisation in general:—

For years an organisation has existed in this country which, if not

competent to carry on a campaign against the British army, was surely powerful enough for deeds of local outrage.

It has harmed no one. Landlords and land agents, however harshly they may have pressed upon their tenantry—magistrates, however tyrannically they may have exercised their little powers—loyalists of all shades, however obnoxious they may have occasionally made themselves—have suffered no molestation from it either in person or property.

Thousands of individuals, most of them poor men, have had deadly weapons stored up in their houses; they have had pikes, and rifles, and bayonets, and revolvers, and quantities of ammunition.

They have not employed them to injure or affright anyone. They meant them for one purpose only, and would apply them to no other. That purpose was war against the British Government.

An insurrection in which thousands of those organised and armed men took part has lasted for more than a week. Had they been a base-minded and lawless rabble, the insurrectionists might have indulged in riot, and pillage, and arson, and murder. They might have broken into the homes of the wealthy, ransacked and fired them, robbed traders of their goods and farmers of their produce, and in particular districts produced for a time a state of anarchy.

But although for years they have been hearing such intentions attributed to them, they have done nothing of the kind. The laws of morality they have scrupulously respected. Social order they have not attempted to overturn. Their hostility has been directed solely against the British Government.

Viewing these facts, which we have in no way coloured or exaggerated, but have set down in their simplest form, one question must inevitably suggest itself to the mind of every thinking man.

It is—Can that be a good and righteous Government whose rule is thus detested, conspired, and fought against by one of the most orderly, peaceable, virtuous, and generous peoples on God's earth?

No more powerful vindication of the motives and character of the Fenian party was ever published in any Irish journal than the article from which the foregoing extracts are taken, published in the paper of the man whom the leaders of the organisation had so cruelly maligned. And this article was written not in the heyday of their power, but at the moment when they were sore stricken, defeated, and humiliated, and when an ignoble nature might have gloried in their misfortune. A little later on his sympathies with some of the sufferers in the Fenian cause brought him within the scope of the law, whose vengeance he was soon made to feel.

THE MANCHESTER RESCUE.

On the 18th of September, 1867, a police van which was conveying to a jail in Manchester a number of prisoners, amongst whom were two of the Fenian leaders—Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy—was attacked by a number of Irishmen and broken open, and the

Fenian officers were rescued. In effecting this release the police sergeant who was in charge of the van was accidentally shot. A number of the Irishmen who had taken part in this daring operation were quickly arrested and brought to trial on the charge of murder. A conviction was easily obtained and five men were sentenced to death. It was soon afterwards made perfectly clear that one of the five was not even present at the rescue, and that he had no connection with the Fenian organisation. Luckily for himself, he was then graciously "pardoned" for a crime that he never committed. As he had been tried in the same batch and convicted on the same evidence with the other prisoners it was hoped and believed—by Irishmen—that the verdict, having been broken in one case, would be broken in all, and that at least a new trial would be granted to the condemned men. But this was not to be. The panic, the fury, and the thirst for blood then existing in England would brook no such delay. One of the condemned men, Patrick Condon, who happened to be a naturalised American citizen, was respited; the remaining three—William Philip Allen, Michael Larkin, and Michael O'Brien—were hanged in front of the jail of Salford, on the 23rd November, 1867.

PRESS PROSECUTIONS.

The behaviour of those brave men, in the dock, where after hearing their doom pronounced they joined in the immortal prayer "God save Ireland," and on the scaffold, where they embraced and kissed each other previous to being ushered into eternity, sent a thrill of sympathy and grief through the hearts of the Irish people. The national papers all through the country wrote in impassioned terms on the event; the articles of the *Weekly News* and the *Irishman* especially were of such a character as to be judged inflammatory and seditious by the Crown lawyers and made the subject of a State prosecution. On the 8th of December, 1867, a great funeral procession in honour of the men executed at Manchester was held in Dublin. A. M. Sullivan was one of the organisers of the demonstration; and on the day of the procession he walked with Mr. John Martin at its head through the streets of Dublin to Glasnevin cemetery. For all these high crimes and misdemeanours he was now cited to come forward and make answer in one of her Majesty's courts of law.

In February, 1868, the trials of Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Pigott for the

publication of seditious articles bearing on the Manchester executions took place in the city courthouse, Green-street, Dublin. The result was a conviction in each case. Immediately after the conclusion of Mr. Sullivan's trial for the "seditious libel," and previous to the passing of sentence on him for that offence, he was again put on trial for the part he had taken in the funeral procession. On this occasion he undertook to defend himself. He had intended to take this course on his first trial; but as his case was called before that of Mr. Pigott he abandoned that intention, lest any injudicious handling of his own defence might prejudice the case that was to follow. In the procession trial, however, he was free to act on his own responsibility, and so well did he use his freedom, so ably and eloquently did he put not merely his case but the case of Ireland to the jury, that the result was a disagreement. On the morning after that disagreement he was called up to receive his sentence for the press offence. He was sentenced to six months' and Mr. Pigott to twelve months' incarceration in Richmond Prison.

On the moment of Mr. Sullivan's conviction on the press charge John Martin—who was awaiting his trial as one of the processionists—shook his friend warmly by the hand and congratulated him on having received from the British Crown one of the distinctions usually accorded to Irish patriots. A few weeks afterwards John Mitchel, writing from New York to Mrs. A. M. Sullivan, sent pleasant words of cheer and sympathy. His charming letter will surely interest the reader:—

New York, 31 Barclay-street,
23rd April, 1868.

Mrs. A. M. Sullivan.

DEAR MADAM—I think I ought to have written to you before this—after hearing of the foul imprisonment of your brave husband. Well—he had this ordeal to go through. It is *de rigueur* for an Irish journalist of the right sort—and he can bear his six months' imprisonment *better* than the enemy can bear the blow he dealt them in his gallant speech. Dear madam, I sympathise with you, but am inclined to envy him. I hope your own health is much restored since your visit to your native Louisiana. We were all rather disappointed in Richmond (where we were then living) that your arrangements did not permit you to come and rest a day or two with us on your way North. We should have taken as good care of you as poor conquered Confederates can.

If you have means of communicating with Mr. Sullivan, pray convey to him my very warmest regards, and tell him I thank him personally for two things—first his speech in court, and second his "Story of Ireland."

We are now living at Fordham, a village about eight miles from New York, in a very pretty country, which is just putting on its Spring robes, and is going to be an Elysium all Summer. But we have passed through the most savage Winter ever experienced here—and have survived it. We have, living all together in one house at Fordham, my son James and his Virginia wife, my daughter Minny and her Virginia husband, my own wife and youngest daughter Isabella—not forgetting myself. All join in sending greetings to you, and some of them can do this feelingly, having gone through something analagous, "*only more so.*"

Receive, dear madam, my own assurances of deep sympathy and respect. I never saw you, but have heard all about you through a warm friend of yours, John Martin.—Very truly your friend,

JOHN MITCHEL.

PRISON LIFE.

All over Ireland the imprisonment of Mr. Sullivan called forth strong expressions of respect and sympathy for him, not confined to persons of any one creed or class. Numbers of respected citizens—Catholics, Protestants, and Presbyterians—called every day to the prison and wrote their names in a book kept for him by the porter at the prison gate. As to his treatment, there was at that time no classification of misdemeanants in the Dublin prisons, and consequently the prison rules were alike for all. Had those rules been strictly carried out they would have borne very harshly on the incarcerated editors; but it was found possible by the authorities to effect some relaxations in their favour. Mr. Sullivan had been up to a recent date a member of the Board of Superintendence, having been elected thereto by his colleagues of the Dublin Corporation—in other words, he had been one of the governing body of the prison, and as such was known to and respected by all its official staff. Naturally they treated him with as much consideration as was consistent with their duty. Mitigations of his treatment were from time to time obtained from the Executive by the force of public opinion; and every point thus gained for him went equally to the benefit of his co-prisoner. Still, to a man of Mr. Sullivan's nervous temperament, active habits of mind and body, and strong domestic attachments, detention in prison was a great affliction. There was also some awkwardness for him in the circumstance that when the rule of solitary confinement was relaxed in his case he was brought into association with the man who in the columns of the *Irishman* had so long been carrying on the work of libelling and abusing him. To enter into anything like friendly personal relations with his unscrupulous assailant

was a hard trial on human nature ; but after a little consideration he decided that the thing should be done. It would have been a grand joke for the Government people if they were able to say that two Irish national editors detained in the same prison for the same class of offence against the Crown refused to recognise or associate with each other within the prison walls. There would have been some fun over that story at the Castle and the Viceregal Lodge. But Mr. Sullivan resolved that if he could help it there should be no such story to tell. He started relations of courtesy with his fellow-prisoner, and after a little time a degree of friendliness was apparently established between them. Mr. Sullivan had no personal quarrel with this man ; he had never met him until the prosecution brought them together. Mr. Pigott's father had for years been Mr. Sullivan's chief clerk in the *Nation* Office, and when the connection terminated he carried with him the respect and good will of his employer. It was no doubt one of the exigencies of Mr. Richard Pigott's position after he had become proprietor of the *Irishman*, and especially after he had got the turn over of the party of the suppressed *Irish People*, that he should carry on the war against the editor of the *Nation* ; but a little personal intercourse often softens down asperities, and before A. M. Sullivan quitted prison he had come to believe that although there would continue to be differences of political opinion between the *Irishman* and the *Nation* there would probably be a mitigation, if not a cessation, of the gross personal attacks upon him which used to occupy so large a space in the columns of that journal. In the month of May, 1868, the Government, yielding to what they knew to be the strong feeling of the country, ordered the release of Mr. Sullivan, who had then served one half of his term of imprisonment ; and, as it would be manifestly unfair to treat the other press prisoner on a different principle, Mr. Pigott was released when a like proportion of his time had expired. Thus to Mr. Sullivan and his friends Mr. Pigott owed the shortening of his term of imprisonment by six months. The return made to him was that Mr. Pigott, immediately on resuming his place on the *Irishman*, opened on him a perfect battery of letters and articles of a most offensive nature. The ire of Mr. Pigott and his correspondents was excited by the fact that Mr. Sullivan's friends had started the project of a public testimonial to him, and had formed a committee and published an appeal for subscriptions for that purpose. This movement

had been set on foot without Mr. Sullivan's knowledge; and when he became aware of the fact, he sought to dissuade the committee from going on with it. One of his objections was that the country was in a very poor and a very sad condition at the time; the collapse of the Fenian movement had been followed by a legal scourging which brought as much suffering and as much pecuniary cost to the people as would have been caused by the losses in a smart campaign. Funds had been set going for the relief of the families of the prisoners, and collections were being made for them in every part of Ireland. Under all the circumstances of the case, and considering the comparatively trifling sacrifice which he had been called on to make in the public cause, he wished this testimonial movement to be abandoned; but the committee would not give way to his desires, and went on with their work until a sum of about £400 had been collected. The use which Mr. Sullivan made of the money when it was presented to him we shall see a little later on in this memoir.

THE OLD LIBELS.

It is necessary to say a few words more of Mr. Pigott before he can pass out of this record. So persistently and offensively did he continue to malign Mr. Sullivan in his newspaper, by means of original articles, correspondence, and articles reprinted from the Fenian journals of America, that, after much endurance, Mr. Sullivan judged it necessary to cite Mr. Pigott, as he had formerly cited Mr. Denis Holland, to make good his charges, if he could, before the whole country, either in a court of law or before a court of honour in whose decision the Irish people could place entire confidence. Mr. Pigott, of course, had to enter a defence. The preliminary steps for a trial in the law courts were taken; but ultimately arbitrators were appointed, and the necessary legal steps were taken to make their decision a rule of court. The arbitrators selected and agreed upon by both parties to the suit were Isaac Butt, Q.C., and George Henry Moore, Esq., M.P. The issues submitted to those gentlemen covered all the old charges against Mr. Sullivan and any new ones that could be found in connection with his political conduct. They related to his actions and writings in reference to the Phoenix movement of 1838, the said writings being all submitted to the arbitrators; to his public letter to Colonel Doheny on secret societies in 1862, which letter was also submitted; to the libel suit against the *Irishman* newspaper in 1862; to Mr. Sullivan's writings and course of conduct

in reference to the Fenian movement and the persons concerned therein; and to various other matters arising out of or connected with those transactions. The inquiries and preparations of various kinds directed to ascertain how far the charges could be substantiated extended over six months. An authorised legal commission was held in Portland and Chatham prisons, on the application of Mr. Pigott, to examine O'Donovan Rossa, Mr. Luby, and others whose testimony the defendant thought might be serviceable to him. And, finally, days were devoted to the most minute search in Mr. Sullivan's journal for anything calculated to bear out the allegations that had been made regarding their contents.

VINDICATION.

The result was, as might have been expected, an utter and immediate collapse of Mr. Pigott's case. After a brief statement and the production of documentary evidence in support of his words by Mr. Sullivan, all attempt at a defence was practically abandoned by Mr. Pigott and the barrister whom he had employed to plead for him. He could only say that the *Irishman* merely repeated allegations which had often been made and reiterated, and that Mr. Pigott could hardly be expected to know the exact facts with regard to them. The arbitrators retained all the documents in their possession for further study, and some days afterwards made their award. The document is too long to quote here in its entirety; but it was a most complete and thorough exoneration of Mr. Sullivan from every charge and imputation against his honour as a politician and a gentleman. The arbitrators declared that "The whole case having been laid before them on either side, together with such evidence as either party desired to adduce, the arbitrators, after complete investigation, have made and published their award as follows." Some paragraphs of a legal nature are then given, directing that the action at law should be stayed and no further legal proceeding instituted by either party in reference to those issues; after which the document goes on to say:—

Having made our legal Award, terminating the litigation between the parties, we now approach the merits of the question which has been left to our arbitration, and which has been discussed on both sides before us in a spirit of honourable moderation and candour which command our warmest admiration.

The matters charged against Mr. Sullivan in the columns of the *Irishman*, by extracts from American papers and by articles inferentially

and directly adopting those charges by the *Irishman* itself, impute to Mr. Sullivan dishonourable and treacherous conduct with reference to the members of the Phoenix Society in 1838, by publishing statements in his journal pointing the attention of Government to the Society, and leading to the prosecution of its members. In these articles his name has been held up to public odium by coupling it with that of Goula, the soubriquet of an infamous spy and informer who was produced as a witness at the trials of 1839.

We have carefully investigated and thoroughly sifted this matter, and we are of opinion that there is no the slightest foundation for those charges.

They rest entirely upon the fact that on the 30th of October, 1838, Mr. Sullivan published in the *Nation* an article referring in general terms to the existence, or supposed existence, of a "Secret Society" in the Southwestern districts of Ireland; and strongly dissuading the people against Secret Societies. The impression has very generally prevailed, and is even now entertained by some of the political prisoners, that this article had the effect of directing the attention of Government to the existence of the Society and causing the proceedings which commenced with a Proclamation on the 3rd of December following.

It has been conclusively proved before us:

That as early as the June preceding, the police were aware of the existence of the Phoenix Society, and were actually watching its principal members.

That some time before the appearance of Mr. Sullivan's article the existence of the Society was a matter of notoriety.

That on the 5th October the existence of the Society had been stated in addresses from the altars of the Catholic Churches, and in which the Society was openly denounced.

That early in October the Government had been placed, from local sources, in possession of full information as to the existence and members of the Society; and had even been forwarded from more than one quarter a copy of the oath.

It was also proved to us that early in October General Larcom, then Under Secretary, had written to Mr. Trench, a magistrate of Kerry, assuring him that the Government had known of the Society for some months, and that they were only waiting until some persons of more importance had joined the Society and then seize them.

We are perfectly satisfied that Mr. Sullivan published the Article in sincerity and good faith, with the object of carrying out the principles he had always professed, by dissuading the people from participation in Secret Societies and warning them against the dangers to which they then peculiarly exposed them.

In conclusion, we feel bound to say that in making those charges Mr. Pigott appears to us to have in view the expression of sentiments held by many persons to whose opinions he gave a voice. Those who originally put forward these charges believed that they saw in the circumstances of the case sufficient grounds for making them. It is our duty to declare that a cooler and calmer investigation has

proved them to have originated entirely in misapprehension of the real facts.

We declare our entire conviction that no shadow of imputation rests upon Mr. Sullivan's honour as a gentleman, or his fidelity to the political principles he professes.

G. H. MOORE.
ISAAC BUTT.

Dublin, 15th October, 1869.

Knowing the unscrupulous character of some of the enemies with whom he had to deal, Mr. Sullivan, on seeing this award, deemed it possible they might say that the decision had reference to the Phoenix business only, and did not touch the later charges of mis-doing that had been brought against him. To provide against any allegation of this sort he penned a brief note of inquiry to the arbitrators and received the following replies, Mr. G. H. Moore wrote:—

MY DEAR SULLIVAN—In answer to your inquiries, I have no hesitation in saying that all the charges against you, affecting your truth and honour, which were mooted in the legal action terminated by Mr. Butt and myself, were considered and examined by us; and our award had reference to all those charges.—Yours faithfully,

G. H. MOORE.

Mr. Butt's answer was in these terms:—

MY DEAR MR. SULLIVAN—Absence from home has delayed my reply to your letter of Saturday addressed to Mr. Moore and myself. It is not necessary to delay it further by waiting to communicate with Mr. Moore. Your letter is one either of us could unhesitatingly answer for both. We meant our declaration to refer to everything contained in the articles of which you complained which reflected on your "sincerity," your "good faith," your "honour as a gentleman," or your "fidelity to the political principles you professed." I think we said this in the plainest terms. We intended also to state that we had investigated the matter for ourselves, and carefully and narrowly scrutinised every part of your conduct in which it might be supposed that we could find a colour for the imputations with which we dealt. I may say for myself, and I am sure I may say the same for Mr. Moore, that unless I had so satisfied my own mind, whatever legal award I would have made as to the action, I never would have put my hand to the declaration you have quoted.—Yours very truly,

ISAAC BUTT.

The declaration referred to in the concluding line of this note was that contained in the final paragraph of the award, which said:—

We declare our entire conviction that no shadow of imputation rests on Mr. Sullivan's honour as a gentleman or his fidelity to the political principles he professes.

So were smitten to the dust the whole congeries of lies invented

against A. M. Sullivan by men who desired to cast upon him the blame of failures and disasters which in reality were brought about by their own rashness and incompetence. Those falsehoods may be repeated any day by persons who know nothing of the facts, or who, knowing them, are base enough to disregard them—their malice or their fanaticism being too strong for their sense of honesty—but no other class of persons can possibly desire to pick them from the mud and furbish them up for further use. Against men who are willing to act in this way, no one has any protection, no character can be secure. What more could A. M. Sullivan do than challenge his accusers to the proof again and again, and smash them each time they could be brought to try the issue with him? After the collapse of Mr. Pigott's defence and the delivery of the above quoted award, Mr. Sullivan felt that he need never again give himself any trouble about the charges which were dealt with on that occasion. The verdict then given may be said to have closed a painful chapter in his personal history. Thenceforward he went on with his career of usefulness to his country regardless of the feeble backwash of animosity that occasionally came to him from the old sources—leaving Mr. Pigott to give what spice of extreme nationality he could to the columns of his *Irishman*, and when that resource failed him, then to turn to writing anti-Land League articles and attacks on the Irish Parliamentary party in the character of a "converted" patriot in English magazines and newspapers.

THE GRATTAN STATUE.

We have already made reference to the fact that a sum of about £400 had been subscribed by friends of Mr. Sullivan as a testimonial to be presented to him after his release from Richmond prison. In the end of December, 1868, a deputation from the committee waited upon him to ascertain what form he would wish the presentation to take. He at once informed them that his intention was to apply it as the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a statue to Henry Grattan, to be erected on that site in College-green which he had been instrumental in saving for it in the year 1864.

This project was immediately and heartily approved throughout the whole country. The press of all shades of politics warmly commended it. An influential committee was formed to collect further subscriptions and carry on the work. On the committee were Catholics and Protestants, Nationalists, Whigs, and Tories, including seve-

ral members of the Corporation who in 1864 had voted for giving away the site in College-green to the Prince Albert Memorial. Aristocratic gentlemen, owners of large estates, and members of the learned professions, who would not touch the patriotism of their own time with a pole of any conceivable dimensions, and who would loudly reclaim against any endeavour to recover for Ireland the constitution with which the name of Grattan is imperishably associated, came forward to join the committee and liberally subscribed to the fund. Quite a number of gentlemen of their class are always ready to compound for their present lack of national feeling by affecting a great respect for the patriots of a bygone generation. To A. M. Sullivan every sign and symptom of union between Protestants and Catholics for national purposes was like an air from Paradise, and some of his happiest moments were spent while acting with the mixed committee who had charge of the erection of the Grattan monument. When a sufficient sum had been collected for the work, the execution of the statue was entrusted to the eminent Irish sculptor, Foley. In the month of December, 1875, the bronze figure cast from his model was sent over to Dublin and placed securely on the pedestal prepared to receive it in College-green. The day of its inauguration—the 6th of January, 1876—was made a gala day in Dublin. The trades, the Foresters, the Home Rule clubs, and other societies, turned out in great force, with bands and banners, and the whole space of College-green was filled with the immense multitude who came joyfully to witness the proceedings. The unveiling of the statue having been performed by Lady Laura Grattan, widow of Henry Grattan's eldest son, speeches were delivered by Lord Gort, Mr. Edward Gibson, M.P.; Mr. Mitchell Henry, M.P.; Mr. Isaac Butt, M.P.; Mr. Edmund Dease, M.P.; Mr. Maurice Brooks, M.P.; and Mr. A. M. Sullivan. On the platform was another of the Home Rule M.P.'s who was not at that time a very prominent figure in Irish politics, but who was destined to be much heard of in a few years, and who must have looked on that scene and its surroundings with a peculiar interest—Charles Stewart Parnell. The proceedings ended as harmoniously and happily as they began. A good work had been done for Ireland, a noble memorial of a memorable era and a great man had been given to Dublin, by the public spirit, the energy, the patience, and the courage of A. M. Sullivan.

THE LONGFORD ELECTION.

In the interval between the formation of the Grattan Committee and the erection of the statue other political events in which A. M. Sullivan took a leading part had taken place in Ireland. The famous Longford election had been fought, and the Home Rule Association had been founded.

A vacancy in the representation of Longford was created in November, 1869, by the elevation to the peerage of Colonel Fulke Greville Nugent, who for many years had been member for the county. His new-made lordship thought he had but to step out of the representation of the county to let some other member of his family step into it. He selected for the position his youngest son, Captain Reginald Greville Nugent, who had barely come of age, and who knew or cared as much about Irish politics as he did about the politics of China. He was simply a gay young officer, with a passion for hunting and horse racing, in the pursuance of which sport some years afterwards he lost his life. Baron Greville, in passing to the House of Lords wished—naturally enough—to retain the hold of his family upon the Lower House, but his chief reason for selecting "Reggy" as his successor was that he thought the position and the new circle of society into which he would be brought would tend to steady the young fellow. That was all very well for Baron Greville Nugent; but there were people in Longford who thought that other and better use might be made of the representation than turning it into either a school or a playground for a young English officer. They thought the opportunity should be availed of for the election of some one who would really represent the feelings, the claims, and the desires of the Irish people. The popular mind was at the time greatly excited against the Government; the jails were full of Fenian prisoners, the national call for an amnesty had been refused, and more coercion was threatened. The electors of Tipperary, with a view to administer to the Government the sharpest slap in the face they could possibly bestow, had just elected as their representative Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, at that time undergoing penal servitude in Chatham prison and being brutally used by his jailors. Amongst the electors of Longford were men who thought that county ought to show an equal degree of national spirit, and for a

brief time they had an idea of nominating another of the Fenian prisoners—Thomas Clarke Luby—as a candidate. Considering, however, that Longford might not be prepared to adopt so extreme a course, it was arranged between those electors and the leaders of the Amnesty movement that an Irish Nationalist of a less pronounced type—one who would probably be accepted by all sections of the popular party—should be put forward in the person of “Honest John Martin.” In all national circles the suggestion was received with enthusiasm. Mr. Martin himself was at the time in New York addressing crowded meetings of his countrymen and putting the cause of Ireland before the American people in that clear and temperate style and with that fulness of knowledge which were peculiarly his own; but his candidature in Longford was not the less vigorously worked because of his absence. Rather, indeed, it was carried on with greater energy, for his friends were free to expatiate more fully on his merits and to undertake greater labours on his behalf than his natural modesty and gentleness would have permitted him to approve if he were on the spot.

Mr. Sullivan, as might be expected, espoused the candidature of Mr. Martin most warmly, acting under the combined influences of political principle and strong personal admiration for the man. But almost from the outset of the movement it became apparent that many, if not most, of the local clergy had in some manner committed themselves to the support of Mr. Greville Nugent. This was unfortunate and unpleasant; it boded trouble, but probably no one in the early stages of the affair had any idea that the contest would turn out to be so rough, turbulent, and embittered a thing as it ultimately became. The local clergy to a man flung themselves into the fray, calling upon their flocks to stand by them against those whom they described as raiders, Fenians, Garibaldians, and even Orangemen. As a specimen of the incitements addressed to the peasantry of the county in the interest of Mr. Greville Nugent we quote the following sentences from a handbill which was widely circulated:—

Men of Longford, choose your side. Will you be for or against your priests? Will you be with your old leaders, or will you join the Orange ranks? Electors of Longford, vote with your priests and down with the mongrel Fenian-Orange crew! Who are these Dublin spouters? Can any man in your county say he ever saw one of them before? Can any man in your county say he ever saw, or knew, or trusted them or their fathers before them? Can any man say whether ever one of them had

an honest father before him? Away with the raiders! It is the battle of religion against Fenianism! It is not the battle of John Martin, now far away in America. It is the battle of the mongrel Orange-Fenians, who use John Martin's name to deceive the people. Hurl the hireling, spouting crew out of your county.

And so on. But if the placards breathed fire and fury against the Martinites, the speeches were a thousand times worse. Crowds of the peasantry of Longford responded to those inflammatory appeals, and sought, whenever opportunity offered, to break the heads of those who had been so vigorously denounced to them. The Martinites and the Amnesty party, on the other hand, had the support of sympathisers from without as well as within the county who flocked to their meetings—or rather their battles—when-ever called on. Day after day, and week after week, the contest grew fiercer, and, however it happened, a long time was given for the full development of what looked like a civil war—the interval between the issuing of Mr. Martin's address and the close of the poll being no less than a month. During all that time there was an abundant outflow of accusations and denunciations, a lively exchange of challenges and defiance, an extraordinary consumption of whiskey and porter, and a plentiful amount of exercise with blackthorn sticks. Coming from fairs and markets groups fought on the roadsides, houses were broken into at night, and nearly every evil connected with the worst days of contested elections was brought into play. One of the bravest men of the national party in that contest—by which we do not mean one of the most violent—was Mr. Edward O'Donovan, afterwards known as “of Merv,” the adventurous and able correspondent who recently perished in the massacre of Hicks Pasha's army in the Soudan.

The whole country was stirred by the news of the contest. Mr. George Henry Moore wrote one of his most able and incisive letters in support of the national candidate; O'Neill Daunt wrote in a like spirit, and the national journals did their best in prose and verse to rouse the patriotic feeling of the country. The nomination took place in the town of Longford on Thursday, December 30th, 1869. For the purpose of enabling Mr. A. M. Sullivan to make a speech he was himself duly proposed and seconded as a candidate; he then delivered an eloquent address in favour of the veteran patriot, after which his nomination was of course withdrawn. Notwithstanding all the opposition that had been organised against them, he and his

friends believed that Mr. Martin had a fair chance of the election. But when the day of polling came—it was before the introduction of the ballot—they found their candidate left in a miserable minority. The numbers were—for Mr. Greville Nugent, 1,478; for Mr. John Martin, 411. This, however, was not the last of the famous Longford election. A petition was lodged against the return of Mr. Greville; it was tried before Mr. Justice Fitzgerald in April, 1870, and it resulted in a quashing of the return on the ground of a corrupt expenditure of money by the agents of Lord Greville.

THE HOME RULE ASSOCIATION.

For Lord Greville and his class the victory won at the Longford election was worse than a defeat; for John Martin and men of his political opinions the defeat was but an opening of the way to a whole series of victories. From that election dates the revival of the constitutional phase of the Irish national struggle. Out of it quickly and directly grew the Home Rule movement, the first meeting in connection with which was held in the Bilton Hotel, Dublin, on the 19th of May, 1870, just five months after the date of the Longford election. The prime mover and chief organiser of the Home Rule Association was the Protestant patriot and erstwhile Conservative champion, Isaac Butt, Q.C.—be it ever remembered to his honour by his countrymen in all parts of the world—but he had a very efficient aid in the subject of this memoir. Mr. Butt's influence procured for the new association a very respectable array of the Protestant gentry and shopkeepers of Dublin. Mr. Sullivan laboured to obtain for it the confidence of his Catholic fellow-countrymen, and, as all Ireland knows, not without success. In the several Home Rule conferences he was one of the leading figures, always directing his efforts to strengthen and extend the union for Irish national purposes between Protestants and Catholics. In the councils of the association in like manner his influence went to soften asperities, to remove prejudices, to create and preserve union, and at the same time to encourage a spirited and progressive policy. In December, 1870, a vacancy having been created in the representation of Meath by the death of Mr. Corbally, a number of the patriotic electors of that county met and resolved that their candidate should be no other than the rejected of Longford, the patriot John Martin. He consented to allow himself to be put in nomination, but he was not al-

owed to have an unopposed return. A local Catholic gentleman of good family, and honourable though somewhat Whiggish repute, the Hon. George Plunkett, came forward to contest the seat with him. Mr. Martin on the nomination day offered to retire from the contest if Mr. Plunkett would promise to support the Home Rule cause in Parliament. But Mr. Plunkett, who spoke after Mr. Martin, avoided all reference to that subject. Then, as at Longford, Mr. A. M. Sullivan was put in nomination with a view to his delivering one of his soul-stirring addresses in support of Mr. Martin's candidature. In the course of his speech he said :—

I have come here to stand once more by the side of a cherished and honoured friend, whom I would proudly and cheerfully follow into any conflict, by him and with him for Ireland's sake to stand or fall. I proclaim a fact within my personal knowledge that up to Thursday last Mr. Martin had resisted every entreaty from individual electors of this county to offer himself as a candidate; that he was induced only at the twelfth hour to do so by a deputation of electors from this county; and that in consenting to become a candidate he acted solely on their representations and not on the urging of any "outsider" whatever. And surely the scene of to-day—this town, the capital town of the county, *en fete* to welcome him—this courthouse thronged with the people, to a man his supporters—the square outside filled with thousands of his friends unable to gain admittance—these evidences proclaim that the delegates spoke truly who told John Martin the people of Meath would joyfully welcome him as the faithful representative of the holy cause of Ireland. Still for my own part I regret, and I know that he regrets, that the lateness of his candidature is calculated to embarrass many true and respected friends who can honestly plead that they did not engage themselves to the other side until all probability of his candidature seemed gone. Amongst these will be some of your best and most revered friends—ay, friends and guides who often led and never betrayed you. In the contest now at hand all this is to be remembered for them, so that nothing may shake the bonds of affection and reverence that bind priests and people in Meath. It is not, as I said at the outset, my intention to make a speech, so I shall conclude by reminding you that from your county, from yonder hill, Tara of the Kings, there went forth of old the voice of an Irish nation. Monarch and chieftain, warrior and sage, sat there in council to plan wise laws and devise bold deeds for Ireland. Let us to-day restring the harp of Tara and make its glad music resound through the valleys of Erin. Let us show that on such historic ground—sanctified by so many holy associations, religious and national—the ancient spirit of our fathers survives, and let us give a sign of hope and faith to all our race in the triumphant return of the man who typifies the hopes, the sufferings, and the aspirations of an indestructible people.

The polling took place on the 6th of January, 1871, and resulted in the return of Mr. Martin by a majority of 486; the numbers being—for Mr. Martin, 1,128; for Mr. Plunkett, 642. In connection with this election an amusing incident was thus reported in the *Nation* :—

Finding popular feeling running so strongly against him in Meath, the

manager on the side of the Hon. Mr. Plunkett decided on hiring a mob in Dublin and importing them into Meath for the purpose of giving a fictitious air of popularity to his candidature, if not with an object even more reprehensible. A body of about 200 roughs were organised and marshalled on the platform of the Broadstone terminus in time for the six a.m. train on Friday morning. Here, however, a serious hitch occurred. The captain of the band, who had been entrusted with the financial portion of the scheme, had, in American parlance, "jerrymandered." He was nowhere to be found, and the money for the tickets was not forthcoming. The body who were to represent the free and independent electors of Meath refused, however, to be thus debarred of the anticipated enjoyment. Plenty of drink and good pay were before them in Meath if they could only get there; and the only thing expected in return was a display of rowdiness, which would come natural enough to them at any time. Accordingly they took possession of the third-class carriages at the end of the train, and refused to leave. A detachment of Carbineers, also in the train, was called on to act, but the mob seemed to know that they could not legally interfere, and set them at defiance. The railway officials, however, were equal to the emergency. Taking care that no one but the no-ticket men filled the last carriages, and apparently abandoning the attempt to dislodge them, they shut the doors and gave the usual signal for starting. The whistle sounded, the engine screamed, and the train moved off. It moved off, but not with the disinterested supporters of the Hon. Mr. Plunkett. The coupling chains attaching the last carriages to the rest of the train had been unfastened by the railway porters, and the mob, who for a time scarcely realised the situation, were let out in time to see the train, which they hoped would have borne them to the happy hunting grounds in Meath, vanishing in the distance.

The next Home Rule election in which Mr. Sullivan took part was that for the representation of Kerry, in January, 1872, on which occasion the candidates were, on the Home Rule side, a local Protestant gentleman, Mr. R. P. Blennerhassett; on the Liberal side, Mr. James Arthur Dease, a Catholic, and a relative of the Kenmare family, who for long years had held one of the county seats as if it were a part of their hereditary possessions. This election was regarded in England and Ireland as a crucial one for the Home Rule Association. That body accordingly sent down to the scene of action a deputation consisting of the Rev. Joseph A. Galbraith, Fellow of Trinity College, Mr. J. O. Blunden, a young Protestant law student, and Mr. A. M. Sullivan. The story of this election is graphically told in Mr. Sullivan's well known work "New Ireland." It resulted in the return of Mr. Blennerhassett by a poll of 2,118 votes against 1,286; being a majority of 832 for the Home Ruler. It is not too much to say that to the achievement of that victory the energy and the eloquence of A. M. Sullivan contributed in no small degree.

ELECTED TO PARLIAMENT.

At last, after having helped to fight and win many an election for other men, the time came when he was prevailed on to allow himself to be put in nomination for a seat in Parliament. In January, 1874, Mr. Gladstone suddenly and unexpectedly dissolved Parliament. At once the Irish constituencies rushed to find and to elect Home Rule members. At a public meeting of the priests and people of Louth Mr. A. M. Sullivan was unanimously selected and invited to stand for the representation of that county. With this invitation he cheerfully complied. For the second seat Mr. Philip Callan became a candidate. The opposing candidates were Mr. Matthew O'Reilly Dease, a local landlord, and Mr. Chichester Fortescue, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, now Lord Carlingford. For upwards of twenty years Mr. Fortescue had been member for that county; he was not a bad landlord, his personal friends and acquaintances in the county were numerous, he had been instrumental in getting small situations for the sons of respectable farmers, and it was likely that if re-elected on this occasion he would be more willing than ever to do good turns of that kind for his supporters and their blood relations. But precisely because he was one of the "strong men" of the Ministerial party Mr. Sullivan was rejoiced to have to meet him in a stiff fight for Ireland. From town to town he went, pitching—in a rhetorical sense—red-hot shot into the two Liberal candidates, and soon he had the county in a blaze. The venerable Primate of All Ireland, the Most Rev. Dr. M'Gottigan, good easy man that he was, did not quite like this Home Rule invasion of the quiet county of Louth. He regarded the Right Hon. Chichester Fortescue as a well meaning man who could not be expected to control the Cabinet, or to offer any opposition to his Ministerial colleagues when they were pleased to propose coercion bills for Ireland, but who would probably speak a soft word for Irish reforms now and again—and never complain if it should not receive the slightest attention. This amiable prelate issued a letter to his clergy strongly supporting the candidature of Mr. Fortescue, but the patriotic clergy of the county were under no obligation to adopt the views of his Grace or act on his advice in this matter; and at a meeting which he had convened they resolved, by a majority of about 40 to 4, to persevere in their support of the Home Rule candidates. Some of the laity felt so strongly on the subject

that when the letter of his Grace was being read from the altars they walked out of the churches. At one place, Knockbridge, nearly the entire of the congregation quitted the sacred edifice in this manner. Opposition of a more direct character to Mr. Sullivan's candidature came at the same time from a very different quarter. Some persons in Dublin got placards abusive of him printed, and entrusted to Mr. Richard Pigott, of the *Irishman*, the task of getting them posted about the county of Louth. Mr. Pigott sent a suitable delegation to perform this service; they stuck up the bills in a few places, only to see them quickly torn down by the angry people, after which they left Drogheda for Dublin in such a state of intoxication that one of the unfortunate men, after taking some additional pulls from a bottle of whiskey with which they had provided themselves, died in the train before it reached the Broadstone terminus. Ere Mr. Sullivan's candidature was many days old it was admitted on all hands that he was certain to be returned; but in Whig circles there was hope that Mr. Fortescue would be elected with him. Mr. Matthew O'Reilly Dease was given up as a hopeless case. But Mr. Sullivan contended that both the Whigs should and would be defeated. In their political fortunes, he said, they were inseparable; they should live or die together, and this view of the case he enforced by an illustration which created great amusement at the time and has never since been forgotten in Louth. He said:—

Now, as I said before, no persons remind me more of the Siamese Twins than Messrs. O'Reilly Dease and Fortescue. I dare say you have heard of those Siamese twins. They were born connected with each other by a band of flesh. They were exhibited through almost all the countries in the world, and everyone wondered what in the name of goodness would become of Chang, which was the name of one of them, when Whang, which was the name of the other, died. All the doctors in Europe were consulted about cutting this band of flesh, but they came to the conclusion that the operation might be fatal to one or both of them. The telegraph brought us news the other day that in their quiet home in Kentucky Chang died, and, sure enough, four hours later poor Whang followed after him. So, Mr. O'Reilly Dease, your political Chang, is dead, and Whang, who lives in the Red House in Ardee, will soon follow after him.

This election was looked to throughout Ireland with the most intense interest. Its result answered to the popular hope and anticipation. The numbers polled were:—For Mr. Sullivan, 1,172; for Mr. Callan, 1,082; for the Right Honourable Chichester Fortescue, 607; for Mr. O'Reilly Dease, 260

GOING TO THE BAR.

In the Easter term of 1873, some months previous to Mr. Sullivan's election for Louth, he had entered as a law student at the King's Inns, Dublin, with the intention of getting called to the bar and practising the law in Ireland. The idea of taking this step had been in his mind for some years, but considering that the strong part which he had taken in Irish politics could not tend to render him a *persona grata* in the eyes of the legal fraternity, he hesitated to act on his inclinations. His friends, however, pressed upon him the desirability, from several points of view, of his becoming a member of the bar. Excepting the Home Rule leader, Mr. Butt, there was not amongst the practising lawyers of that time a single declared Nationalist, and they thought he might do something to revive the patriotic repute which the profession once enjoyed in Ireland. In their opinion he possessed all the qualities that would enable him to shine as an advocate; and besides they wished that he should be able to obtain some more adequate reward for his talents than was afforded by the profession of Irish journalism. This last mentioned point of view had begun at the time to come home to his own mind pretty sharply. He had married in 1861 Miss Frances G. Donovan, a native of New Orleans, born of Irish parents, and his family responsibilities were steadily increasing. Irish national journalism is a good and grand thing, but from the pecuniary point of view it is not a particularly brilliant business. More than once was A. M. Sullivan heard to say that a fifth part of the energy, the talent, the long hours, and the anxious care bestowed on the production of a high-class national journal would if devoted to other branches of trade result in the acquirement of fortune. The subscribers to the *Nation* were good and true men, clear-headed politicians and fast friends. Many of them had been on the books of that journal from the issue of its first number. They had taken it at every price from sixpence down to twopence. They had seen many "new lights" come and go, many rival journals rise and fall, and some hostile publications spend their whole time in abusing it; but they stood steadily by the *Nation* and readily answered to its call whenever any emergency arose. Their help was always ready for every movement which it recommended, and for every fund, political or religious, which had its advocacy. They were right good

people—the pity of the thing was that they were not ten or twenty times more numerous. All things considered, Mr. Sullivan made up his mind to go for the bar. It was rather late in life to venture on such a step; but the probationary period of study had been somewhat shortened about that time, and he had reason to think that once he was “called” business would probably come to him more rapidly than it does to young men who have yet to make a name and fame among the people. His political avocations, however, interfered somewhat with his progress as a law student, and it was while he was still struggling onward for the profession, and “working double tides,” that the general election occurred at which he was returned to Parliament. Some time afterwards—in December, 1875—he memorialised the Irish Benchers to remit certain of his terms in consideration of his having been obliged to serve in Parliament while they were going on, stating that, as to the lectures he had thus missed, he had got notes of them taken and forwarded to him, and had otherwise studied the subjects of which they had treated. With this prayer the Benchers did not choose to comply. He believed their refusal to have been largely influenced by political feeling. He could hardly, indeed, have expected any favour from these functionaries, for there was scarcely a man of them who had not at one time or another come under his editorial lash, and there was one amongst them especially—Mr. Justice Keogh—who had fared badly at his hands, and who consequently hated him with all the passion of his nature. These things set him to thinking that there could hardly be any career before him at the Irish bar. He would have confronting him on the bench his political foes, men who owed him many a deep grudge, and who could then pay off the old scores to him with interest upon interest; and solicitors would scarcely care to give business to a man standing in such relation to the judges and the leading members of the bar. These were important considerations which he could not conceal from himself, and by degrees they shaped in his mind a resolve to abandon the idea of joining the profession in Ireland, and to enter as a student for the English bar. Some of his political friends strongly disapproved of this idea. The veteran Repealer, O'Neill Daunt, strove earnestly to dissuade him from the step he proposed to take. He wrote:—

If you went to the English bar you would give a triumph to an unprincipled gang. To banish you across the water would be a most important victory to the miserable creatures of the Four Courts. Next,

your expatriation would be a most tremendous blow to Home Rule. You possess high and varied talent, hitherto exercised for the cause of Ireland, and which would thenceforth be absolutely lost to the country. Ireland does not deserve that you should desert her. By going to the English bar and transferring your professional labours (and consequently your residence) to the enemy's country, you would in the most effectual way play the enemy's game. What I like least of all is the flattering civility which invites you to establish yourself in Westminster Hall. You are a tower of strength to Home Rule while acting as you have hitherto done, and no personal courtesy will be spared to detach you from the scene of your invaluable national services. All their blarney is not offered from love of A. M. S., but from hatred of Ireland. At the Union the Catholic bishops were treated pretty similarly—covered with protestations of respect and regard—and we all know now with what sincerity. My dear fellow, this is a vital turning-point in your career. To desert Ireland now would be a fatal and irretrievable mistake. Do not think of it. The crowd at the Home Rule meeting the other night hit the point when they cheered for "the rejected of the English garrison"; you must not revenge on Ireland the crime of that garrison.

A. M. Sullivan had great esteem for the warm-hearted friend who wrote him those lines, but he did not regard his intended movement as a matter of such importance, and he felt that in England he still could and would be a true helper to the Irish cause. He accordingly entered in April, 1874, as a student of the Inner Temple. But while keeping his terms there he was prevailed on by Mr. Butt to complete his studies for the Irish bar, and get called in that country also. He might be wanted in Ireland, Mr. Butt said, on special occasions; State trials, Governmental terrorism, and public panic might come again, and his services as an independent and fearless advocate might be invaluable. He complied with the advice thus pressed on him, and in Michaelmas term, 1876, on the 9th day of November, he was called to the Irish bar. His call to the English bar took place just one year later; the circumstances connected with it were somewhat exceptional, and were thus briefly stated in one of the Dublin daily journals at that time:—

At a "Parliament" of the Middle Temple it has been unanimously resolved to admit Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., a member of the Irish bar, to the English bar, by a "special call," which formality is fixed for the ensuing term. Mr. Sullivan was to have been admitted with the ordinary calls on Saturday last (17th November), but some conflict arose between Gray's Inn and the other three Benches over the unanimous desire of the three last-named bodies that the compliment should be conferred on Mr. Sullivan of admitting him in virtue of his studies and examination at the Irish bar. The motion to concur was twice defeated at Gray's Inn, but after a protracted debate on Wednesday, was a third time moved by the Attorney-General and carried. On receipt of the notification the Inner Temple Benchers decided to bestow on Mr. Sullivan the exceptional distinction of a special call.

RETIRING FROM THE "NATION."

At the time of Mr. Sullivan's coming to Ireland from London to get his call to the Irish bar he finally severed his connection with the *Nation*, which then became the property of his elder brother, Mr. T. D. Sullivan. On Wednesday, the 15th of November, 1876, he took his farewell of his old friends, the literary staff and other employés of the office, and was presented by them with a valuable testimonial, consisting of an illuminated address and a handsome writing desk, pair of candlesticks, and other articles, richly carved in bog oak and mounted in silver. In the course of his reply to the address—the first name appended to which was that of Thomas Sexton, the second being that of Mr. J. J. Clancy, M.A.—he said :—

It affords me much pride and gratification to think that I leave the *Nation* under the brightest and happiest auspices for that journal and the cause which it has always represented. I am proud to know, as you all know, that it is sustained by a powerful and prosperous constituency ; that it is looked up to with friendly feelings and deference by a large portion of the press of this country. But the times were not always so bright with the principles of the *Nation*, with the journal and its staff. There have been hours of trial when, if timid counsels or mercenary considerations could have polluted this sanctuary of national opinion, the *Nation* might have deflected from the course which would have been worthy of the journal of Davis and Duffy.

" You know throughout those troubled years
What storms our darkling pathway swept—
When, beating back our thronging fears,
By faith alone our march we kept."

I wish that my successors here will be assured by this kindly demonstration that if occasionally their hearts sink under the difficulties of the moment the Irish people are never unmindful or ungrateful for true and honest services rendered, and the man who tries to do his duty by his country will be repaid a thousandfold by their overflowing affection and confidence.

On the evening of that day Mr. Sullivan, with his wife and children, who had been present at this touching scene, sped away, a heavy-hearted man, from Kingstown harbour for England. His career as an Irish journalist had closed ; a long chapter of his life, flecked with clouds and sunshine, full of labour and daring, with the note of honourable conflict ringing all through—a period rich in noble achievements and bright with many triumphs—had passed away for ever. It was a term of twenty-one years, including the springtime

of his life, covering the strenuous and fruitful days of early manhood, and bringing him well into his middle age. Few men can look back over such a space of time without emotion: least of all can one do so who has his way still to carve out by his own exertions in a strange land. But, then, A. M. Sullivan had within him the unfailing belief that if life and health should be spared to him fame and fortune would yet be his own; and he did not over-estimate his powers, for so they would have been if the conditions had been granted.

IN PARLIAMENT.

In Parliament Mr. Sullivan was an immediate success. His first speech in that assembly was delivered on the 20th of March, 1874, in support of an amendment, moved by Mr. Butt, to the address in reply to the Queen's speech. He spoke at considerable length, and with as much self-possession as if he had been on his old ground in the Dublin Corporation or amongst his constituents in the county of Louth. He opposed the Coercion Acts, related some amusing stories of the police raids for arms in Ireland, and ridiculed the loyal bombast indulged in by "the Ulster members." His speech was listened to with interest and pleasure by members on all sides of the House; and the London papers on the next and following days referred to the hon. member for Louth in terms of high compliment. Subsequent addresses confirmed the impression which had been made by his first speech, and both the English and Irish press declared that in his person the House of Commons had got a new orator. The *Times* of March 21st said that he had expatiated on the coercive legislation "with an eloquence we are glad to recognise and respect." The *Illustrated London News* of March 28th, in its "Sketches in Parliament," said:—

Mr. Sullivan made an unquestionable hit. He is not merely eloquent, in the Irish sense of the word, but though ardent and copious of language he is a rhetorician of skill; while as to humour, for point, and, above all, for the appearance of unconsciousness, it is inimitable.

The London correspondent of the *Freeman* said: "Mr. Sullivan delivered a very telling speech, the tone, temper, and moderation of which were excellent, and elicited general applause"; and the correspondent of the *Irish Times* wrote:—

The great success of the night was Mr. A. M. Sullivan. His trenchant, vigorous, and incisive style, relieved as it was with wit and great illus-

trative skill, especially when criticising the coercion code, told immensely with the House. No better or more successful maiden speech is within my recollection.

The *Spectator*, of July 4th, 1874, writing of one of the Home Rule debates, said :—"Mr. Sullivan's speech showed that the genius for oratory so marked in Irishmen has not been extinguished either by their sufferings or their failures." The *World* of a later date—October 27th, 1875—had a long article, of which he was the subject. from which we take a few sentences :—

If you spend a whole day in thinking out the much debated secret why one man is liked in the House of Commons and why another is not tolerated, you will find that it turns mainly on the question of his genuineness. . . . Tried by this test, Mr. Sullivan comes out triumphant. Just as God made the man you have him in the House of Commons, with all his faults and imperfections on the surface, and beneath a something that is very near akin to genius, and which, unless I am much mistaken, will before many sessions are over be acknowledged as genius by the world at large. . . . The best speech Mr. Sullivan ever made in the House of Commons was the quietest in the delivery. I refer to his brief address when he spoke in behalf of Mr. Plimsoll, who had just been requested to withdraw after his famous feat of saltation. Mr. Sullivan, suddenly called upon to speak under circumstances peculiarly trying, had neither time nor opportunity for preparing a set speech. He had to say what came first out of his mind and heart, and in the result the House saw before it, and was not slow to recognise, a man of genuine feeling and generous impulses, possessed by a passionate nature, happily curbed by natural tact and native courtesy, whose words, coming unbidden to his lips, shaped themselves in sentences that bore the stamp of true eloquence.

In an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* he was thus referred to :—

Mr. Sullivan I hold to be, take him all in all, the most effective speaker amongst the Irish members. His words are well chosen, his sentences easily and naturally grouped, and his mind is aflame with imagination. It is easy to conceive how, speaking to a mass meeting of his countrymen, this nervous, passionate, finely strung man, whose lips have been touched by the heaven-born fire of oratory, would sway the souls of the people to the measure of "the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh."

Mr. Sullivan's Parliamentary career being recent and fresh in the public mind, we feel that in this sketch our reference to it may be very brief. He was one of Mr. Butt's most trusted lieutenants, and rendered excellent service in all the leading Irish debates. When Mr. Butt's energies began to wane and his power to decline, he stood by him as long as it was fairly possible. With his strict ideas of party discipline and loyalty, he disliked the spirit of revolt that was being manifested by some of the younger members of the party, whose impatience and impetuosity he thought likely to bring dis-

aster on the cause. So also with regard to the obstructive tactics of his colleagues in the House; he was with them up to a certain point, but when that was overpassed, and when their proceedings became, in his judgment, more exasperation, he strongly disapproved of them. In our opinion his colleagues were more right than he in this matter; some of them were wiser men than he supposed them to be, and their policy, wild as it seemed, was not altogether so irrational as he thought it. He let them know his opinions on these subjects pretty freely, but he never separated himself from his party; on the contrary, he was ever proud to be amongst them, and to be with them in nearly every fight. They, on the other hand, treated him with the utmost consideration. They could tolerate honest differences of opinion on the part of a comrade so able, so fearless, and so loyal to the cause which they all had at heart.

A CONTEST IN LOUTH.

When the dissolution of Parliament took place in 1880, the members for the county of Louth were Mr. A. M. Sullivan and Mr. George Harley Kirk—the latter gentleman having taken the place of Mr. Philip Callan, who, having been returned in 1874 for both Louth and Dundalk, elected to take his seat for the last-named constituency. Mr. Kirk and Mr. Sullivan now sought re-election for the county of Louth; but, to the surprise of most Irishmen, Mr. Callan entered the lists as a candidate. In this three-cornered contest the defeat of Mr. Sullivan was the object aimed at. The real ground-work of the battle was the temperance question. Mr. Sullivan was, during the whole course of his life, an earnest advocate of temperance principles, and, as an inevitable consequence, he made for himself many foes amongst persons interested in the liquor trade. Before his election to Parliament he had in the Dublin Corporation delivered some speeches in favour of temperance reform and taken part in public meetings to favour that movement, and to the irritation thereby created amongst the licensed traders he owed his defeat, after some years of service, at one of the municipal elections. An endeavour was now to be made to put him out of Parliament, where he had been giving help to the Sunday closing and other such movements. Mr. Callan had been entirely on the other side in these matters. He had long been quite a favourite with the publican party, to whose interests in the House of Commons and elsewhere he had given much

time and attention, and the trade therefore adopted him as their champion in Louth. The contest created extraordinary interest, especially after the *Nation* had published a leading article commencing with these words:—"It is, we understand, an absolute fact that Mr. Philip Callan, after his defeat at Dundalk, applied to Mr. James Lowther, late Chief Secretary for Ireland, for funds to enable him to contest Louth against Mr. A. M. Sullivan." Mr. Lowther had made himself hated while in Ireland by his heartless policy and his brusque and brutal language regarding the sufferings of the Irish people. The appeal to him for funds to oppose the election of A. M. Sullivan was based upon the fact that Mr. Sullivan had gone a few days before to oppose the election of Mr. Lowther at York, and by his influence with the Irish electors had helped to effect his defeat. Whether the application did or did not prove successful history sayeth not, and probably only some two or three persons could tell. At all events, there was no lack during the contest of money to supply drink to the anti-Sullivan party. Whiskey and porter flowed here in a style unparalleled since the date of the Longford election. Wealthy and influential publicans proceeded to the scene of action from Dublin, Belfast, Drogheda, and other places, and aided in getting up the excitement throughout the county. After all, though they made matters rough and unpleasant for Mr. Sullivan, they were unable to prevent his election; they succeeded only in bringing him down to the second place on the poll, Mr. Kirk being the defeated candidate. The seat thus won Mr. Sullivan declined to accept. With a degree of sensitiveness which to many appeared overstrained and Quixotic, he refused to sit for Louth with Mr. Callan for a colleague, and he at once placed his resignation in the hands of his Louth friends, directing them to forward to the proper quarter his application for the Chiltern Hundreds as soon as they should have chosen a candidate to succeed him in the representation.

ELECTION FOR MEATH.

The country, however, was not satisfied to have Mr. Sullivan out of Parliament, and another seat was speedily found for him. At the general election just closed Mr. Parnell had been returned by three constituencies—Meath, which he had represented since the death of John Martin in 1875; Cork City, and Mayo. On the 5th of May, 1880, Mr. Parnell notified to the Speaker of the House of

Commons that his choice was to sit for the city of Cork. To fill the vacancy thus created in the representation of Meath, Mr. A. M. Sullivan was chosen at a conference of the clergy of that county held at Navan under the presidency of the bishop of the diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, on the 4th May. Mr. Parnell was present on the occasion. The resolution adopted by the conference was in these terms :—

That we recommend to the electors A. M. Sullivan for the representation of the county, as we feel convinced this choice will be most acceptable to the feelings and wishes of the people, provided he feels able to co-operate cordially as a fellow-labourer with Mr. Parnell..

A public meeting was then held, at which Mr. Parnell made a speech, at the close of which he said :—

At the meeting to-day a resolution was carried asking my friend, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, to offer his valuable services to the county, provided he feels himself at liberty to work harmoniously with me in and out of the House of Commons. You know Mr. A. M. Sullivan, and you know his magnificent talent and great ability, and you also know that anything he promises to do he will do. The name of A. M. Sullivan is known and honoured all over the world. He has his faults like anyone else. I do not say that Mr. Sullivan is perfect, or that on many occasions he and I have not differed; but I do think this, that in the coming Parliament, when the work of construction, as opposed to the work of obstruction—the work of construction of good measures for Ireland—will have to be gone on with, it would be a loss to the whole country if the services of A. M. Sullivan were not available; and if I may venture to advise you in a matter on which you are perfectly well able to judge for yourselves, I would say if you choose Mr. Sullivan—and if he offers himself to the county—you will never have any cause to regret it.

All this was very kind and friendly on the part of the clergy and Mr. Parnell; yet the proviso attached to the resolution above quoted grated somewhat on the feelings of Mr. Sullivan. His desire and intention were to work in harmony with Mr. Parnell, but he thought the requirement from him of a formal and public engagement to do so was hard upon a man who had given so long a period of independent, unswerving, and consistent labour to the Irish cause. He respectfully declined to accept the seat under those circumstances. Some correspondence followed between him and the bishop and other leading electors of the county who were desirous that the little difficulty which had arisen should be smoothed over. While matters were in this unsettled condition the idea got abroad that Mr. Sullivan's connection with the candidature was ended, whereupon some of the Nationalist electors took up the idea of putting forward

Mr. T. M. Healy for the seat. Mr. Healy issued an address to the electors, declaring for Home Rule, Catholic University education, reform of the grand jury laws, and a peasant proprietary: The situation, however, suddenly underwent a change, owing to the fact that the correspondence which had been going on with Mr. Sullivan led to a settlement of the misunderstanding which had arisen out of the resolution of the conference. A letter of his, addressed to the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, stating his position in reference to Mr. Parnell and the Home Rule party, having been read at a public meeting of the clergy and leading electors, was considered so satisfactory that the withdrawal of the proviso was unanimously agreed to. Mr. Healy then withdrew his candidature, and Mr. Sullivan was adopted unpledged save by his past life and character. Possibly he exhibited an unnecessary degree of sensitiveness in this case; but his feelings were respected by all parties, and none showed a greater desire to make everything pleasant for him and to secure his election than the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty and Charles Stewart Parnell. On Thursday, May 20th, 1880, he was returned without opposition as member for the county Meath, which honourable position he held until failing health compelled him to lay down his arms and retire from the arena in which he fought hard battles and rendered no small service to the cause of Ireland.

STATE TRIALS IN DUBLIN.

After Mr. Sullivan's election for Meath he took up with his colleagues the Irish work in what was soon to become a memorable session of Parliament. The pressure of sharp distress, almost amounting to famine in some parts of Ireland, the vigorous agitation of the Land League, and the lamentable but by no means astonishing recrudescence of agrarian crime then going on in the country, were breaking down the infamous land system and forcing the Government to adopt some measures to relieve the immediate necessities of the perishing people. They introduced into the House of Commons and passed through that branch of the legislature a "Compensation for Disturbance Bill" which, if allowed to become law, would have had the effect of checking the work of eviction which was then being carried on by the landlords at a fearful rate; but, by a majority of 282 votes against 51, the House of Lords on the 3rd of August, 1880, threw out the bill. The Irish party besought the

Government to adopt strong measures with their lordships on this occasion. They held a meeting on the 5th of August, with Mr. A. M. Sullivan in the chair, at which they passed a resolution suggesting that the Government should cease to employ the constabulary or military forces of the Crown in carrying out those evictions which the bill was intended to check; and for their own part they resolved to oppose the constabulary estimates to the utmost of their power. The Government declined to take any such action as that proposed to them by the Irish members; they accepted their rebuff by the Lords very meekly; and announced that bad as the law was, and hardly as it bore upon the ruined and desperate tenantry, they would see that it should be carried out to the letter. Instead of withholding the constabulary from evictions they sent over to Ireland a large contingent of marines to reinforce them, and to do protection duty for the landlords and land-agents throughout the country. And they further resolved to take legal proceedings for the suppression of the Land League. Forthwith the Irish law officers put a number of the leading members of the League on trial for conspiracy to effect illegal purposes. The persons arraigned were—Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P.; John Dillon, M.P.; T. D. Sullivan, M.P.; Thomas Sexton, M.P.; J. G. Biggar, M.P.; Patrick Egan, hon. treasurer of the League; Thomas Brennan, secretary; M. P. Boyton; M. M. O'Sullivan, P. J. Sheridan, John W. Walsh, J. W. Nally, P. J. Gordon, and Matthew Harris. The trials commenced in the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, on the 28th of December, 1880; they ended on the 25th of January, 1881, in a disagreement of the jury. The "traversers," as they were called, were ably defended, but, by universal admission, the most brilliant and persuasive address delivered to the jury was that of A. M. Sullivan, who had been specially retained for the defence of Mr. Patrick Egan. *The Freeman's Journal* said of it:—

Mr. Sullivan surprised, captivated, fired, melted, put passion in the hearts, and drew tears from the eyes, of this varied assemblage in a manner which those who heard him will never forget. To say that a man "electrifies" a mixed audience is a trite, and, generally speaking, a ridiculous compliment; but the word alone conveys any idea of the current of sympathy, the involuntary thrill, the almost giddy sense of painful delight that ran through the court—now in triumph, now in tears—at the will of the orator. It was a speech the impulse of which one obeyed as naturally and irresistibly as he would weep for a dead friend, or rage against a wrong done under his own eyes. Even they who were mailed against his arguments were perfectly carried off their legs with ad-

miration and emotion. Celtic oratory has had no such triumph in our day, and will not soon again.

The *Daily Express*, after referring to the interest manifested by the public throughout the whole course of the trials, said :—"It remained, however, for the oratory of Mr. A. M. Sullivan to 'crown the climax,' as it has been termed, and to fill the court with an audience which reminded one more of the stalls of a theatre on an opera night than a building presided over by Themis. . . . For the hour and a half which he remained on his legs he poured forth a flood of advocacy—now calmly argumentative, again pathetic, and again impassioned, but at all times true to the reputation and prestige he has gained as an orator." The *Ulster Examiner*, describing the scene, said :—

Evidently conscious that he was "the observed of all observers," he rose with something like a feeling of timidity, and in quivering accents opened an address which is likely to go down in history as amongst the most brilliant and powerful orations upon record. When the speaker had broken the ice, and warmed into his subject, the greatness of the orator at once made itself apparent, and a thrill went through the audience such as that communicated by some great effort of dramatic art. For about an hour and three-quarters he continued this address, every word of which was followed by judges, jury, and members of the bar, concluding with a peroration the equal of which has seldom been heard within the historic precincts of the Four Courts. A loud ringing cheer—one of those spontaneous cheers which rush up from the heart in spite of oneself—echoed through the building and vibrated for several minutes. Justice Barry was really affected; men ashamed to admit a weakness stealthily dashed away a tear; the ladies, never ashamed to display tenderness of heart, wept immoderately; the bar looked at each other in amazement, and after a moment's pause, in which people seemed to have gotten the precise state of affairs consciousness came back, and a second, a third, and a fourth cheer, as involuntary as the first, again shook the building.

Thus splendidly did A. M. Sullivan justify the prescience of Isaac Butt, who had induced him to go on with his studies for the Irish bar, and told him that the time would come when as an Irish lawyer he could do good work for the cause that was so near and dear to his heart.

FIGHTING THE COERCION ACTS.

Back from his triumph in the Four Courts went Mr. Sullivan to his place in the House of Commons, there to take part in the fight against Mr. Forster's Coercion Bill. On the night of Wednesday, February the 2nd, Mr. Speaker Brand, of his own will and motion,

without a shadow of constitutional authority for so doing, and after the sitting had lasted for forty-two hours continuously, closed the debate on the first reading. On the following day the fight was continued in another form. Mr. Parnell asked the Home Secretary if it were true that Mr. Michael Davitt had on that day been arrested. The proud declaration of Sir William Harcourt that such was the fact brought forth from the crowded House such a yell of triumph as almost made its wooden walls and its stained glass roof quiver. Probably no such roar was heard within the precincts of the House before or since—except when the dynamite explosion occurred there on the 24th of January, 1885. This mean and cowardly howl instead of intimidating the Irish members fired their blood and set them on for battle. Mr. Gladstone having risen to move a motion which stood in his name, Mr. John Dillon rose to a point of order. It was the bounden duty of Mr. Speaker Brand to inquire what was the point of order which the hon. member desired to make, and then decide on it; but, acting in gross violation of his duty and in a thoroughly partisan spirit, he refused to hear Mr. Dillon, and motioned to Mr. Gladstone to go on with his speech. Mr. Dillon, claiming to be heard, continued standing for some time. The Speaker rose from his seat; Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Dillon both sat down together; the Speaker again motioned Mr. Gladstone to go on; but no sooner had the right hon. gentleman uttered a few sentences than Mr. Dillon again rose to appeal to the chair on his point of order. The response to him made by the Speaker was to “name” him for contumely and have him expelled the House. Mr. A. M. Sullivan then rose to a point of order; the Speaker heard his argument, but overruled it. Thereupon Mr. Gladstone tried to continue his speech, but ere he had uttered many sentences Mr. Parnell rose and moved that the right hon. gentleman be no longer heard. It was a perfectly legitimate motion. Mr. Gladstone himself had done exactly the same thing with regard to Mr. F. H. O'Donnell a few days before; in fact it was on the model and example of the Prime Minister that Mr. Parnell was acting in this case; but Mr. Speaker Brand had one law for Mr. Gladstone and another for Mr. Parnell. He “named” Mr. Parnell, who was then suspended by a vote of the House. On the resumption of business after the division Mr. Finigan and Mr. John Barry interrupted Mr. Gladstone in precisely a similar manner and were in like manner “named.” On a vote being taken for their

suspension the Irish members refused to participate in the division ; they remained seated on their benches while all the other members were filing through the division lobbies. For this offence the whole party were at once suspended for the remainder of that sitting. A. M. Sullivan was one of the evicted party ; but next day he was back again into his old place, and delivered one of his best speeches against the coercion bill, amidst the ringing plaudits of his compatriots.

DEFENDING THE LADIES' LAND LEAGUE.

Thus did he battle for the Irish cause in the House of Commons ; but he was at the same time watchful and anxious for its interests elsewhere, and ready to defend the honour of the national movement wherever it was assailed. Only a few weeks after the scenes above referred to he was out in the Irish press with a vigorous reply to a letter in which the Most Rev. Dr. McCabe, Archbishop of Dublin, had cast some hurtful and undeserved imputations upon the Ladies' Land League, which was an organisation formed for the purpose of carrying on the work of relieving the evicted tenantry at a time when the previously existing League was, as everyone knew, in imminent peril of being suppressed by the Government. In a still earlier pastoral, issued on Sunday, the 10th of October, 1880, his Grace had said some hard things of the original Land League, declaring his confidence in the good will of the Government, and charging the leaders of the League with carrying on a dangerous and unjustifiable agitation. He said :—

The management of public affairs is now placed in the hands of men who have the most abundant good will to redress the wrongs of the country. . . . They have repudiated the idea of coercion. But how has this generous and unusual moderation been met? Men who claim the high honour of being leaders of the people were not ashamed to proclaim that they would render the country unfit for constitutional liberty by making it ungovernable by constitutional means. Is this the policy by which our people are to be led to freedom and prosperity? And we have heard propounded by these same men, no doubt in all sincerity, schemes of amelioration of such an order that no government laying claims to statesmanship could for a moment entertain them.

This was by no means a correct presentation of the character or the work of the League. His Grace would not intentionally misrepresent them ; but he did not understand them. The scheme of the League, as put forward by its responsible heads, was the conversion of the Irish tenantry into peasant proprietors by a State purchase of the

landlords' interest at an equitable valuation; and in that project there was nothing either immoral or impracticable. But his attack on the Ladies' Land League was far more bitter and offensive. On Sunday, 13th of March, 1881, a letter from his Grace was read in the churches of Dublin, in which he declared his sympathy with "the great question of justice which now appeals for settlement to the legislature of these kingdoms," and stated that "the cause is a just and holy one, and carries with it the blessings of religion," but, he added, "whilst we bless the end now aimed at, we must again proclaim from the housetops that some of the means employed in the struggle cannot receive the sanction of religion." He then went on to describe in the following terms what he called "the last expedient" resorted to :—

The modesty of her daughters was the ancient glory of Ireland. The splendour of the purity of St. Brigid won for her the sublime title of the Mary of Ireland. Her spiritual children were worthy of their mother's fame, and Ireland shone out more brightly by the chastity of her daughters than even by the learning or labours of her most distinguished sons. Like Mary their place was the seclusion of home. If charity drew them out of doors their work was done with speed, and their voices were not heard in the world's thoroughfares. . . . But all this is now to be laid aside, and the daughters of our Catholic people, be they matrons or virgins, are called forth, under the flimsy pretext of charity, to take their stand in the noisy arena of public life. The pretext of charity is merely assumed, for already we have holy associations of men and women who, with the full blessing of religion, do the works of mercy, corporal and spiritual, for the poor and afflicted; and even the harsh laws now coming into force have mercifully provided for the families of those men who fall under their power. No, rev. fathers, not at the call of charity are the women of Ireland invited to come before the world. They are asked to forget the modesty of their sex and the high dignity of their womanhood by leaders who seem utterly reckless of consequences, and who by that have brought misery on many families. God grant that they may not have brought defeat on the cause which they appear to advocate. Very rev. dear fathers, set your faces against this dishonouring attempt, and do not tolerate in your sodalities the woman who so far disavows her birthright of modesty as to parade herself before the public gaze in a character so unworthy a child of Mary. This attempt at degrading the women of Ireland comes very appropriately from men who have drawn the country into her present terribly deplorable condition, where, deprived of the safeguards of the constitution, her people may become the prey of the spy and informer.

This language employed against the ladies in question was grossly offensive and monstrously unjust. Many of them were models of all that Christian wives and mothers should be. It was with the full assent and approbation of their husbands, their children, their brothers, or their parents, as the case might be, that those good ladies—

as a temporary measure, to last only during the *regime* of coercion—took up the working of the relief department of the League. Laboriously, fearlessly, and efficiently they carried it on until better times came when the popular leaders, released from the prison into which they had been thrust, were able to resume their political duties. The services rendered by those good ladies during that critical time to the dispossessed tenantry and to their country were invaluable, and will ever be remembered to their honour by the Irish race. The cruel words in which they were assailed by Dr. M'Cabe wounded them to the heart, and were felt as an outrage by their relatives and friends. A. M. Sullivan immediately came forward to their defence. His own wife was an active member of the League and many others were esteemed friends; but it was not personal feeling that weighed most with him; it was a sense of the harm that might result both to Church and Country if something were not done to mitigate the wrong that had been committed. He wrote to the *Freeman's Journal* from the library of the House of Commons an admirable letter, which is too long to be quoted here in extenso, but from which we take the following passages:—

I cannot help thinking—at all events hoping—that on calm reflection and on fuller and more accurate information his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. M'Cabe will frankly own and sincerely regret the cruel wrong he has, in a moment of error, done pure and devoted Catholic ladies who belong to the Ladies' Land League. They have brothers, fathers, husbands, or children, who cannot without dereliction of duty allow such imputations as his to pass unnoticed. . . . The suggestion that the ladies of the organisation above referred to "have put aside the veil of modesty" and put on the mask of hypocrisy is a very serious matter. . . . When Dr. M'Cabe declares, in any sense or in any degree, of members of my family—or for that matter of my countrywomen in general, who have so nobly responded to the call of Christian charity and Christian patriotism—that they are dishonest and untruthful—that is to say, using false or flimsy pretexts as to their motives and actions—I put it to him as a matter of conscience whether he is justified in thus publicly insulting and wronging some of the most exemplary and devoted children of the Church, known to their pastors as models of every virtue that exalts and adorns the Christian woman.

He then went on to point out that although, happily, there are in the Catholic Church holy associations of men and women performing great works of charity, yet there was room for others to perform special services in special emergencies. He reminded Dr. M'Cabe that the Duchess of Marlborough, wife of the Lord Lieutenant, was head of a relief committee which had its headquarters in Dublin

Castle, and that his Grace did not denounce the Catholic ladies who acted on it. The Mansion House Relief Committee was in existence at the same time; why did not his Grace tell the ladies at the Castle to leave the work to the gentlemen at the Mansion House?—

Did his Grace think of St. Brigid all this time, or tell the Catholic ladies of that league that "their place was the seclusion of home"? There were not wanting those who discerned in the good duchess's league, in her public meetings and speeches, and her opposition telegrams to England, America, and Australia, a political as well as a charitable motive. Nevertheless, was anyone so unmanly as to tell her she had "laid aside the veil of modesty," or that she had "merely assumed the pretext of charity"? All honour to that noble lady, all praise and gratitude to the good and gentle Lady O'Hagan! But I want his Grace to tell me why my wife is to abstain from a work of charity any more than the wife of our estimable Catholic Lord Chancellor?

Furthermore, as to the veil of modesty and shunning the public gaze, Mr. Sullivan pointed out that it was nothing unusual to see Catholic ladies acting as amateur saleswomen at Catholic bazaars got up for charitable purposes, under ecclesiastical patronage, which was far a more trying situation than that of receiving and answering letters, sending off cheques, and keeping accounts in the committee-rooms of the Ladies' Land League. Then he put the whole pith of the case briefly in the following sentences:—

In plain truth his Grace the Archbishop does not like the Land League nor Mr Parnell, and that is the whole story. No one, certainly no Catholic, will deny him the right to hold the political views he honestly deems the best, but Catholics like myself have a right to complain when he allows his political prejudices to go so far as to cruelly wound and utterly misrepresent our sisters and wives.

Throughout the country generally on the perusal of this letter the feeling was that the writer had acted as befitted a patriotic Irish Catholic. A few days after its publication he had the pleasure of finding his views endorsed by so eminent a Churchman and so good an Irishman as the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, who wrote to him in these terms:—

Dublin, March 16th, 1880.

DEAR MR. SULLIVAN—I congratulate you very heartily on the timely, and, under the peculiarly provoking circumstances of the case, very temperate, and withal touching, letter that appears over your name in this day's *Freeman*. I adopt unreservedly the sentiments you have so admirably expressed; and am delighted to find that someone of mark has at last stepped forward from the ranks of the laity to vindicate the character of the good Irish ladies who have become Land Leaguers, and to challenge publicly the "monstrous imputations" cast on them by the Archbishop of Dublin. His Grace will not be allowed in future, I ap-

prehend, to use his lance so freely as he has hitherto done, or to ventilate unquestioned the peculiar political theories which he is known to hold in opposition to the cherished convictions of the great and, indeed, overwhelming majority of the Irish priests and people. It is a satisfaction, however, to feel that his Grace's political likings or dislikings, though possibly of some consequence elsewhere, carry with them very little weight or significance, except with a select few in Ireland.—I remain, my dear Mr. Sullivan, your very faithful servant,

✱ T. W. CROKE, Archbishop of Cashel.

FAILING HEALTH.

Cotemporaneously with those occurrences the Irish party, with A. M. Sullivan in their midst, were hard at work in the House of Commons, endeavouring to amend the Land Bill and resisting the passing of the "new rules" which had been framed by the Government for the restriction of freedom of debate. In the *NATION* of March 26th, 1881, was published, from the pen of Mr. Sullivan, a graphic account of the long struggle, some passages of which possess at the present time a melancholy interest. The article, which was entitled "After the Battle," and which covered nearly six columns of the *NATION*, reviewed not only the recent campaign, but sketched a good deal of the history of the Irish party. It was written in a cheery and hopeful spirit, but one can now discern in it his consciousness that the mental and physical strain he was going through was telling on his own constitution. We quote from it the following passages:—

Late in the sitting of Friday, the 11th of this month, the supplementary Coercion Bill of Mr. Gladstone passed its final stage in the House of Commons. The great bell of Westminster Palace clock-tower was chiming midnight as the Irish members, now reduced to a handful, stood grouped together in the division lobby, recording their last vote in a struggle at will be remembered as long as the British Parliament endures.

We had already divided the House on Mr. Parnell's amendment, "That the bill be read a third time this day six months"—(the usual form of a motion for rejection)—and instantly afterwards taken a second division on the Government motion "That this bill be now read a third time." There remained, according to ancient usage, the ultimate question, scarcely ever resisted, "That this bill do now pass." "Shall we challenge once more?" was asked by friends who not unnaturally thought we had "done enough for valour," and might now retire. "Certainly," replied voices, in which I am proud to know my own mingled: "let us maintain the completeness and consistency of our defensive struggle; let us scrupulously fulfil the oath we made to Ireland that this fight should be fought *à l'outrance*. The last cartridge must be fired." And so six-and-twenty Irishmen—(many of our comrades absent on duty or for good cause; others away as deserters who early fled the field)—marched to the Speaker's left hand, for the last time, against the bill.

When our last man had been counted, and while yet the tellers at the other side were plying their work, I sat down in the empty and silent corridor, and, like one drawing breath after a desperate struggle, looked back on all that had happened. What a time we had passed through! What events! What changes! A *coup d'état*, a revolution, had laid low the ancient Parliamentary glories of Great Britain. If Ireland was struck down by *force majeure*, she had dragged to earth her assailant in a much heavier fall. If her liberties had been subverted, if her voice had been silenced, for a time, she had exacted a terrible price for the temporary victory. A few short years and even these chains must fall from her hands; whereas time will never restore to the British Parliament what it had destroyed and lost in the disastrous fray.

What storm! what toil! what a whirl of incessant conflict! Even for those of the Irish members whose sole business in London was attendance at Westminster—and who accordingly had, at all events, the forenoon for a snatch of sleep—it was a severe time. But for those who, like myself, had daily avocations that could not be neglected, and who consequently had not even the morning for a spell of rest, it was killing work. But now “the cruel war was over”—we had done our duty and could do no more; and so we should at last taste blessed sleep. Sleep! I started and found myself literally “going off” from sheer exhaustion. The sustaining excitement being gone, Nature was asserting itself. I hurried home to enjoy my first full rest for six long and weary weeks following upon the close of the State trials in Dublin.

Truly, “it was killing work”; it was killing A. M. Sullivan. Stronger men could bear it; men of less nervous temperament, of less anxious minds, less worn in the battle of life; men who, as he said in the foregoing paragraph, could give their mornings to sleep after having given their nights to debating in the House of Commons. But for him it was too much. His health was giving way under the strain. The fact was known to his family and his friends, and to his colleagues of the Irish party, who indeed were most desirous that he should spare himself in every possible way, and who many a time when the Irish battle was running into the small hours of the morning besought him to go home and seek the repose he so much needed. But he was always a strict disciplinarian, and liked to be at the post of duty. If he was unwilling to take things in a fair and easy way in the arena of politics he was equally averse to any such style of conduct as regarded his professional avocations. He knew that for an Irish professional man who had his way to make in London unflinching punctuality and strict attention to business were essential to success; and therefore, however protracted might have been the sittings of the House of Commons, and however exhausting his own share in the struggles of his party, he was certain to be found in his law chambers or at the courts during business hours. His physical

strength sank under these requirements. He had skilful medical care, and the advice of a great number of kind friends, whose judgment on his case varied immensely on every point, except the desirability of his giving up his temperance ideas and going in for a moderate use of stimulants. On this subject the diversity of the recommendations given to him by his well-wishers, professional and non-professional, were to him an unfailing source of amusement. "A few glasses daily of good claret," said one, "are all you need to put you right." "Claret!" said another—"not at all, don't touch it; a little sound port is the thing for you." "Port!" exclaimed another; "why it would be ruin to you; a little genuine old Irish whiskey is what is requisite for such a man as you." Obedient to the directions of his doctors, he did try a little of everything—except the whiskey, the "honest malt" as some of his friends used to call it. But there was no cure in any of them for him. What he needed was rest and relief from pressing worldly cares—and these things were not to be had. Fainting fits came upon him occasionally, caused by internal pain, and rendered dangerous by a weak action of the heart. At last came a serious collapse, which went very near to having a fatal termination. On the Feast of the Assumption, August 15th, 1881, while attending Mass with his wife and children in the Church of the Redemptorist Fathers at Clapham, he felt himself growing ill; he rose from his knees, moved towards the door, tottered to and fro, and would have fallen heavily to the ground but that one of the attendants of the church who happened to be close by caught him in his arms. He was borne into the sacristy, where for two days and nights he fluctuated between life and death. When he had rallied sufficiently to bear removal he was taken to his own house, which was but a short distance off, and there the process of recovery went on by slow degrees. After this big knock at his door he felt that there was no telling how soon another and more imperative summons might be delivered. He saw that it was now incumbent upon him to ease as far as he could the strain upon his constitution; and with that view the first thing for him to do was to resign his seat in Parliament and withdraw from the toil, the worry, the sacrifice, and the glory of political life.

REFUSES A GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENT.

The news of Mr. Sullivan's sudden and dangerous illness was heard

by his Parliamentary colleagues of all parties with great regret. Ministerialists, Tories, Radicals, and others made frequent and most kindly inquiries as to his condition, and expressed earnest hopes for his recovery. While he lay on his bed of illness, broken in health, and consequently with his business prospects looking very gloomy, word was conveyed to him that an appointment as Sub-Commissioner under the Land Act—which had just then been passed—would probably be offered to him if he would intimate his willingness to accept it. To his brother—who had been asked by a member of the "moderate" Home Rule party to take him this message, and who merely stated it to him without note or comment—Mr. Sullivan replied that the position, if he were to take it, would save him much of the worry that was pressing so hard on him, that as he was about to quit Parliament in any case no one could say it was given to buy him off from his political work, and that, moreover, the administration of that Act would be, to his mind, very different, from the ordinary type of "Government situation"; but he added in the most decided manner that even under these circumstances he would have nothing to do with it; he would hold himself free to speak and work for Ireland during the remainder of his life as he had done during the foregoing portion of it; he would set no bad example to members of the Irish party; he would give no cause of suspicion or alarm to the people who loved and trusted them. He would die as he had lived—a soldier of the Irish cause. Acting on his instructions, Mr. T. D. Sullivan next morning penned the following note to the Irish member who had been the medium of communication in this matter:—

August 18th, 1881.

DEAR SIR—As was my duty to do, I spoke last night to my brother of the proposition you had mentioned to me in the division lobby. It was not the first he had heard of it; a friend had told him some days previously that an idea of that kind was entertained in influential quarters; but his view then, and the view he expressed last night deliberately, decidedly, and emphatically, was that, while grateful for the kind feeling evinced towards him in official and non-official quarters, the suggested position was one which he could not accept. He was of opinion that to take part in the administration of the Land Act would come nearer to being in the service of the Irish people than any other function he knew of under the British Government, but he felt strongly that his acceptance of even that position would tend to shake the confidence of the Irish people in their public men, and might be calculated to injure the morale of the Irish Parliamentary party. For these reasons and others of a like nature he decided that while thanking you very heartily, and feeling grateful to all who entertained such friendly intentions in his

regard, the proposal was one which he must positively and irrevocably decline. The present session will probably close his Parliamentary career; but he will leave the British Parliament as free and independent an Irishman, and as unfettered by official entanglements of any kind, as he was when he entered it.—I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

T. D. SULLIVAN.

RESIGNS HIS SEAT FOR MEATH.

As soon as Mr. Sullivan was able to resume his ordinary business he wrote to his friends in Meath apprising them of the imperative necessity which was upon him to give up Parliamentary labour, and informing them that on the opening of the next session of Parliament he would resign his seat. To the good bishop, the clergy, and the national electors of the county this was grievous news, but no heart was more deeply touched than his own by the severance which was about to take place. How he felt it may be judged from the following note written by him from Glengariffe—that genial and charming spot to which he always hastened when he was able to snatch a little time for healthful recreation—to one of his most attached and esteemed friends, Mr. Joseph Moore of Trim:—

Glengariffe, Co. Cork, 12th Oct., 1881.

MY DEAR MR. MOORE—For the past six weeks I have been exclusively given up to the prescription of “perfect rest and abstinence from mental exertion” which my medical friends imperatively imposed upon me. But all the time I have been waiting for the opportunity of writing to you a long letter; and now I must content myself with a short one or I may be able to send none at all. I could not close my much prized and honoured connection with Meath without a grateful remembrance of the band of true and devoted friends in Trim who were the first to move in the generous purpose of conferring that proud position on me.

I had fondly looked forward to a lifelong service of that grand constituency; but God has willed that I must make a choice painful at the best, since I am told my life would be the penalty the next time I attempted to work “double turns,” day and night, as I had been doing.

From my inmost heart I send to you and to that band of friends whom I call my Trim Committee a warm and affectionate farewell. Tell them all I write these lines with tears. No man can lay down the position without a struggle, or bid adieu to the associates and friends of a lifetime without emotions that words can never pourtray. I carry into my retirement the consolation of feeling that though my name shall be heard no more at “roll-call,” it will not be entirely forgotten by my countrymen.

Good-bye. God bless you always.—My dear Mr. Moore, your sincere friend,

A. M. SULLIVAN.

On the opening of the Parliamentary session in February, 1882,

Mr. Sullivan's resignation was perfected by his acceptance of the "Chiltern Hundreds." A large meeting of the clergy of Meath convened and presided over by the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty met at Navan, on the 14th of that month, for the purpose of choosing a successor to him; the resolutions which they adopted declared that their choice would fall on Mr. Michael Davitt if he were eligible for election, and next to him they would select Mr. Patrick Egan, the treasurer of the Land League. But the first resolution of the series was an affectionate farewell to their former member, couched in the following terms:—

That we tender to Mr. A. M. Sullivan the expression of our high appreciation of his public career, and of his brilliant and successful exertions in the cause of Ireland during his too brief connection with Meath; and that we regret the loss which our county, in common with the rest of Ireland, has suffered in being deprived of the advantages of his valuable services and splendid abilities.

LECTURING TOUR IN AMERICA.

After his release from membership of the House of Commons, Mr. Sullivan began legal practice at the Parliamentary Bar, and soon got into good business. His position steadily improved and his prospects brightened day after day, and apparently if life and health had been spared to him he would have realised a handsome competence in the course of a few years. Still his keen interest in the affairs of his country and his race remained with him, and complete silence in Ireland's cause was for him an impossibility while life lasted. In September, 1882, at the request of Mr. Parnell and others he went to America to deliver a series of lectures for the benefit of the Land League. Wherever he went throughout the States he received an enthusiastic welcome from his countrymen. His lectures drew crowded houses; they were fully reported and highly commended by the American press, and they well realised the purpose for which he went out to deliver them. He lectured in New York, Waterbury, Meridian (Conn.), Bridgeport (Conn.), St. Paul's, Desmoines, St. Louis, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Boston, and Brooklyn. The Cincinnati lecture was for the benefit of a Catholic orphanage; rather than fail to keep that engagement he rose from a bed of sickness—the excitement of constant travelling and speaking having brought on a return of his illness. His lecture at Brooklyn was for the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and was said to have realised no less than £1,000.

He was to have spoken at other places, but, his strength proving unequal to the task, his engagements, much to the regret of his countrymen, had to be cancelled. On his return from America he was entertained by his countrymen at a magnificent banquet in the Westminster Palace Hotel, with Mr. Parnell in the chair. His speech on that occasion was one of the most felicitous and touching that ever came from his lips. In concluding it he said :—

Gentlemen, what of those millions of our race across the sea ! You cannot know, you cannot measure the intensity of their devotion. . . . The gaze of those millions are upon your every movement. I tell you that never again in your generation will any Irish movement, constitutional or unconstitutional, armed or unarmed, so largely enlist the active sympathy and support of the Irish millions in America. . . . They watch the conflict passing as it were before them. They know the disparity of numbers where fifty men in the very stronghold of their enemies fight against five hundred. They see as it were the shock of conflict ; the smoke of battle hides the scene for a moment from their view, and with palpitating hearts they wait until it has cleared away to see if the Irish flag is still flying in the air. Passing near Fort M'Henry, where there was confined during the war of 1812 the patriot poet who wrote one of the American national songs, I was strongly reminded of this attitude of the Irish race by the circumstances under which that American anthem was composed. The poet had been taken captive by the invading British expedition that sailed up to capture Washington, and he and a number of patriot Americans lay in the works of that fort in the hands of their British captors. Their jailors would not tell them as to how the battle went, and they had only one way of learning whether the cause of their country was still being upheld. They gazed as the sun rose through the casemates every morning to see if the flag beyond was the English red or the American stripes and stars. . . . Even so on that shore ten millions of our race now nightly pray and watch the morning with streaming eyes to know how the struggle is waged on the Irish shore. I am one of those who believe that in this world moral sympathy counts for a great deal—that Almighty God cannot be left out of the account ; and convinced am I that that evening prayer and that morning anxiety, representing the fond and holy devotion and the desperate determination of ten millions of Irish hearts, will yet have their way, and conduce to the restoration and establishment of the national liberties of Ireland.

DEFENCE OF WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

In January, 1883, Mr. Sullivan's legal services were again called into requisition by his friends in Ireland. He was engaged for the defence of Mr. William O'Brien, who was being prosecuted by the Government for articles alleged to be seditious which had been published in *United Ireland*. On Friday, the 9th of February, he addressed the jury with all his wonted skill and power on behalf of

Mr. O'Brien; on the following day the jury disagreed and were discharged. It was no slight victory to get his client and friend out of the clutches of the Government just then, for it was a time of panic and official terrorism when, in nearly every instance, to be accused by the officials of the Crown meant to be convicted by Castle juries and heavily punished by the partisan administrators of "justice" on the bench. Only a few days previously Mr. Timothy Harrington had been sent to undergo two months' imprisonment at Mullingar for alleged intimidatory language used by him at a national meeting, and Messrs. T. M. Healy, Michael Davitt, and J. P. Quinn were committed for a period of six months to Richmond prison, Dublin, for a like offence. Contemporaneously with these events the trials for the Phoenix Park murders were going on at Kilmainham, bringing forth revelations which startled the whole country and sent the "loyalists" nearly wild with terror. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that at this time the ring of officials who call themselves "the Crown" in Ireland were panting for the blood of every Nationalist they could lay hands upon. Well might Mr. Sullivan rejoice that in the midst of all those untoward circumstances he had been instrumental in saving his friend from the grasp of his eager and merciless enemies.

THE ROMAN CIRCULAR.

But soon there came upon the Irish cause a graver peril than any that the British legislators or Irish lawyers could create for it. Unknown to the Irish people and their friends, a number of English folk who hang about the Vatican, aided by some few Irish Catholic Whigs, had been filling the ears of the Propaganda and the Holy Father himself with lying stories against the leaders of the Irish movement, representing them as revolutionists and anarchists, and the national agitation as simply one for the achievement of plunder and the disruption of society. The heads of the Church in Rome ought to have known very well that this was a plot of the English Government; they were not without a degree of experience in such matters which should have taught them the unwisdom of co-operating with that treacherous power in any design against the liberties of the Irish people. Unhappily, however, credence was given to the atrocious calumnies whispered to them by the agents of England, and the result was the issue of a document, signed by the Cardinal

Secretaries of the Propaganda, denunciatory of the national movement, warning the clergy to abstain from taking part in it, and condemning in an especial manner the sending of subscriptions to the Parnell Tribute which was then being made up all over Ireland. The news of this publication came with a painful surprise upon the Irish people. Good Catholics who were good patriots also were not only shocked but alarmed at the danger to the best interests of both the Church and the country which it was likely to call forth. What was to be done? It would be an evil thing to treat a document issuing from that high and sacred source with anything like contemptuous disregard or angry defiance; and, on the other hand, if the Parnell Tribute and the national agitation were to go down before it, the Irish people might as well abandon at once the struggle for their political rights, and resign themselves to the position of a hopelessly enslaved and conquered nation. The true way to meet the difficulty was the way in which O'Connell met the proposition of the Veto—to hold fast the faith, but decline to accept the politics of Rome—to yield submission, honour, devotion to the Church, but to make no surrender of Ireland's right to seek legitimate reform and win her freedom. A. M. Sullivan struck the keynote at once in three articles, entitled respectively "The Roman Letter," "Facts for the Propaganda," and "Distinguished Persons," which he sent off in one batch from London to the *Nation*, and which appeared in the number of that journal bearing date May 19th, 1883, simultaneously with the translation of Cardinal Simeoni's letter. The promptitude of his action in this matter shows how deeply he was impressed by a sense of the importance of the occasion—or, rather, as he regarded it, the crisis—that had arisen. From the first-named of those articles we take the following as specimen passages:—

There is evil and disastrous news from Rome. Never since the priceless treasure of the Faith was brought to our Irish shore has so terrible a stroke been dealt at religion in Ireland as it is our lot to chronicle to-day.

The deadly intrigues of England have triumphed at the Propaganda. The sword is drawn on our faithful and devoted prelates and priests.

May the God of our fathers be with Ireland in this cruel moment! Now, indeed, must we show that our fidelity to religion and our historical devotion to the Holy See can come scatheless through an ordeal more trying than the blazing faggots of Elizabeth or the merciless massacres of Cromwell.

As we have through blood and fire held our Faith against England, so shall we at all human price hold our Country against Rome. We will not desert our priests and prelates; they will not desert us. If force,

spiritual or temporal, come to tear them and us asunder, we will recal to mind how ere now those who in an evil moment were enabled to speak in the name of the Supreme Pontiff were (fortunately for Rome and Ireland) resisted—and successfully resisted—by O'Connell, with Catholic Ireland at his back.

A letter has been addressed by the Propaganda to our Irish prelates, in which the inconceivable outrage is offered to our country of mixing up crimes and disorders wholly abominable, and detested by all good Catholics and good citizens, with the justifiable and legitimate political warfare waged by the Irish people for the defence of their lives and the recovery of their just rights. Long has England tried to get the world to do what the Propaganda has herein at last done—that is to say, to class together, as of one and the same moral character, the lawful resistance of the Irish people to oppression, illegality, fraud, and destruction, and the execrable disorders (really the evil products of that oppression and illegality) which unhappily may attend upon acute stages of popular exasperation.

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All the way right down through our history comes the same abominable effort of England to classify Irish patriotism with Irish crime. Take the period of the tithe war:

Even apart from the scenes of bloodshed actually incidental to the struggle against tithes agrarian outrage rose to a terrible pitch. Every circuit had its "bloody assize." Forth from the press of England—from the statesmen, the legislators, the agents (open and secret, ecclesiastical and lay) of England—there burst a continuous roar of defamation in which O'Connell and the Irish priesthood were held up as the secret inciters and real authors of Irish murder, turbulence, and crime. Then, as to-day, every passionate sentence that could be culled, *longo intervallo*, from hundreds of speeches—every hasty word, amidst thousands spoken in restraint and noble exhortation to tranquillity and peace—every regrettable act of omission or commission in the heat and turmoil of a desperate conflict in a cause righteous before God—was patched and pieced together so as to startle one with an apparent unity and continuity. "Behold," cried England—"behold the language and the deeds of these Irish demagogues, priests and laymen. Why does not the Pope denounce them?"

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And the Propaganda talks to us of "prudence" and "wisdom" forsooth! In these temporal affairs we Irishmen have shown ourselves better stewards than the disastrous counsellors of the Holy Father have done. For while we, who succeed to a national inheritance as it were only in *case*, have, step by step, been recovering and winning the ancient possessions and rights, prerogatives and influences, of our nation, their Eminences of Rome have been losing to the Holy See, piecemeal, all its territory, all its peoples, all its temporal rights, all its temporal possessions. So "wisely" and so "prudently" have they managed those things, that we, faithful Catholics, have to-day to see in grief and shame the Venerable Father of Christendom, whose power once filled and ought still to fill the civilised world, reduced to temporal helplessness and insignificance!

Prudence, true prudence, must be our care just now, equally with firmness and determination. We will hold fast our faith, no matter what may be the temptations or the provocations to which we may be subjected; but as for our country, on no account whatever shall we surrender or abandon its sacred cause. If Rome will enter into an unholy alliance with England against us, then, trusting in the help of the good God, we shall stand for the national rights and liberties of Ireland against Rome and England.

FAITH AND FATHERLAND.

Those words sent a thrill of satisfaction through every patriot heart in Ireland. Everyone saw at once what was the right thing to do; it was to keep in good temper, to say no hard words of those who had perpetrated the big blunder at Rome, to keep up unchilled and unabated the Irish feeling of love and reverence for the Holy See, to carry on wisely and steadily the Irish national movement, and to act with redoubled energy to make the Parnell Tribute a magnificent success. The popular feeling on the subject was well put in the annexed letter which appeared in the *Nation* of the following week from the pen of "A Catholic Layman," a gentleman who afterwards followed up the same subject in a series of able letters which will be memorable in the history of these times. The writer, we may remark, was not aware of the authorship of the articles referred to:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION.

SIR—It is little thought of in this generation how much of the present energetic and hopeful condition of the Irish cause is due to the *Nation*. Thirty years ago, when Smith O'Brien and Mitchel were in banishment, Gavan Duffy in voluntary exile, and other trusted leaders of the people dead or scattered, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, with a courage and constancy never surpassed, undertook, almost alone, the hopeless and abandoned cause of Catholic Ireland, and sustained it with such versatility and power as to inspire fresh hope into hearts given up to despair, and to lay the foundations for the wonderful success our own day has witnessed.

But it may be doubted if in all the *Nations* of the past thirty years any such service has been done as by that of last Saturday. In a situation unexampled, in a crisis of gravest danger, you have struck a note which will resound through the world wherever men of the Irish race are found. On reading this paper my first feeling was of profound gratitude to the good providence of God, which, I truly believe, inspired the words you have written; and next, sir, I feel deeply grateful to you for so courageously and efficiently obeying the inspiration.

A frightful mistake has been made. Propaganda has changed sides and gone over to our enemies. We do not know by what pressure of influence, by what enormous and persistent slander, such a portentous conversion has been wrought. Our course is clear. It is to carefully consider our duty, and do it, and with equal care to examine what are our rights, and to maintain them. We will have against us prescription,

and the utmost dialectic skill; but we have on our side the common inheritance of Catholic truth, and reason and justice added. By the aid of these I propose, sir, to examine the situation in two or three letters; and as the questions involved are of the highest importance, I will take more time for them than is presently at my command. For the present I repel and regret the Circular of the Propaganda—respectfully, considering the august body from which it comes; firmly and energetically as being opposed to my reason and conscience, and in my opinion calculated to ruin the best interests of Ireland and the Church. To apply a sentence of a great lawyer, "It has come forth without authority, and will go back without effect." As a practical mode of proving my sincerity, I repeat a subscription already paid, enclosing a cheque for £1—a course which is being followed by numbers. Meanwhile, I remain, sir, yours,

AN IRISH CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

The Irish people acted up to those counsels splendidly. At the public meetings which were being held in various parts of the country for the promotion of the Parnell Tribute, though public feeling was a good deal excited by what had occurred, yet in scarcely a single instance was any expression used that could be considered disrespectful to the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome. And this was really a remarkable circumstance, for in the stress of public speaking, where any excitement prevails, it often happens that speakers say things which are not exactly what they are intended, and which are no sooner uttered than they are regretted. The national orators dealt lightly with the Propaganda, but vented their ire pretty freely on the British Government and their slimy agents at Rome who had sought in this roundabout fashion to get a crushing blow delivered against the Irish cause. As for the Parnell Tribute, it rolled up magnificently. The Propaganda letter had put the people on their mettle, and as a demonstration against Anglo-Roman intrigues they poured out their subscriptions with an unparalleled liberality. Had that document not been issued the Tribute probably would never have passed £20,000; because of its publication double that amount was soon sent in to the treasurers. In all this there was a sharp and wholesome lesson both for some eminent persons at Rome and for high functionaries at Downing-street, London. There is, happily, reason to know that in Rome the lesson has been heeded; but it is equally certain that England's agents, ecclesiastical and lay, paid and unpaid, are still hanging about the Papal Court, dropping their poisonous words into any ears that are open to receive them, missing no opportunity of misrepresenting the nature and aims of the Irish political movement and blackening the character of its

leaders. Aware of these facts and conscious of the dangers they involved, A. M. Sullivan, in the month of January, 1884—a few months before his death—drew up a paper of "Observations" on the political and religious situation in Ireland, intended for the information of the heads of the Church at Rome. The document was of a private and confidential nature; only a few copies were printed; of these some were given into the hands of high ecclesiastics in Ireland and England, and a few were presented to political friends. The document gave a brief sketch of the historical relations between the religious faith and the political interests and fortunes of the Irish people; it presented with conscientious candour the writer's view of the influences then most powerfully affecting the mind and shaping the destinies of the nation, and it had for its final lesson and moral the necessity of permitting the spiritual guides of the people to bear a part in their legitimate political agitations. It stated that owing to the issue of the Propaganda Circular and to other attacks from religious quarters on the national movement there was a sensible decline just then in the pro-Papal feeling of the Irish people—that the national leaders while friendly to the religious interests of the people had their minds bent mainly on matters political—that there was an extreme party in the country who would "capture" the national movement if they could, and give it a revolutionary direction—and that under all these circumstances there would be great peril in withdrawing from Irish political affairs the moderating and at the same time elevating influence exercised on them by the clergy. There is good authority for stating that this document was carefully considered at Rome, and produced there a very wholesome effect; and probably to the impression which it produced we may, at least in some degree, attribute the better understanding and the kindlier treatment of Irish affairs shown there on more recent occasions.

A FATAL ILLNESS.

But for A. M. Sullivan the end was now drawing near. In September, 1884, he went to spend a brief holiday at his favourite health resort, to breathe his native air, to sail as of old over the broad waters of Bantry Bay and ramble through the pleasant woods of Glengarriffe. But even in the midst of such invigorating scenes, and while enjoying the society of friends whose care for him amounted to absolute

devotion, his health once again broke down. When he had rallied a little in strength he proceeded from the house of his friend, Mr. John Cullinane, of Bantry, to the residence of Alderman Madden of Cork (mayor of that city in 1885), but there his strength again failed him, and his illness took a more serious and critical turn. Medical skill and loving care carried him through this crisis, and after some time he was able to move on to Dublin, where another of his attached friends claimed the privilege of taking charge of him. At the residence of Mr. W. Murphy, Dartry Lodge, Upper Rathmines, under the medical care of Dr. J. E. Kenny, with other eminent physicians occasionally in consultation, he spent the remaining days of his life. All that human skill and affection could do in his behalf was freely rendered to him. His illness fluctuated a good deal; sometimes bright hopes and even confident expectations were entertained of his recovery, but soon the dangerous symptoms would return and the gloom of apprehension would fall on every heart. The news of his perilous condition created a feeling of profound sympathy throughout the country. On many altars the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for his recovery; in many convents and monasteries both in Ireland and England communities of holy men and women prayed that God might prolong his life. For his own part, he prepared himself in the spirit of a true Christian to meet his Maker. He frequently received the Sacraments of the Church; he joined fervently in the prayers recited at his bedside by his wife, his eldest son and daughter, and a whole circle of relatives and friends. Well might he in his last hours have murmured the words of the great Catholic journalist of France, Louis Veuillot:—

*J'espère en Jesus. Sur la terre
Je n'ai pas rougi de sa foi;
Au dernier jour, devant son Père,
Il ne rougira pas de moi.*

On Friday, the 17th of October, 1884, the final summons came to him, and he resignedly yielded up his spirit to God.

NATIONAL MOURNING.

On the following Monday his mortal remains were borne to their final resting place in the beautiful cemetery of Glasnevin, and interred in an appropriately selected spot midway between the mortuary church and the tomb of O'Connell. His funeral was nothing less than a national demonstration. Every possible mark of sympathy

and respect was shown by all classes of the people of Dublin as the solemn procession wended its way through the streets of the city. At his obsequies the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Assistant Bishop of Dublin, and a large number of the clergy were present, as were also the Lord Mayor, the High Sheriff, and members of the Dublin Corporation, with about twenty of his Parliamentary colleagues. Deputations sent by branches of the National League and other popular organisations from many places in Ireland and Great Britain were also present. And after those last sad rites were over, came pouring in to his family for weeks and months resolutions of condolence from Irish people located in all the English-speaking parts of the world. The press of every shade of political opinion paid handsome tributes of respect to his memory freely recognising and regretting that in him Ireland had lost a gifted son, a virtuous citizen, an unselfish, intrepid, and devoted patriot, according to his conceptions of duty. In view of all these demonstrations of a nation's love many a man might have felt inclined to murmur to his heart the closing lines of a touching poem of Thomas Davis, and say :—

Oh ! 'twere merry unto the grave to go
If one were sure to be buried so !

CLOSING OBSERVATIONS.

We have been able to give in these pages but the merest outline of the busy and fruitful life of A. M. Sullivan. Within so small a space we could attempt no record of his numerous works performed in the interests of religion, of temperance, and of charity. The speeches and lectures which he delivered in such behalf are indeed beyond our counting. As to his temperance career, though it brought upon him no small degree of antagonism, it is but right to say that he never joined in or approved of that style of oratory which consists in abuse of the licensed traders. We have seen him about to quit the Rotundo platform indignantly when a temperance speaker was amusing a crowded audience with an address of that kind. With his temperance principles his patriotism had very much to do ; the harm done to his race and nation by strong drink was one of the reasons why he hated it. And when he used to think over the number of "good fellows" and "clever fellows" of his own acquaintance whom

he knew to have been ruined by drink, it would seem as if his heart used to bleed. Oftentimes, in chatting among his friends, he would treat the current pleas on behalf of "the flowing bowl," and "a little honest malt," in a most amusing fashion. At one time the story went that intoxicants had at least one grand quality—they tended to prevent the "destruction of tissue" which was always going on in the human body; but it was worth while listening to A. M. Sullivan's calculation of the amount of tissue preserved by them as compared with the amount contained in the human bodies they sent to untimely graves. But sometimes, it appears, a point was scored against him even in this controversy. Going up the side of one of the Bantry hills on a fine Summer day with a party of friends he chanced to slightly sprain his ankle. Immediately one of the party produced a small flask of whiskey, poured some of the precious fluid on the affected part, and rubbed it vigorously. When asked if he experienced any relief, the temperance man answered that he did. "There, now!" triumphantly exclaimed his friend; "a long time I'd be rubbing it with lemonade before you'd get any good from it." As regards his lectures, what he loved best to help in that way was the maintenance of orphanages or schools. For children he had always a most tender regard, and as a natural consequence wherever he went he was a great favourite with them. His most popular work—"The Story of Ireland"—was written for and dedicated to the youth of his country, and it has been for a whole generation of Irishmen their first, best, and most charming instructor in Irish history. His more recent work—"New Ireland"—was intended for a different class of readers; it consists of a series of vivid and picturesque sketches of episodes of recent occurrence, the irresistible effect of which is to interest the reader in Irish affairs and evoke a feeling of sympathy with the Irish people. It has made hundreds of friends for Ireland amongst Englishmen of all classes. Withal he shone rather as an orator than as a writer, his emotional nature, his warmth of feeling, and his gift of ready speech being more helpful to him on the platform than at the desk. Taking him for all in all—having in view his books, his pamphlets, his newspapers, his letters to the press, his articles in English magazines, his lectures, and his speeches, all of them pure in word and thought and inspired by a noble purpose—remembering how gallantly he upheld the national banner while he was one of its standard-bearers, and how impetuously in

after times he rushed to its defence whenever from any quarter it was seriously assailed—how bravely he buffeted against the denationalising schemes of Whigs and Tories—how sternly he dealt with traitors and deserters from the Irish cause—how solicitous he was for the honour of his country—how earnestly he strove to keep the Irish national movement free from contact with everything that could disgrace and degrade it—he presents a notable figure and has a grand record in the political history of his time. His work will live after him for many a day; his memory will be cherished in the land of his love and his labours; and high upon the scroll on which are written the names of Ireland's noblest sons will stand for all time, in the place already given to it by a grateful nation, the name of Alexander Martin Sullivan.



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